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BURBURY STOKE

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

I

I LIVE with my father and my sister down on the Point, a little way beyond the village. To be strictly truthful, I suppose I should say that my father and my sister live with me; a peculiar combination of circumstances made such an arrangement easy and natural.

The house is not so very large, but it is large enough, and it has every convenience that is to be had down on the end of a point almost out at sea. It has far more conveniences than any house in the village, and it has one virtue in addition. It is mine. And the barn is mine, and the two cows in it, and the horse. I have not kept pigs for reasons which must be obvious to any one who has kept them. But I keep chickens, — or hens, whichever you please to call them, — and at certain seasons I keep both hens and chickens; and I have reason to believe that I keep several families of skunks, and some mink. The skunks confine their attention to my chickens and do not bother us, and the mink are a source of entertainment on the rare occasions when we catch a glimpse of them. The large brown or gray rats which infest the shore furnish entertainment, in turn, for the mink and for my dog. I have sometimes wondered how the rats themselves are entertained.

We have the waters of an unimportant sound on three sides of us, with the lightship on Singing Reef — of course the lightship is not *on* the reef — Singing Reef Lightship, I say, about four miles away, on our right. Lesser Pungatit, five miles off, stretches briefly before us to the south; and Greater Pungatit stretches, not so briefly, to the southeast. Greater Pungatit always makes me think of a sleeping whale. It is not very high and it gives an impression of immense leisure, and somehow it does not seem to be anchored. I should not be surprised to look out some morning and find that it had waked in the night and made off.

The narrow passage between the islands is put down in all the charts as Pungatit Passage; it is known in the vernacular as 'Punk Hole,' which title betrays its origin and some of its characteristics.

Then there is the lighthouse on the next point, less than two miles away on our left. That lighthouse does bother me. It is a flashing light, and the light is very bright during the flashes, which come just as you are beginning to recover from the last one. There is no getting away from it, and it makes

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me nervous. But I am not going to complain to the Lighthouse Board. It would not do any good, and it might do harm, and I should only get laughed at for my pains. I have blocked off the easterly end of my piazza with vines. I wish that it were as easy to block off my east windows without shutting out the view and the sun.

Having such a natural barrier on three sides, it occurred to me that it might be as well to put up an artificial barrier on the fourth side. Accordingly, two years ago, I ran a high wall in a straight line from shore to shore. This wall is punctured at the road by a great gate and at one other point by a lesser gate; and it is surmounted by a low fence of a very inconspicuous and tasteful design. In addition, I was at considerable expense in setting out vines and creepers all along the wall. I have admired that wall, with its living green, many a time. I still admire it. I was doing that very thing this morning and reflecting how excellently and unobtrusively it fulfills its purpose. But I am informed that my wall is not so generally admired in the village.

I do not care. I do not hold with those who have been all for pulling down their walls and fences in these last twenty years. We poor land-owners are entitled to some measure of privacy, and that wall was built chiefly for the purpose of keeping people out. Six acres is but six acres, but it is all I have. I have none of your socialistic tendencies, I am afraid, to be willing to give Marzwk Zcknjczwskwch the free and unencumbered use of my grounds. I prefer that he should stay out, at least until I ask him in. That is not likely to happen soon.

My father has no regular occupation. He is over seventy, although he does not look more than sixty, and he has deserved his leisure. He busies himself about the garden and the barn much of the time. His boyhood was spent on a farm, and he seems to enjoy pretending that this is just such another. It is not, of course. Mike looks out for the horse and the cows, and does all the disagreeable work about the hens and the garden. Mike is devoted to my father. Almost everybody is. Indeed, I need not have qualified the statement.

When he is not busy about the place in the way I have mentioned, my father is apt to be poking about the shore, or sitting on our piazza, reading. I spend as much time with him as possible because — well, because I like to, and because he seems to like to have me. But he never wants to go out with me — or with anybody else — in my boats. As that is the thing I enjoy the most, his unwillingness is unfortunate.

Felicia keeps the house. Felicia is my sister. She keeps the house, as I started to say, to our utter satisfaction — when she is at home. She came back from England two years ago, at about the time that I built the wall. She had been away for two years, and it was only my hint that I would like to see her again before I die that brought her back. It was then she began her keeping of the house. She did not seem so cheerful as one likes to have one's sister seem, and I wondered whether I had made a mistake. She became more cheerful as time went on, however, so I concluded that there was nothing the matter except that she had had no regular occupation for some years. That — the lack of a regular occupation — plays the devil with us all when we let it get a good hold.

Felicia is away, at present, on a round of visits. I am unable to see why people like to spend so much time away, visiting. When you have found the place that you like best in the world, why under the sun should you go away from it in order to visit in other places which can't possibly suit

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you so well, and to see people whom you generally do not care an old copper about seeing? But Felicia appears to like to do it. It occurs to me that possibly this place is not the one that Felicia likes best in the world.

If my observations upon the lack of a regular occupation ever reach the ears or the eyes of the villagers, they will have one more thing to laugh at me about. It does not matter — or it matters very little. Nobody likes to be laughed at, even by villagers; but they laugh at me so much already that one laugh more or less can make little difference. And they would have some reason on their side, for I — but it is of no consequence. I may seem to be idle, but I am not, although my occupation is a secret for the present. Not even the members of my immediate family know about it. I have hopes that I may be willing to make it known in time; if I succeed, it will be known, in the nature of things, whether I will or not. But whatever that occupation of mine is, I am not idle. Most people consider me so, and appearances are against me, I confess. I accept the situation and go sailing.

I went sailing this morning. Yesterday was a wild day, with a great wind out of the southeast, and rain which came in gusts with no more than a cold drizzle between. But last night! All the wind-devils were let loose. They howled and shrieked about the house, which rocked and swayed as if it would leave its foundations; the great seas thundered and crashed over my Rock on the shore; and rain in sheets beat upon the windows until I feared lest it break them in. I closed the shutters, getting drenched in the brief process; but the rain made such a noise, beating upon the slats of the closed shutters, that I could not sleep; and the noise of wind and rain usually soothes me and lulls me to slumber. The very sound of it fills me with a deep content. But not last night. Toward morning, the rain ceased and the wind was less, and it hauled to the south, and I slept; and when I woke this morning there was left of it only a smashing breeze from the southwest and ragged drifts of scud vanishing before it.

My father was down long before me. He can never sleep after four or five o'clock. He looked up from his paper as I came in.

'Good morning, Peter,' he said.

'Good morning, father,' I replied. 'I hope you managed to sleep better than I did.'

He smiled.

'I did pretty well,' he answered quietly. 'It was a terrible night. I'm afraid you'll find some damage.'

'It would be strange if I did not,' said I. 'There is always damage to be found if I look for it. I'll have my breakfast first.'

He looked at me queerly. 'I suppose, then, that you'll have your breakfast before you look about at all.'

'Why,' I said, returning his queer look, 'that was my intention. Is there anything wrong? Anything in particular, I mean?'

'There's a vessel on Singing Reef,' he remarked. 'It seems to be a large one.'

I uttered some exclamation, I do not know just what. I hope it was a proper one, but I have my doubts, for my father smiled again. I went to the window and tried to see the reef, but there was a screen in the window and I nearly twisted my neck off, trying to see round a corner. The dining-room windows give upon the east and the south, while Singing Reef is almost due west.

'It's no use,' I said. 'I shall have to go out to see, and I will have my breakfast first. If any vessel got on in last last night's blow, she'll stay for half an hour, I guess.'

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My father laughed. 'A safe guess,' he agreed.

So I ate my breakfast comfortably: a modest one, of a huge bowl of porridge and two eggs and some English bacon and graham toast and a cup of strong coffee, with the fruit last. I can't bear to have the taste of the fruit taken away at once, as it is if I begin with it. Then I lit my pipe and went out and stood upon my great Rock at the end of my point, and looked out toward the reef.

There she was: a large vessel, as my father had said, a four-masted schooner, hard and fast. She must have struck at just about the flood, she was so high out of water now. And the tide had gone out and was half in again, and the storm had left great smooth rollers, three hundred feet or more from crest to crest, with a smaller and more active cross-sea from the southwest. These great rollers began to gather as they got into shallow water, and changed their direction, as all seas will in such a case; and they joined forces with the smaller seas and made a magnificent surf. When one of the rollers broke against the Rock, the spray went high and fell in sheets over quite half of it, so that we had to stand well back or we should have got drenched. My father had joined me.

We looked for a long time in silence. There was nobody on the schooner, so far as I could see through my glass — which is a good one. There was nobody about her, either; at least, the waters on my side, which was her lee, were deserted. But there was the fishermen's fleet, just passing the point and evidently bound for the wreck. Fishermen catch more than fish sometimes.

'Well, what do you make of her?' asked my father at last.

My father is a very patient man, perhaps because he is old. I am neither patient nor old.

I said nothing, but handed him the glass. 'Thank you, Peter,' said he, and put it to his eye.

I waited. I waited for a long time. 'Well?' I said then, not as patiently as he had spoken.

He still held the glass to his eye. 'There seems to be a great crowd on the lightship,' he answered slowly. I had not thought to look at the lightship. I am no less than a fool. I always knew it. 'Perhaps the crew have gone there,' my father added.

'They must have. I am going out to her, father, and I am afraid I shall have to take that glass. The big one on the piazza will be more convenient for you.'

'Certainly, Peter.' He handed me the glass.

'Won't you go with me?'

It was an afterthought. I knew that he would not.

'What are you going in?' he asked, hesitating. 'I don't believe it matters,' he added, smiling. 'It is blowing almost too hard for me.'

'I am going in the dory. I want to be able to get near. I should like to have you.'

He shook his head and smiled again. 'Thank you, Peter, *not* in the dory. I like smoother weather.'

So I called good-bye and left him and went to the place where I keep my boats, in the lee of a tiny breakwater; scarcely a wall, but it serves to protect the boats. My father waved to me as I passed in the dory — he was still standing on the Rock — and, as I cleared the point and went after the fishing fleet, I saw him turn and walk slowly back to the house, stopping several times to look after me. My heart smote me, although I don't know why it should exert itself in such an inconvenient manner. Father is left alone a good deal, now that Felicia is away. I wish that he liked to sail with me — but it is not to be expected that I should stay

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ashore, especially when there is a four-master on Singing Reef.

I enjoyed that sail down to the reef, short as it was. The wind was still strong and I could not make the reef on one tack, so I stood over toward Lesser Pungatit for a little way. Perhaps my father was wise not to come with me. Sailing in an open boat in nearly half a gale is not all that could be desired for an oldish man. I spent most of my time on that sail sitting over the weather gunwale and holding on by my toes to the opposite seat. I dislike to reef, because the sails are not so well-balanced when they are reefed, and the dory does not sail so well.

However, I managed to keep the lee rail clear of the water most of the time, so that there were not more than a couple of buckets of water in her when I came about; and I managed to get a moment, now and then, to look about me and to enjoy what I saw. We seldom have such a sea rolling in as the storm had left. It was no more than an immense swell, perfectly smooth, with the sea from the southwest placed upon it as exactly as if it had been a mill-pond. But when I was in a trough between two of those rollers I could see nothing but those great hills of water rolling on; and when they had rolled on half their length, and had lifted the dory to the top, I saw the two Pungatits ahead of me, and the great stretch of dark-green water, changing to dark-blue in the distance, covered with white caps. The foam was dazzlingly white, for the sun had not come out completely, and there was a sort of half-light on the water which seemed to make the dark water darker and the white foam brighter. And always there were the great rollers, marching on majestically at the double-quick, as if nothing on earth could stop them. I could almost see them marching on behind me and rolling over my point and swallowing my house and my wall, and rolling on, unchecked, over the village, and so disappearing in the distance. It seemed so real to me that I looked back once, to make sure that my house was still there, and not rolling waters in its place. I almost swamped the boat. It does not do to look back.

I caught and passed the fishermen before they had got to the wreck. One after another lifted a hand and waved to me, and Ole Oleson did more.

'Hello, Peter!' he called. 'How you makin' it?'

I got there before them all, and I went up close under her stern and read her name, the Mary Sayles of Belfast. She was loaded with lumber. The water in her lee was very smooth, but I did not dare go there, even in the dory. The tide was more than half in, but even so there was an ominous sucking sound, now and then, and the water opened with a roar and closed again in a smother of foam, and I heard, very briefly, the singing of the reef.

Then I stood over to the lightship. Men were crowding at her rail as she rolled, and I hailed and learned that the crew of the schooner were safe on board, all but one man who had disappeared at some time during the night. I expressed a regret which I fear I did not feel. How is it possible to feel a real regret for a man one never saw or heard of? Then I offered to take any two men ashore. There was a sudden smile and a shaking of heads.

So I stood away for home and we just flew. A dory is very fast before the wind, or nearly before it. I had it just aft of the quarter, so that the jib was kept full and drawing most of the time, and in not much more than twenty minutes I was stepping out on my stage. I made the dory fast, bow and stern, and hauled her out to her stake. Then I felt impelled to go upon my great Rock again. That is an impulse which

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I often feel, for the Rock is a satisfying place. It gives one a wide prospect, and it is something to see the seas breaking on that granite buttress and the many lesser boulders, especially when the tide is somewhat more than half in, and when we have such a sea as there was this morning. So I started walking along the shore to the tip of the point.

I have no trees here, which is a grief, but real trees cannot be induced to grow along this shore. I had trouble enough to keep the few alive about the house, and they look like very old men, bent with rheumatism. It is the wind that does it. But if I have no trees along the shore, bushes will grow without help from me. I came to a part of the shore which curves a little and where there is more sand than elsewhere, and I saw a man asleep under a low scraggly bush. I was startled and angry, and something rose within my bosom, and there was a curious feeling at the roots of my hair, and I almost growled. I know how a dog feels when the hair on his neck rises and he walks slowly around, stiff-legged and snarling. But I did not growl. I only stood and regarded the man.

His arm was thrown over his eyes and he had no hat, and his clothes did not promise much. But what of that? Where should I be at this moment if a man were to be judged by his clothes? In jail, very likely, or breaking stone on the road. But what right had he there? The creature! Sleeping on my bank! Had Marzwck Zcknjczwskwch passed my wall, then? The man's chin showed below his arm. It seemed a good chin enough, good American or English, for they mean the same thing. No one, when he says American, means naturalized Syrian; at least, not yet. And his chin indicated a face tanned to a bronze by the weather: sun and rain and fogs, and that damp, hazy southwest wind that I love. But what did I care what he was? Out upon him!

I would have roused him rather roughly; but the creature stirred. He raised his arm; he opened one eye, smiled engagingly, and opened the other.

'How are you?' he said — but he called it 'yah.' With that, he sat up.

English, I thought, very. I was greatly relieved. He drew a briar-pipe from one pocket and a pouch from another, and he began to fill his pipe.

'Ought to be goin', really,' he remarked further.

I noted that the pipe was a good one and somewhat old. And I noted that the pouch was — had been — a good one, too. It was a duplicate of my own. I also noted that it was almost empty. There was nothing in it that could be called tobacco, but only a few pinches of snuff, and that was but a soggy mess. I tossed him mine.

'Here,' I said.

'Thank you,' said he, and proceeded to use it.

As he filled his pipe, I noted his hands. I could not help it. They were well-formed and evidently strong, with fingers that tapered as much as a man's should and no more. He shut the pouch with a snap and handed it back.

'I'm a little shy on tobacco,' he observed, with another engaging and somewhat apologetic smile. His teeth were excellent; regular and strong and white. No doubt I should have said 'are,' for that was only this morning. 'Can't get any in the village, I suppose,' — he was talking of tobacco, not teeth, — 'better than navy plug?'

I shook my head. 'I'm afraid not. I send away for mine. Come up to the house and I'll fill your pouch.'

He seemed surprised. 'Thank you. Very kind, really! I will. Got a match? Mine got wet.'

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I tossed him my match-safe. He caught it deftly and opened it. 'Ah,' he said with evident satisfaction, 'vestas.'

He lit his pipe while I stood and watched him. 'How did your matches get wet?' I asked.

He waved his hand toward the tossing water of the Sound. 'Water,' he replied. 'It'll go through anything if you're in it long enough.'

'Then,' said I, 'perhaps you can tell me something of the man who was lost from the Mary Sayles during the night.'

He grinned. 'That's me. So they think I was lost, do they? The others are on the lightship, I suppose?'

'You might have seen them if you had taken the trouble to look.' I handed him the glass from my belt.

'They were n't when I came ashore,' he murmured, as he put the glass to his eye. 'I've been sleepin' ever since, and dryin' off.'

'I've been out to the reef. I've just got back. They told me but one man was lost. I offered to take any two ashore in the dory, but nobody would come.'

I felt aggrieved about that, almost sore. They had as good as made fun of the dory.

He chuckled. 'They're a crowd of quitters. I'm almost sorry I came ashore when I did. I'd have come with you in your dory. Been glad to. But I did n't know I should have the chance. Awf'ly sick of the old hooker, you know.'

'How did you get ashore?' I asked.

'Swam,' said he briefly.

'And you swam,' I inquired, 'all the way from the reef?'

'Swam,' said he, nodding. 'Swimmin' is easier than walkin'.'

'Oh,' said I, under my breath. 'Rather rough water for swimming.'

He smiled again. 'Rather rough,' he agreed, 'but easy swimmin'. Wind at my back, you know. Left the old hooker at daylight and just paddled along before it, lookin' for a human habitation. None on that beach opposite her, and I'd have had to walk miles with no shoes. Ever try walkin' miles with no shoes?'

I shook my head. 'Going barefoot is one of the privileges of youth of which I have been deprived. But I — I have some shoes which you might like to wear until you can get some of your own.'

'Thank you,' he said gratefully. 'Very kind, really. A pair of sneakers, perhaps.'

'And some sort of a hat, perhaps,' I went on, smiling. 'Come on.' A sudden thought struck me. 'Are n't you wet through? You might like some dry clothes.'

'Pretty dry now, thank you. I don't want to borrow a whole wardrobe. I'll do very well with the sneakers.'

'And the hat.'

'And the hat. I think I ought to introduce myself. My name's Stoke; Burbury Stoke.'

'Mine is Harden.'

I thought that a curious gleam came into his eyes at the mention of my name, but the gleam died out almost at once. He seemed to think that he ought to explain it.

'I knew of some people named Harden — or my people did.'

We were walking slowly toward the house; slowly, because the stubble on what I like to call my lawn hurt the feet of Burbury Stoke. My father was coming to meet us.

My companion stopped short. 'I say,' he broke out, 'if there are any ladies, would it be askin' too much to ask for a bath and a razor? And can't we go in at the back?'

I reassured him, telling him that my sister was away for the present, at which news he seemed relieved; and I

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introduced him to my father. It was somewhat strange that I should consider it necessary formally to introduce a sailor who had been cast up on my shore by the sea, and whom I was about to supply with a bath and a razor and nearly all the necessary articles of clothing; but it did not seem strange at the time or unnecessary. It did not seem to strike my father as strange, either.

II

When I came down to breakfast the other morning, my father was not in his usual place, reading the usual paper. There was nobody to be found but the servants. I was surprised, for if I was not early, at least I was not late, and I went to look for him, a sort of nameless fear gripping my heart. I always have that fear, although there is no reason for it at all, except that he is an old man, over seventy.

As I stepped out upon the piazza, I heard a burst of distant laughter. It seemed to come from behind the house; perhaps from the neighborhood of the barn. I thought that I recognized my father's laugh, less quiet than usual, and Mike Hannerty's. There was a third, which I knew very well. I had been hearing it often enough in the past three weeks. It was Burbury Stoke's. I started round, the fear in my heart having given way to irritation.

I feel that I ought to give some explanation of Burbury Stoke's continued presence. The truth is, my father had got fond of the insinuating vagabond and did not want him to go. If you must have the whole truth, I did not want him to go, either. He is a very amusing companion, and he likes to sail — in anything. I believe he would go out in a tub if nothing better offered. My boats are better than tubs. And Mike seemed to like him; so that we rather pressed him to stay. He was properly backward about staying, no more; but seeing that we really wanted him, and having no engagements, pressing or otherwise, — nothing in this wide world that he ought to do, and nothing that he had rather do, as he said, — and having money enough for the moment, he yielded.

'Why, thank you,' he said, his eyes suspiciously bright; 'it's awfully kind of you, really. Man spewed up by the sea, you know. Might be a rotter.'

And I laughed, and we shook hands all round, Burbury giving me a grip that I shall long remember. I found myself shaking hands with my father.

'I'm very glad,' he said, with quiet satisfaction. 'It's a pleasure to have him, is n't it, Peter?'

It was, then. I did not feel any particular pleasure when I started round to the barn in pursuit of that laughter, nor a moment later, when I came in sight of the group I sought. Mike was in the barn doorway, ostensibly engaged in rubbing down my horse, but his attention was elsewhere. My father was seated on a box, and Burbury Stoke stood beside him, shouting encouragement to something, I could not see what. I called to them, mildly, that breakfast was ready and waiting.

'Go away, Peter,' Burbury said, with a wave of the hand. 'We're busy. What's breakfast, when you're livin'?'

I suggested that breakfast was desirable if one would keep on living. I was going on with some further observations when I came into view of the objects of their interest. My own great Brahma, almost as big as a turkey, and a great prize-winner, was engaged in a tilt with an absurd little game cockerel, and was getting the worst of it.

I drove the Game into an unoccupied pen which would serve as a pound. He was a stranger and an intruder. My wall would not even keep out wandering chickens.

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Breakfast was rather a silent meal. There was nothing that I wanted to say that I could say with dignity; my father was in process of being rebuked by his conscience; and Burbury said nothing, but broke out into fits of chuckling, now and then. At last my father joined him in one of his fits of chuckling. I may have been wrong about my father's conscience, and too solicitous. I rose and started out. I had finished my breakfast.

'I say, Peter,' Burbury called after me, remorse in his voice; 'I say, old chap, don't go off mad. If it's anythin' I've done, I apologize. It generally is, you know. Where are you goin', anyway?'

I defy anybody to stay angry with Burbury Stoke. I am afraid I smiled as I replied that I contemplated going to the shore.

'We'll go with you, if you don't mind,' he went on calmly. He turned to my father. 'Won't we, Mr. Harden?'

So the three of us strolled down to the Rock. Father and I seated ourselves in our favorite seats. Burbury lay at full length in the sun with his hat partly over his eyes. Nobody felt like speaking.

At last Burbury sighed. 'Rippin' day!' he said.

It was. The water was like glass, with a gentle ground-swell which broke at the foot of the Rock with a soothing hissing and bubbling sound. The sea toward Greater Pungatit was a blaze of light with the strong glare of the sun; but toward Lesser Pungatit were all manner of shades of a blue-gray on the water and in the air itself, it seemed. I am no artist, to analyze colors; often enough, indeed, I cannot even tell what I see; but it looked blue-gray to me, the shades and tones shifting continually. Lesser Pungatit itself was bathed in a soft, luminous haze which was golden and a tender blue, by turns, or both at once. There were no vessels in sight except the Singing Reef Lightship and the schooner, hard and fast on Singing Reef, and a wrecking tug near, all shrouded in the same haze and in a dense silence. It did not seem real. It was like a picture, but better than any picture that ever was painted; better than any that could be painted. It was as if we were lifted up and looking down upon a quiet earth untroubled by the affairs of men.

The wrecking tug moved lazily toward the reef, — it was the only way it could move on such a day, — and we saw the long puff of steam, and presently the long blast of the whistle came to us faintly. Then silence again, except for the sound of the water breaking with a bubbling hiss, and washing gently up among the rocks, and for an occasional note of a bird. Even the terns, as they sailed back and forth over the shallow water before us, seemed not so intent upon their business as usual, and their harsh cries were subdued.

Off on the water beyond the lightship there was a dark streak. It announced our daily southwest wind. It might be nearly an hour in getting over the four or five miles which lay between us and it, now seeming to disappear as the wedge of wind was thrown up into the air and clear of the water; and now appearing again as the wind struck the water with renewed strength. That wind would grow with the day until, about two in the afternoon, it would blow half a gale, perhaps; then, again perhaps, it would wane with the waning day. But it might not. And whether it waned or grew, it would be a long time before the fish-hawk felt it in his high, serene sailing. What would he care, anyway? What is a little wind to a fish-hawk? I found him, at last, with my glass.

Burbury was watching the fish-hawk,

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too. 'I say, Peter,' he cried with eagerness, 'look at that fellow.' I was looking already. 'Would n't you like to fly like that? Don't you just wish you could? He does n't move his wings, give you my word.'

He was mistaken. The hawk did move his wings the merest trifle as he turned. I could see him through the glass. It was not to be expected that Burbury could see it.

'I always wanted to fly like that. But I —'

Burbury stopped. The hawk had closed his wings and dropped like a shot, swerving a bit to follow the course of the fish. He struck the water with a resounding splash, sending the spray high, and disappeared completely. We heard the noise of the splash as we sat there. After so long an interval that we thought he must be drowned, he reappeared, the water dripping in showers from his feathers with each beat of his great wings, and from the glistening fish which he bore between his talons, and he rose heavily and winged off over the water and over the shore to his home in the woods. By some misadventure in that struggle beneath the water, he had seized his prey the wrong way about, and he paused a moment in the air to turn it so that he could carry it head-first. I saw the sides of the squirming fish drip red where his talons had clutched it.

Burbury had relapsed into silence for a moment. 'Now, that hawk,' he said, when he was ready to put his thought into words, 'was efficient. That's the word. Are you efficient, Peter?'

'No,' said I, fervently. 'Thank God!' I added.

Burbury laughed lightly. 'The fish was n't efficient. Hah! I made a pun, Peter. But I did n't mean it, give you my word. Forgive me, won't you?'

My father laughed, and so did I. Burbury was forgiven. The Emperor of the Germans was chasing rats among the boulders and having a beautiful time of it. The Emperor of the Germans is my dog: an Irish terrier, seeming always ready for a fight, but never getting into one, for one reason or another. The Emperor of the Germans is his bench-name. I have no reason to think he would answer to it. We call him Bill.

'Bill is n't efficient, either,' Burbury pursued thoughtfully. 'He makes no end of fuss, but when did he catch a rat? I ask you.' I said nothing and Burbury went on. 'I should think you'd be ashamed, Peter, to confess it. Not to be efficient! I don't believe you ever try, even, and it's all the go, Peter.'

I grunted — or growled. 'If I were a machine, Burbury. But what do you think this life is for?'

'I was wonderin'. If it's for loafin', I'm as efficient as they make 'em. That Game was efficient, this mornin'.' He chuckled. 'I say, Peter, I'll take him off your hands. I won't put him up to fightin' your bird; give you my word.'

The first breath of the wind fanned our faces. Burbury raised his head.

'Can you look upon this water and not want to go sailin'? And I should n't wonder if Mr. Harden would go, if we go in the little ketch.'

'We can't go out this morning, Burbury,' I replied, sighing. I wanted to go. 'We've to go after Felicia in an hour.'

Burbury was startled. He seemed almost frightened as he sat up. 'Your sister comin' to-day, Peter?' he said. 'Don't you think — perhaps I'd better be goin', really? I could have my traps ready in five minutes. Save you a trip, you know.'

'Burbury,' I answered, 'I'm ashamed of you.'

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'But, Peter,' he protested earnestly; 'I say, you know, I could —'

'I don't know,' I returned sternly; 'and I don't care whether you could or not. Don't talk rot, Burbury. Go, of course, if you want to; but if you do, it will be only because you want to.'

'Thank you. Awfully kind of you, really!' He spoke with some hesitation. 'I suppose I ought to be goin', but I don't want to.' He hesitated again. 'Well, I won't, then.'

'Then that's settled.' My father was smiling with satisfaction. I knew it would please him to have Burbury stay. 'Can you be ready to go with me in an hour?'

'Go with you!' he cried. 'Oh, I say, Peter —'

'Don't you want to meet my sister?' I asked. 'It looks queer.'

'Of course I want to meet her,' he answered indignantly. 'Dyin' to. But you don't want to shove me down her throat, you know; now do you?'

'She's very particular about what she eats,' I remarked.

Burbury chuckled again. 'I believe you,' he said. 'She would be, you know,' he explained, 'bein' your sister. And I suppose she's rather particular about — er — what acquaintances she picks up. Would n't take to a poor sailor picked up on the beach, now, would she?'

'Judging by the actions of her father and her brother,' I replied severely, 'whom she remotely resembles, she will not take to you. That is an exhibition of pure vanity, Burbury, which I should n't have expected of you.'

'*Not* vanity, Peter; give you my word. Mere modesty. Sense of my own unworthiness, you know. I should n't expect to be taken to.'

'I should advise you to continue in that state.'

Burbury sighed and said nothing, but gazed out over the water. I said nothing, either, nor did my father. But that is not unusual. My father is not given to many words, but is satisfied with living. Who would not be, — here?

At last I rose and roused Burbury Stoke. 'Come, Burbury,' I said. 'It's time we were starting.'

He got to his feet slowly, gave a long look out toward the wreck on the reef, and came with me as cheerfully as if he were going to his hanging. My father came, too.

'What's the matter with you, anyway, Burbury?' I asked. 'What ails you?'

He looked at me quickly, his ready smile lighting up his handsome face. 'I'm shy, Peter. Have n't you found that out? I'm probably the most bashful man on this whole point.'

Father laughed.

'I can hardly get my breath; give you m' word,' Burbury continued. 'Not that it matters. I feel like runnin' away, but I shan't; and that, old chap', — at that point in his remarks he hit me a resounding thump on the shoulder, — 'shows true courage.'

We found the horse waiting for us, ready harnessed to a light road-wagon; not too light, for a wagon needs to be strongly made for my use.

'The gate, Mike,' I said.

Mike was already running for the gate, and he made no reply. I got in and Burbury beside me. At the last moment, the Emperor of the Germans jumped into the rear seat, and we cast off our mooring-lines and, Mike having his hands on the gate, I leaned out and pulled a rope, and a gong over our heads rang loudly. At the stroke of that gong the horse dashed out on the dead run, and made for the gate. Burbury waved his hand to my father as we went. Mike had got the gate open, which was lucky, for the horse would have gone through it, anyway. One

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day last year he wrecked the gate and cut his leg. The gate had stuck; and I had to have a new gate which could not stick. Burbury was still looking back when Mike shut the gate, and I heard him laugh suddenly.

'What is it?' I asked.

'Your sign,' he said. 'Could n't get it surely, we're goin' so fast, but it seemed to be to the effect that automobiles were to keep out.'

I had that sign put up last week: 'Motor vehicles not admitted,' painted in large plain letters. It was plain enough for anybody who knew his alphabet, and it was needed, although one would think that a gate slammed right athwart the road would be a gentle hint. The gate seemed to have been left unlatched, inadvertently, although Mike swore that it was not, and some party who were all perfect strangers to me came in in an automobile and made a mess of turning round, cutting deep gouges in my lawn. I could have laid a water-main in their wheel-tracks if it would have served any purpose. It is trouble enough to make grass grow well on that exposed point without having it spoiled in that way. The leader of the party said that they supposed the road was a public road and that it led to the shore, and he made some sort of apology to Mike; and I ordered the sign that afternoon.

Burbury chuckled again. 'Is it on account of their excessive speed, Peter, that you don't like automobiles?'

At the moment, we were coming up behind an automobile, and seemed likely to pass it.

'It is not. Their speed is not excessive. It is because of their clumsiness. Would you have a locomotive or a steam yacht coming up to my front door?'

And I urged the horse to even greater speed; but the fellow in the car had looked round, and he did something with his levers, and his machine gave a series of rapid coughs and snorts and drew away, slowly, very slowly. I suppose he thought that the noises would frighten my horse, but he did not know the horse. The Emperor of the Germans was annoyed, as I could tell by the noises he made, but the horse was only surprised.

My horse is a great slashing brute, handsome and mild as milk, and unafraid, and he weighs fourteen hundred or more. He was trained for a fire-horse and, in pursuance of that duty, he was accustomed to whirl a battalion chief to fires without regard to the other traffic in the streets. He expected everything to get out of his way, and it did. He has not got over that expectation, although it does n't, now, and I have to look sharp. But he can go some, especially if he runs. He generally runs when I drive him. It gives me some satisfaction.

We covered the eight miles in a surprisingly short time and came to the outskirts of the town, and I had to pull the horse in, for fear of running over some of the wretched children playing about the streets. It might be the best thing that could happen to them, but it undoubtedly would not be the best thing for me, and I suppose that I should feel some measure of sorrow at having run over even a child of Marzwk Zcknjczwskwch. I cannot speak with certainty, as I have never tried it.

On the way through the town to the railroad station, going at a very modest pace, the horse got a stone in his foot and went dead lame. But we were almost there and we kept on. I had counted upon ten minutes for an interview in the freight office about some shrubs which I had been expecting. Burbury heard me growling and he offered to attend to the stone.

'You see, Peter,' he said, pulling a knife from his pocket, 'I 've had this

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a long time and no chance to use it.' I don't know whether I was right in calling the thing a knife. It bristled with corkscrews and screw-drivers and can-openers and devices for cutting the wire from the necks of bottles, and everything under the sun except knife-blades. 'Somebody gave it to me when I was a little chap, you know. Now, this,' he explained, struggling with it and at last getting it open, 'is for getting stones out of horses' feet, you know. The one chance of my life.'

So I laughed and ran into the freight office, while Burbury got down and Bill moved to the front seat to watch him. Before I had done my business, I heard the train come in. But Burbury was there, and Bill could introduce him to Felicia. So I waited two minutes more and saved my shrubs. When I got out again, there was Felicia standing by the horse and looking about rather anxiously, while the Emperor of the Germans was executing leaps straight into the air in vain attempts to reach her face. I did not see Burbury.

I kissed Felicia. 'I'm glad to see you,' I said. 'But, Felicia, have you seen anything of — a man?'

She would not know who Burbury was; she would probably think I was talking about some town.

She laughed quickly. 'Why, Peter, 'I 've seen more or less of several men. I've been visiting, you know. What did you think?'

'None of your levity, Felicia. I seem to have lost a man. I left him here with Bill and now there's no sign of him. He was getting a stone out of Chief's foot.'

'There was a man running across the street when I came. I thought his figure seemed familiar. Bill was looking after him with interest. Who was he, Peter? It was n't Mike.'

'It was nobody you ever saw,' I replied; 'only a sailor cast up on our beach from a wreck. I wrote you about it the same day, did n't I?'

She shook her head. 'I don't remember it. But it does n't matter, does it? Was he going to take this train?'

That had not occurred to me. 'I don't know that he was, but I'd better look.'

The train was just starting. I knew that it was foolish to think of going through it unless I wanted to go on to the next station. I did not; and there was Felicia, anyway. I came back to her and proposed waiting until the man turned up. I could be seeing about her trunks. If Burbury did not put in an appearance by that time, — well, what was there to be done? He might have slipped away, but I hoped not. It was not quite like Burbury Stoke; not just what would be expected of him as I had come to know him, although it is a pretty small man that you can know in three weeks. And whatever Burbury was, he was not a small man. We knew that well enough. But my father would be sorry.

I saw to Felicia's trunks. There were three of them. Without Burbury, I could have taken one in the wagon, but not three, and why make two bites at a cherry? I went back to Felicia, who was waiting rather impatiently where I had left her, her foot tapping the pavement.

'Well?' I asked. 'He has n't turned up, then?'

'No.'

I sighed. Really, I did n't know what to do. If I had only known what motive impelled him to run away — but I did n't. I had no idea where to look for him. I might notify the police, but that notion did not appeal to me.

'Well?' Felicia inquired, her calm somewhat forced.

'I am stumped,' I answered. 'What would you do?'

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'I should go home,' she said with decision. 'If you are not satisfied, you might investigate the saloons in the neighbourhood. I see two. Sailors have been known —'

'Not mine.'

Felicia has no more patience than I have. She seemed to think that it was not worth while to keep up appearances any longer.

'I want to go home, Peter. If your sailor chooses to come back, he can walk.'

It was somewhat more than eight miles, but I had no doubt that Burbury could do it, if he wanted to, easily enough. Indeed, I had no doubt he could do anything that he thought it worth while to do. He is a splendid animal.

I sighed again. 'Will you sit on the back seat with Bill,' I asked, 'or on the front seat with me?'

'With you, Peter. I have a lot of things to tell you.'

Chief started off with quite as much speed as I wanted, although there was no gong to ring. Burbury seemed to have extracted that stone. I was busy with my driving through the streets, and busy with my thoughts, and I fear that I was forgetting Felicia.

'Peter!' she cried suddenly. 'Wake up! Here I've been talking a steady streak for the last ten minutes and you have n't said a word, and I don't believe you've heard a word I said.'

'What? Have you? I beg your pardon, Felicia,' I replied contritely. 'I was busy. What have you been saying?'

Felicia looked sweetly at me. 'Does your sailor weigh on your mind so much, Peter?' she asked softly. 'Turn round, and find him if you want to. I don't mind, truly. I was horrid.'

I shook my head. 'No. He can walk. Besides, I'm going to send Mike down for the trunks this afternoon.'

She laughed a little, suddenly. I did not see what there was to laugh at. Of course, her trunks had to be sent for. We had again reached the outskirts of the town and she suggested that I run the Chief. Felicia is a good sport.

'I was telling you about my visits, Peter,' she said, when I had the horse running and could give her some attention. 'But that is not important and I can't say it all over again now. I shall have to tell father about them and you can listen if you want to. The really important thing that I wanted to tell you is that Mary Alnwick is coming over and I have made her promise me a whole month, at least.'

Mary Alnwick is an English girl and an especial friend of Felicia's. Felicia visited her off and on for the better part of two years. I have never seen Mary Alnwick, and I can't be expected to feel any very active interest in a person whom I have never seen.

'That's nice,' I replied perfunctorily. 'When is she coming?'

'*That's nice!*' Felicia repeated after me with withering contempt. 'Is that the best you can do, Peter?'

'What's the matter with it?' I asked. 'It is nice, is n't it?'

'The expression strikes me as inadequate,' said Felicia coldly. 'Mary Alnwick is lovely; perfectly lovely, Peter.'

'You must remember, Felicia, that I do not know her.'

'Well,' sighed Felicia, 'there is some excuse for you. But just you wait until the middle of August, and you do know her!'

'I will,' I said.

III

Burbury came back that afternoon. I had been sitting in my room for an hour trying vainly to busy myself with what I hope may prove to be my profession. There had been a gentle breeze

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blowing through my windows and stirring the curtains, and everything had been as favorable as possible, but I had seemed unable to think and I had accomplished nothing. And that was strange, too, with such material at hand that I ought not to have to think at all. Nothing had happened; and I had thrown down the pen and had gone out to the barn and sent Mike down after the trunks.

I was wandering aimlessly about the barn, rather anxious about the man I had lost, and wondering whether Mike would manage to find him, — I had given him private instructions, — when I saw Burbury himself come in, timidly, and with his tail between his legs. He looked much as Bill looks when he returns from one of his infrequent foraging expeditions and encounters me unexpectedly. To be sure, Bill has no tail to speak of, — not enough to get it anywhere near his legs, — but neither has Burbury.

I confronted him. 'Well?' I said, with what sternness I could muster. I was much relieved at seeing him again, but I would not say so yet. He did not deserve it.

There was an ingratiating smile on his face; at least, I suppose he meant it to be ingratiating. 'Well, Peter,' he replied, drawing a deep breath which must have increased his chest measure about ten inches. Burbury's lungs are all right and his heart must be all right, too. I speak of his heart as a functional organ. But there was a curious little quiver in that deep breath which betokened nervousness.

'Well, Peter, here I am. I came back to apologize, you know, and I do. I had a bad case o' funk. Ran away. I don't excuse it. Can't, you know; and I should n't think it strange if you could n't.' He laughed a little. 'I just funked it, Peter, and that's the truth. And now I'd better be goin', really. I — I'd take it as a favor if you'd slip out my things while I wait here.'

I disregarded the appealing tone in his voice. 'Rot!' I said.

'But, Peter,' he protested plaintively, 'just put yourself in my place — that is, if you can. You run away from a girl you're most anxious to meet. Nothin' else to do but to slip out and not remind her that you're livin'.'

'Rot!' I repeated. 'You're not going.'

He wavered. I could see it. I took his arm lest he escape again.

'Besides,' I said, 'it would disappoint my father. You don't want to do that. As for Felicia, you can't remind her of what she never knew.'

'Eh? What?' He was startled, although I don't know what at, and then he laughed. 'No, of course not,' he agreed, chuckling. 'I never thought of that.'

'Come along, then. Do you contemplate an explanation? Because if —'

He interrupted me there. 'I never give 'em, Peter,' he answered simply. 'I never explain. It saves me trouble, and other persons not interested in my explanations. No. You need n't be afraid.'

I was not. This philosophy of Burbury's — if it is philosophy — commended itself to me.

Felicia was on the piazza. A magazine lay in her lap, but she was not reading. She was gazing out over the Sound past Lesser Pungatit, very nearly in the direction of the lightship. She may have been watching the deliberate and seemingly well-considered movements of the wrecking tug; she may even have been watching the wreck on Singing Reef, the wreck that seemed likely never to make another well-considered movement. It would have been strange if she could have been satisfied to read, with that spread out before her. Father was sitting,

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apparently doing nothing at all, and literally bathed in content.

As soon as Felicia caught sight of me, she gave me a welcoming smile that warmed my heart. She had not particularly noticed Burbury; she knew, of course, as soon as I turned the corner, that I was bringing somebody. Now she did notice him. He produced a most extraordinary effect upon her. She went very white, and rose precipitately, so that the magazine which had been upon her lap fell on the floor; and she made a movement with her hand toward her heart, but the movement was quickly checked; and the welcoming smile upon her face disappeared as if by magic. It was extraordinary behavior for Felicia.

I felt Burbury hanging back, and I glanced at him. He looked as utterly miserable, at the moment, as any man I ever saw, with the humbly-beseeching look of a dog coming to be punished. He reminded me more than ever of Bill with his tail between his legs. But he was not looking at me. He looked at Felicia.

It had passed in an instant. Burbury seemed to have braced up as I glanced at him. Once more he was the Burbury whom I knew; but very grave and serious, and with something defensive in his attitude, and not defensive of himself either. And Felicia stood and awaited us, a woman of ice, and rather pale, as a woman of ice should be. My father came down and took Burbury's other arm and, together, we took him up to Felicia and I presented him.

I felt no more than a reasonable resentment at her manner. What if I have picked up a man on my shore? If I choose to present him to my sister I am ready to answer for him, and it is not becoming in her to show too evident a dislike for his acquaintance.

Felicia inclined her head slightly,—very slightly,—but she did not speak. Burbury waited for a seemly interval; for more than that. Then he murmured something, stammering and hesitating at first, but ending smoothly. I did not hear what he said. Probably it was no more than any man would say under like circumstances; perhaps not so much. Felicia inclined her head again, even more slightly than before, but she uttered no more than a single syllable. She did not seem inclined to talk, and Burbury could find nothing to say, and I found the silence awkward. Felicia did not seem to find it so. She was looking past Burbury, and she did not seem to be interested in anything whatever. She seemed never in her whole life to have been interested in anything whatever for a single instant. She might have been one of the wooden images from a Noah's Ark. No one would expect speech to issue from the mouth of a Noah's Ark figure, the mouth which is but a dab of paint clumsily put on. Felicia's is not clumsily put on; it is something better than a dab of paint.

Burbury stood waiting, and looking at Felicia's face. I wondered what he was waiting for.

I glanced from one to the other. 'Is there anything the matter, Felicia?' I asked. I asked purely for information.

Felicia flushed; but not even then did she say anything. She only smiled in a manner which I thought supercilious. Burbury flushed too, but he did not smile in any manner. He did not speak either.

Again I glanced from one to the other. I could make nothing of it, and I turned and found my father smiling as though he was amused at something. I should have been glad to know what he was amused at. I could see nothing amusing in the situation. I went and sat down beside him and looked out

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toward the reef, leaving Felicia and Burbury to work out their own salvation. The wrecking tug was as near the reef as it was at all safe for her to go, and there was something connecting the two vessels that looked like an enormous cable.

'She can't be going to try to pull her off!' I observed in astonishment. 'If she stirred her at all it would only be to pull her to pieces.'

I took the glass off my belt and put it to my eye and gave no more attention to the two Noah's Ark figures standing there. And I saw that the thing which connected the tug and the wreck was no cable, but a great hose. They were trying some new method of wrecking with which I was not familiar.

'I must go out there and see what they are about,' I said.

'I'd like to go with you, Peter,' said a voice at my shoulder; and I turned and found that Burbury stood close behind me.

Felicia, it seemed, had stolen away without further words. I did not understand it. She never did such a thing before.

I felt as if I ought to do something about it: get down on my knees and tender my heartfelt apologies to Burbury, perhaps. I did n't, of course. One does n't apologize in that abject manner for one's sister. I must have shown something of my feeling in my look, for he smiled.

'Come on,' he added. 'There's time.' He looked at my father. 'Comin', Mr. Harden?'

My father smiling and shaking his head, Burbury took my arm and piloted me firmly and steadily toward my boats.

'Burbury,' I began, not quite knowing how I was coming out, 'Felicia may be tired, you know, and —'

He interrupted me. 'Miss Harden's quite right. Very presumin' of a sailor picked up on the beach, you know, Peter, — but she's quite right. Shall we go in the dory?'

The subject of Felicia having been disposed of in that summary manner, we went in the dory. Burbury was strangely silent and sober. He did not speak, on the way down, except to chide me gently for letting the dory fall off, and to suggest that we might flatten the sheets a bit. He proceeded to carry out the suggestion while he made it.

We had loafed about the wreck for half an hour, watching the operations of the tug, when Burbury spoke again, suggesting that it was getting late and that we had better go back. I obediently put about. I do not know why I should have done so, except that it was the natural thing to heed his suggestions. The wind dropped rapidly, and Burbury lay on his back, in a most uncomfortable position, gazing up at the clouds and the sail, and saying nothing.

Felicia met us as we went into the house. 'You are late, Peter,' she said. That was all, and she did not smile while she said it, or look pleasant or anything. It was not the sort of greeting that I was used to from Felicia, and I could not help concluding that the remark was meant for Burbury.

'I should be much later,' I replied, 'if it had not been for Burbury.'

We pursuaded my father to go down with us the next morning in the ketch. I did not expect to persuade Felicia, although she is very fond of sailing in my ketch.

The ketch is scarcely longer than the dory. She is but twenty-three feet long, but she draws nearly five. She was built after my own design and turned out to be very fast, as I expected. I had her rigged as a ketch for convenience in reducing sail, for I am often alone in her; but, practically, I never

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reduce sail. She will stand anything short of a hurricane.

Burbury came near not going. At the last minute he made some excuse and went back to the house, calling to us not to wait more than two minutes for him. It could scarcely have been two minutes when I saw him emerge, running; and he ran down to the stage and jumped into the boat.

'Afraid I might miss you,' he explained, red and breathless.

He did not look back once. We cast off our lines hastily, and then I heard a whistle which I knew well, and there was Felicia, with the Emperor of the Germans, making her dignified way from the house. She did not hurry, even when I called to her.

'I 'm going with you, Peter,' she announced clearly, and without emotion, except that she seemed annoyed, as though she did n't want to go and was only going to oblige me.

So we put back and she stepped aboard and calmly took the wheel and kept it. Burbury talked, but not to Felicia, and he played with Bill, who has become very fond of him. Felicia scarcely spoke and did not look at Burbury except to glance at him, now and then, in a half-scornful way, but she could not help hearing what he said. He has not spoken of himself — has not told me the least thing, although I should be glad to have him. But I have faith that he will, and I can wait. Felicia's behavior made me, at least, very uncomfortable. It did not seem to have that effect upon my father, who was occupied with Burbury. Burbury, so far as I could see, was not aware of it. He must have supposed that it was the usual thing with Felicia. It is not.

That was ten days ago. And now, although Felicia has been at home for ten days, not once has she asked me anything about Burbury Stoke. It is queer and it is not natural. And I was all ready to tell her all that I know of him, which, to be sure, is hardly more than she knows. But she gives me no chance to talk about him. She will not ask.

I have one comfort. Felicia seems to be drawn, in spite of her very obvious intention and against her will, to go with us wherever we go. It makes her cross. I should think it would. To go where you had determined not to go, and not to be able to make any fight against it; to have to go out in the ketch, to know that you will have to, — even although you like it better than anything else, — when you had made up your mind firmly to sit on the piazza, or to go to the village, or to do anything rather than go in the ketch! It gives one a feeling of helplessness which is peculiarly irritating to any one who has had an idea that she had a strong will. I say 'she' because I refer to Felicia. And I thought she had a strong will, too; but she has to go. Her only remedy — and it is not a remedy — is to be cross and out of sorts. If she were a man she would probably curse heartily and feel much better. As she is a woman, she persuades my father to go when he does not wish to, — my father is very obliging, — and she makes us all uncomfortable. Perhaps I should except Burbury, who gives no evidence of uncomfort, although he can hardly help feeling it. The whole thing distresses me. And, having got us all out in the ketch, she sails the boat herself, and does not condescend to tell us where we are going or when she means to get back. She sails a boat very well; as well as I do or as any of the fishermen. She does not sail as well as Burbury does. He is one of the few people who can sail better than I can. He does everything a little better than I can do it.

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As for Burbury, he does not exactly follow Felicia about, but he seems to want to, which is not strange. I have known several men who had that same inclination. And I have surprised a sort of hungry look in his eyes when Felicia was present, and when he thought himself unobserved. Felicia ignores him.

Although Felicia does not condescend to tell us where we are going, as I said, we always know now, for we are sure to bring up at Singing Reef and the Mary Sayles, and the wrecking tug when the tug is there. When we started yesterday morning in quite the opposite direction, heading for the eastern end of Greater Pungatit, we knew well enough our destination. We had the wind just aft of the beam and it was light, for it had not been long growing. It was the kind of sailing that my father likes, but I was a little worried, for it is a long way around Greater Pungatit to Singing Reef.

'Don't you think, Felicia,' I asked, 'that we had better try Punk Hole?'

'No, Peter,' she answered quietly. 'The tide is not half down yet.'

What has the tide to do with it? It is easier, to be sure, to make the passage of Punk Hole with the tide in your favor; but it was in our favor, and it is no great matter, anyway. I looked at Burbury, but he was looking ahead, and I thought that he smiled. Felicia was gazing off to leeward and saw none of us.

I said no more. No doubt Felicia had her own plans, and those plans of hers would bring us to the reef, and then home in the time that she saw fit.

We rounded Greater Pungatit in time, — not so long a time, either, — and it is all of twelve miles from my house to the Whale's Nose, and the wind light most of the way. But when we rounded, we ran into a greater sea and more wind, for we were in the open ocean. We had to beat the whole length of the two Pungatits, a short tack off-shore, and then a long one, until Felicia thought we were as near as was safe. I thought we were nearer than that to the shoals which make out here and there. I remonstrated accordingly, but Felicia smiled calmly and replied that there was no sea to speak of, and that she wanted Mr. Stoke to see the points of interest along the shore. Points of interest! Why, the Pungatits are mere wastes of sand, with no more than the Life Saving Station and a few scrubby oaks in the middle.

I got Felicia's meaning when she began to name the coves and beaches as we passed them and to give a catalogue of ships which had been wrecked on each stretch of beach. I was surprised at the extent of her information. She began with a time more than a hundred years ago and she named over a very long list of vessels, with their tonnage and rig and port of departure and the number of men lost from each. She did not give their destination. Their destination was the beach. She must have spent days in acquiring that information, and it almost seemed as if she must have got it up for the occasion. Burbury seemed appreciative, but secretly amused.

'Felicia,' I said, 'you should lecture on the points of interest of the Pungatits.'

She smiled rather scornfully. 'I could,' she replied; and changed the subject. 'See, Peter, we are catching the fishermen. We shall pass Ole in a quarter of an hour.'

I had been watching them. The fleet was well scattered over miles of ocean. There was no concerted movement, but the time for catching fish was past, or the boats had a full fare. The best time for catching fish is early in the morning, for the fish bite better then. I

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do not know why. Perhaps because they are hungry. And the boats were all making for Punk Hole.

Felicia's guess was accurate. In fifteen minutes we were abreast of Ole, who had changed his course so as to be near us. We went so near him that I could almost have reached his boat with the boathook.

We had the wind more nearly abeam when we had passed Lesser Pungatit and stood over for the reef. My father was sitting on the weather side with his feet well braced, although that is never necessary in the ketch. Burbury was on the lee side, watching the swirling, hissing water go past the rail, always three or four inches below it. He watched it for some time.

'I say, Peter,' he said at last, 'I see she never takes any water over the rail, you know. I've noticed. I never saw a boat do that way before; give you my word. Why is it, Peter?'

I shook my head. The water never comes over her lee rail, however fast she goes.

'I don't know, Burbury. No doubt I should know, being her designer, but I confess without shame that I don't.'

Burbury was about to make some further observation; but there came to us clearly a note that, without being very loud, seemed to fill the air all about us, so that it was quite impossible to tell where it came from. It was an exact middle C, as though blown on some gigantic horn, soft and melodious, and there was a fairly long note first, nearly as long as a swell of the ocean, and several short ones after.

Burbury looked up, startled. 'I say now, what's that?'

Felicia was smiling. Her expression was positively pleasant. I wished that Burbury could see her often with that expression. She is lovely so, if she is my sister.

'It is the singing of the reef,' she answered. 'It is a contrary thing, and it sings only when the tide is nearly out, and when there is just the right sea. I thought that it would sing to-day and I thought that it would be interesting for you to hear it. It is one of the points of interest.'

So that was why we had come round Greater Pungatit. That explained her remark about the tide.

'Singing Reef,' Felicia went on, 'has many vessels to its credit.' And she proceeded to give the list, ending with the Mary Sayles of Belfast, from Savannah, loaded with lumber, one man lost.

Burbury looked up again, but he was smiling. 'But I say, you know, Miss Harden, the man was n't lost.'

Felicia looked full at him. She did not smile. 'His family think he was, I have no doubt. They have no reason to know that he is safe. They probably mourn him.'

Burbury turned away, muttering something about writing them.

'I had a letter from Mary, yesterday, Peter,' Felicia remarked.

'Did you?' I asked. 'And is —'

'She is very well,' said Felicia, interrupting me. 'That completes the list of ships, Mr. Stoke.' There was a curious emphasis on the name. 'I trust you found it edifying.'

'Oh, yes, thank you,' said Burbury quickly, 'very instructin'. And with a moral, too. But I'll write my people, Miss Harden, directly we get home; I give you my word.'

'Thank you,' Felicia returned quietly. 'That will please me.'

Burbury acted as if his sole wish was to please Felicia. He may have been about to say something to that effect. He began to speak twice, but hesitated and stammered and did not get it out after all, because Felicia interrupted him.

'What is the tug doing?' she asked.

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We had reached the reef and were just hanging round between it and the tug.

'Pumpin' air into her,' answered Burbury.

'Oh,' said Felicia slowly; 'I see. And will they get her off? I supposed her case was hopeless.'

'I don't know,' answered Burbury again. 'They're just tryin' her, now, to see if she's tight, you know.'

'Oh,' said Felicia as slowly as before. She was silent for a little. 'Would Mr. Stoke show us his quarters — where he slept?' Again that strange emphasis on the name.

Burbury was surprised, but he pointed. 'In the fo'castle. Very humble; give you my word. You know where the fo'castle is, Miss Harden.'

'Of course,' she returned coldly. 'I meant show it to us. Could you?'

'I'm afraid I could n't.' He seemed somewhat distressed that he had to refuse any request of Felicia's. 'I have n't any right aboard of her now, and there's the tug.'

Without another word Felicia turned toward home. I heard my father sigh with relief.

Burbury was busy for an hour after luncheon with his letters home. Then, with them fluttering in his hand, he sought Felicia. Neither saw me at first.

'Will you look at these, Miss Harden, and tell me if they're all right?'

Felicia did not seem as much surprised as I had expected. She looked up at him with a curious expression.

'Why?' she asked softly and slowly. Then she saw me. 'Why should I, Mr. Stoke?'

There was no softness in her voice now, but it was as it had been usually on the few occasions when she had spoken to Burbury at all.

'No reason, of course, if you don't want to. I thought that, perhaps, — but I beg pardon for troublin' you, Miss Harden. Do you happen to know where Peter is?'

Felicia waved her hand toward me without other reply. I was half-concealed from her and behind Burbury. The concealment was not intentional.

'I say, Peter, goin' swimmin'?'

I nodded; and I noted Felicia's look of suppressed eagerness and the note of self-scorn in her voice as she spoke. No doubt she was doing just what she had determined not to do.

'I am going swimming, too, Peter,' she said firmly; as if she had just had to take some medicine and did n't like the taste of it.

'Good girl!' I replied. 'Come on.'

Burbury and I had been in almost every day, but this was the first time that Felicia had offered to go with us, although she is very fond of it. It was the one thing she had been able to hold out about.

Burbury was ahead and I was having some difficulty in keeping pace with Felicia. He reached the shore and turned round and waited for us.

'Friend o' yours, Peter?' he asked, nodding in the direction of my wall.

I looked. There was a man, of some outlandish race, I did not know what, and he was coming along the shore. He had evidently climbed over the wall where it is low, although I did not make the wall low until it was well into the water. He had a bundle in his hand. I advanced to meet him.

'Here!' I said. That was not what I meant. I should have said, 'Hence!' but I did not. 'Here! What do you want?'

The man smiled and began to speak earnestly. It sounded as if he had set off a bunch of fire-crackers. He spoke so earnestly that his smile faded and he pointed to the water and he unrolled his bundle. It contained a cake of yellow laundry soap and a towel.

I laughed in spite of myself. He

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smiled again. It was a very winning smile, but I was adamant.

'Not here,' I said, shaking my head. 'You can't do it here.'

He set off another bunch of fire-crackers and gesticulated wildly. I took him by the shoulders and turned him round, gently, and urged him toward the wall.

'Over you go.'

And I helped him to it, still gently, with one hand; and he came down on the other side and went slowly down the road, setting off a fresh bunch of fire-crackers now and then. I could hear them spluttering for some distance down the road. When I was satisfied that he was well on his way, I went down to the water and washed my hand. Then I walked back to Felicia and Burbury.

Burbury ran down the plank onto the stage as I came.

'Here's Peter,' he called. 'Been speedin' the partin' guest, Peter?'

I could hear Felicia, in her bath-house, chuckling. Burbury had not stopped and he did not wait for an answer, but dived into the water from the edge of the stage. Perhaps I should give a more accurate idea of his movement if I said that he slipped into the water. He just pushed himself into it, head first, without the least splash, and that was all. He did not reappear, puffing and blowing, as I should have done. There is a second float-stage, about a hundred yards off-shore, equipped with a ladder and a spring-board. I watched the water, but I saw no trace of Burbury — not the least ripple to mark his progress — until he popped out at the edge of the second stage and drew himself up on it in one motion. It was as if he had been shot out and landed on his feet on the stage. Instantly, he whistled clearly and peculiarly. No lack of breath there. That deep chest of his must hold a lot of air. I should really like to know what his chest capacity is.

Burbury in his swimming-rig is a sight for a painter or a sculptor. I, who am neither, could be content to watch him for hours. I usually do watch him for half an hour at a time, sitting on the float meanwhile. He is the best swimmer that I ever expect to see. I have never seen any one who could compete in the same class with him. He could probably swim the English Channel with the same ease with which he swam from Singing Reef, and think no more of it as a feat. I have no doubt that he could take his hot tea and toast on the way and never turn a hair. If he said that he could make the toast on the way over I would stake a good deal on his doing it.

When Burbury whistled, Felicia ran out and dived into the water, too. No doubt it was no more than a coincidence, her coming just at the whistle, but I should think she would want to avoid such coincidences. She did not try to swim under water to the second stage, but she kept under for as much as twenty feet, so that I began to be anxious, and I pushed my tender into the water and rowed after her. It is not safe for Felicia to swim even a hundred yards without a boat near. Of course she can do it, but I see nothing to be gained by taking any chances, and I told her so when I had caught her.

'Please let me alone, Peter,' she replied, panting a little. 'It is perfectly safe.'

There was gratitude for you! I rowed back to get my own things on.

Burbury amused himself, and exasperated Felicia, by doing stunts. He did all kinds of dives that I ever heard of, and some that I had known nothing about, from the springboard. He turned double backward somersaults, and entered the water as straight as a

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pikestaff. He dived to the bottom once and brought up some stones.

'I don't care for deep divin',' he remarked, smiling. 'It makes my head feel bad. I won't try it again.'

And Felicia tried all his stunts, and some of them she did and some she failed to do. I do not know what possessed Felicia. She should have known that she would fail, but it made her angry, and she tried again and again. There was something splendid in her determination. I was proud of her. Seeing her so determined, Burbury looked about for a diversion. He had already tried all the strokes there were and some that he invented himself, swimming out about a hundred yards and back, and he ended with a crawl of his own, which was the fastest stroke I have ever seen and done without overmuch splashing. The very perfection of his performance seemed to provoke Felicia, and she was apparently about to try the same thing. There was a flock of terns fluttering and plunging and screaming a little way out and, almost under them, a school of menhaden was milling, as is their custom. It is not likely that the presence of the menhaden had anything in particular to do with the actions of the terns, but there they were.

'See those fish?' Burbury asked hastily, to keep Felicia busy, I suppose. 'Well, watch 'em.'

And he slipped silently into the water, swimming rapidly and strongly, but with the water washing over his head and half his length. When he was half-way to the fish he sank out of sight. He did not dive, he simply sank. The fish were still milling senselessly, and as I could not see any sign of Burbury, I watched them. Suddenly, in the very middle of their senseless circle Burbury shot out of the water to his waist, and shouted and waved his arms. You should have seen those fish and the terns. Not having the brains of a fish, I cannot imagine what sort of monster they thought he was, but the menhaden vanished with a tremendous flurry of tails, and the terns fled, incontinent, not even waiting to give one scream. When I had stopped laughing, I turned to make some observation to Felicia. She was not there. She had seized that opportunity to try that crawl of Burbury's.

She was already well out from the float and making some progress with her crawl, but she did not seem to have got the hang of the breathing. There is some difficulty in getting it, for the face is down most of the time, and you have to know just when you are going to snatch your breath, or you don't get it at all. Felicia seemed to be in that case, but she would not give up. She would much prefer to drown. I thought it was quite time that she had some help, and I dived in after her.

Burbury was farther from her than I was, but he got to her first. I doubt if he knew how near I was. I doubt if he was aware of me at all. He got to her and raised her chin. She was too far spent to resist and, for an instant, her head rested in the hollow of his arm, and her unseeing eyes looked up into his.

'*Felicia!*' he said. His voice was low and pleading, — scarcely more than a whisper. 'Why *will* you?'

She made no reply, and then I was there, and she withdrew her head from its resting-place.

'I will go back,' she said. Her voice was not steady, but that was not to be wondered at. She would have been very near to being drowned if we had not been near. 'I can do it alone, thank you. It seems to be all that I *can* do — alone,' she added bitterly.

Burbury seemed distressed beyond words, but he had no reply ready. We swam slowly back, one of us on each

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side of Felicia. She was swimming on her side, and her face was turned away from Burbury.

IV

We were sitting on the Rock one morning, Burbury and I, while Bill chased rats among the boulders. My father had been with us, but he had become restless and had gone to the garden and begun to work. It was a rare thing for my father to become too restless to sit still, and I followed him with my eyes and saw him get a hoe from the tool-house and go to the garden and wander about, hoeing spasmodically, a little here and a little there. The spirit of restlessness was with him still. I did not know where Felicia was. It occurred to me as strange that she was not with us.

'Rotten weather!' said Burbury. 'Beastly! Don't you think it's beastly, Peter?'

I could have loved him for that, if for nothing else. I did think it was beastly. I never before found anybody who would agree with me. It was a bright day, with the sun shining out of a cloudless sky and a brisk wind which came in gusts out of the northwest, hard and dry. Every gust set my nerves quivering afresh. It does not need to be a gust. Every minute of northwest weather keeps me keyed up to the breaking-point — every nerve in my body. My muscles are all tense, in spite of my conscious effort to the contrary. It is fatiguing to have to keep your muscles all tense. I do not like to be strung up. Such weather is hateful to me. After three days of it I could commit murder more easily than I refrain from it.

I welcome the southeast wind, heavy with wet; and when the wind has set in from the southwest, with its haze and its dampness, — perhaps its fog, — I am filled with peace once more. I do not object to fogs, so long as they are from the salt sea.

It is strange that a mere change of wind should have such effect, but it has, upon me at least, and upon some others, too, as I believe, even if they do not know it. It has that effect upon Burbury, it seems, and he does know it.

Until this year, I have concealed the fact that I do not like this weather, and I have always replied suitably, I think, and as was expected of me, to the rhapsodies of my friends. I don't know why; probably because of some lingering fear of what people would think. Hypocrite that I was! I shall no more answer that the weather *is* charming — perfectly *lovely!* when I hate it. I broke the ice last month and gave Mrs. Armstead a hint.

In reply to her remark, I smiled as charmingly as I could, so that she did not suspect what was coming.

'Hellish!' I said. 'Is n't it?'

And the poor lady looked as if she had been struck by lightning, and she stammered a little, and she giggled, and she laughed, and she turned away, not knowing how to take my observation, nor whether I had been talking English or German. It does make a difference.

Burbury sat up, sighing, and looked out toward the reef. Whenever we have nowhere else to look, now, our eyes turn toward the reef instinctively. The tug was there, pumping air. She has pumped a lot of air into the Mary Sayles, of Belfast, loaded with lumber, one man lost. What becomes of it? Even as we looked, the tug stopped her everlasting pumping, and pulled in her hose and steamed away.

Burbury sighed again, but he said nothing; and he got up slowly, and wandered up to the tool-house, leaving me sitting on the Rock. And he, too, got a

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hoe and joined my father in his spasmodic hoeing. After a while, I saw them both leaning on their hoes. Burbury seemed to be talking. After another while, I saw them sitting on a great stone that I pulled out of the garden last year, their hoes in their hands, and Burbury was talking earnestly. There was no doubt about it.

Suddenly, I saw my father break out into a hearty laugh and grasp Burbury's hand and wring it. Then they got up, still shaking hands, and my father had an arm about Burbury's shoulders, and he gave them a gentle thump. And Burbury turned and ran, juggling his hoe as though it had been a drum-major's staff, throwing it up into the air, and turning it and catching it as it came down. He cast the hoe into the tool-house and went to the pen where he keeps that game cockerel.

The Game came to his whistle, and Burbury took him out and sat down in front of the barn and proceeded with his education. The education of the Game has progressed astonishingly. He already knows several tricks and is learning others. Then I saw Felicia come out of the house and walk with slow and manifestly unwilling step toward the barn where sat Burbury with his Game.

I wondered. Why had Felicia come — or gone? Had that whistle anything to do with it?

'Faugh!' I cried in disgust.

And I got up and went along the shore to my little breakwater, where my boats were. I had a mind to go out in the ketch — and alone.

I had not reckoned with Felicia and Burbury. They came, almost running, before I could get off.

'Peter!' said Felicia reproachfully, — rather more than that. She seemed to mean it as a rebuke. 'You were not going without telling me? I'm going.'

Burbury said nothing, but waited. I asked him, of course. Indeed, Felicia suggested it in a way.

'I have no doubt,' she added, 'that Mr. Stoke meant to go, too.'

But I noted that she did not look at Burbury.

So they both got in, but I had the wheel and I kept it. I had a mind to sail my own boat for once. I headed for the wreck. We should inevitably end up there, and I thought we might as well go where we were going.

We had a fair wind and smooth water, and we sailed very fast. Felicia fiddled round — no other word expresses it — as though she wanted to take the wheel and expected me to let her. I affected not to see her and kept my eyes fixed on the distant waters. The tug had become hardly more than a speck on the horizon, hull down already. I saw her stack, belching smoke, and occasionally her house when she lifted on a sea. There was no mirage. There never is, with a northwest wind, but with a southerly wind you see strange things on the water. It is a bit disconcerting to see a stack as tall as a factory chimney and a pilot-house that must be thirty feet high, at least, go floating over the waves with nothing to support them, apparently.

Felicia seemed embarrassed, being deprived of her usual occupation and her usual excuse for seeming to pay no attention to what Burbury was saying. But Burbury was not saying anything so far as I could see, and three people have to sit pretty close in the cock-pit of a boat twenty-three feet long. It holds only four. I think I should have known it if he had whispered. By the time we got to the reef, Felicia had wearied of the silence.

'I'm going aboard of her,' she announced, referring to the Mary Sayles.

Burbury was grieved and distressed. 'I beg you won't, Miss Harden,' he said

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quietly. 'We've no right to go aboard, you know, any more than any stranger has a right to walk into your house when you're not there. The wreckin' company has charge now, you know. I beg you won't.'

Felicia looked at him — that was all. 'I said that I was going aboard,' she repeated.

Burbury gave a shrug and sighed. 'Bring her up under the starboard quarter, Peter, so we can get aboard. Lee there and plenty o' water.'

He was giving me orders as though it were I who was the sailor; and the strange thing about it was that I obeyed without question. Burbury went up first, by a rope that hung there, no doubt for that purpose. He tried the rope and then went up it easily, hand-over-hand, swinging between heaven and earth, for there were many feet to go before he could touch her side. That rope was hanging well astern. Then he got a Jacob's ladder — he knew where to find it — and dropped it over the side, farther forward, and hauled us along to it, and Felicia went up. Then they went forward.

The ketch was nearly opposite the mizzen-hatch, I judged. Of course I could see nothing of what went on up there, on the deck of the Mary Sayles, and I only guessed that I was nearly opposite the mizzen-hatch. There was nothing to be seen — by me — but the high black side of the schooner. After a while I heard footsteps on the deck and then silence again. Then I heard Felicia's voice say something, coldly and incisively, but I could not distinguish the words.

Then, suddenly, there came a gigantic cough from the bowels of the schooner and the hatch-cover shot high in air, struck the rigging, and bounded far over the side into the water. I heard a shout from Burbury, a brief scuffling sound, as of somebody running over the deck without shoes; and nothing more. I thought that Burbury had shouted something about the 'other side,' and I cast off hastily and got round the schooner's stern as quickly as I could. It took some minutes, even with as handy a boat as the ketch; and, as I rounded the stern, I saw Burbury swimming, on his back, and Felicia was lying with her head on his left shoulder and his arm about her. She seemed as limp as a rag and was not helping herself at all.

Burbury was heading for the boat of Ole Oleson, which lay with flapping sail. I had not seen Ole because of the schooner. He leaned far over the side, and took Felicia as Burbury passed her up to him. How Burbury managed to do it passed my comprehension, but Burbury does many things which pass my comprehension.

I brought the ketch alongside Ole's boat and made her fast, while Burbury swung himself over the side. Then, together, we got Felicia into the ketch and laid her down, and Burbury dived below and got the brandy.

'The old hooker blew up,' Burbury murmured. I had inferred as much. 'Felicia's not hurt, I think. But she was standin' on the hatch, and the shock, you know —' And his voice trailed off into silence. No doubt he was unaware that he had called her Felicia.

She came round in a few minutes, although she was much shaken and did not seem herself.

'If there's anything I can do, Peter,' said Ole, sympathetically, 'I'll be glad to do it.'

All the fishermen call me Peter. I thanked him. There was nothing. The ketch would get in before him, anyway. Burbury suggested that he would be glad if Ole would get his hat and coat and shoes, which he had shed on the deck of the schooner; and, Ole under-

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taking to do it, we cast off again and put out for home.

Burbury sat beside Felicia, who did not seem herself, as I said. Her hurt must have been more serious than he thought, for she was feeling round for something. That something was Burbury's hand; and when she had found it she kept fast hold of it and would not let it go once, all the way home. And she closed her eyes and looked happy. I had not seen her look happy — as happy as that — for a long time. Why, bless me, it was nearly four years. But she was not responsible; she could not have known what she was doing.

As for Burbury, he was plainly in the seventh heaven. He did n't care whether she was responsible or not. He forgot me entirely.

V

Felicia came to herself completely in two or three days. She had to, for Mary Alnwick was due on the fourth day. As Felicia recovered, she resumed her old manner toward Burbury. That little episode in the ketch had passed from her mind entirely. At least so it seemed. Burbury did not remind her of it — not in my hearing. He acted as if it had passed from his mind, too, and he was as he had been. That is, — no doubt I spoke hastily, for I meant that he seemed so to me. Whether he seemed so to Felicia I have no means of knowing.

It was the eve of the festival of Mary Alnwick. I can call it no less than that. I had been called out to the other side of my wall by a deputation of the inhabitants of the village who wished to dicker with me for the use of my horse to draw their fire-engine. It is a new engine and rather light, they said; and they gave the weight of it, but I have forgotten it. And, casting about in their minds for a suitable horse to pull it, they had chanced to think of mine as being by nature, size, weight, and education fitted to turn the trick. So he is; but they did not reflect, it seems, that the connection between my horse and their engine is normally rather remote. He is stabled at some distance from it; and however fleet and well-trained he may be, it would be more for their advantage and less for the advantage of the occasional fire, to have a horse that was not quite so good, provided that he was at hand when wanted. I told them of a case I knew of, — I saw it myself, — where the horses engaged for the purpose of hauling the engine were hauling sand, instead, four miles away, when a fire started in a church. The horses ran all of those four miles, dragging their heavy cart, and were hitched up to the engine and had started with it when one of them dropped dead. They were a very handsome pair. The church burned down. 'Call' horses, so to speak, may prove a very expensive frugality.

All this, of course, took some time; and when I left the deputation digesting my answer it had grown dark.

I found my father alone on the piazza.

'Where's Burbury?' I asked in surprise.

I could just see him shake his head. 'I don't know, Peter.'

'And where's Felicia?'

'I don't know, Peter,' he said again. 'She was sitting here a while ago.'

A sudden suspicion seized me. 'Did they disappear together?' I asked.

He gave a quiet laugh. 'I think not,' he replied. 'In fact, I know they did not. Felicia was here for some time after Burbury left. He started down toward the Rock.'

I moved back and forth for a minute or two. 'I am going to disappear, too,' I said then. 'Don't you want to come, father?'

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'You are n't going to the Rock, Peter?' he asked, rather anxiously, I thought.

'I am not going to the Rock,' I answered. 'I am going somewhere out of range of that devilish lighthouse.'

He laughed again, quietly, and came with me. We walked aimlessly at first, but there was no protection from that blinding flash except on the west side of the house, and that is not a pleasant place to stroll. My driveway comes around there, and it is too close to the barn. I bethought me of some lilac bushes and a honeysuckle trellis behind which I had seen Mike putting up a rustic seat. They are on the east side of the house and exposed to the full glare of the flash, but the seat is in shadow; or I had flattered myself — or Mike — that it was. It was not completely in shadow, but I did not find that out at the moment.

We strolled round toward the seat I have mentioned, our feet making no sound on the short grass, and were nearly there, when that abominable lighthouse turned on its searchlight. I saw the sheen of a dress on the seat. I could not see more, the light dazzled my eyes so. It must have dazzled Felicia's eyes, too. The dress was Felicia's. I was about to call to her when I heard her voice.

'Oh!' she cried rather low. 'That light is so bright!'

The light was gone, leaving me staring into utter blackness. And there came another voice from the direction of the seat. It was Burbury's, and it was very low, so that I scarcely heard the words.

It was something about 'only one girl in the world for me.' And ' — always have been.'

'But you went away,' Felicia murmured in reply, her voice unsteady. 'You went away without a word. Why, Burbury?'

Again I heard Burbury's voice. 'Vagabond —' and 'could n't ask —' were all I heard.

Evidently that was no place for me. It was no place for any one but those two. I put my hand on my father's arm to enjoin silence, and we stole away on tiptoe before the lighthouse should flash again. There was no need to enjoin silence upon my father. I found that out in another minute.

'Well!' I said as soon as we were safe on the piazza. 'What do you know about that, father?'

He was smiling quietly, I knew, although I could see nothing.

'I suppose I know all about it, Peter,' he answered. 'Burbury told me the whole story the other day. I promised to tell nobody until Mary Alnwick comes.'

'That means me, I suppose. But why Mary Alnwick? What has she to do with it?'

'That's a part of the story. I'm afraid you'll have to wait until tomorrow, Peter.'

I was not to hear more, apparently, and I went to my room to engage in that occupation which I have mentioned.

As I was going to bed, a little later, I heard a man's voice singing snatches from various familiar operas. The voice was rich and powerful, and well-trained. It was Burbury's voice, of course. I had been stupid not to think of him as having a voice, with that great chest of his, but he had never said anything that would lead me to think that he knew how to sing. It was like him. He never exploits himself.

He ended up with the Sextette from Lucia. It may seem strange that I could derive any pleasure from one voice trying to sing a sextette. I did. It may be because I am very fond of it, in spite of what modern critics may say,

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—not that I know what they say,—and very familiar with it. His voice is a baritone of wonderful power and richness and beauty; and he filled in the other parts by humming or singing them, when he was not singing his own,—even the soprano, in a clear falsetto,—in a remarkable way which served to suggest six voices instead of one. It may be because I knew it so well that I seemed to hear all the parts going at once, but I could not doubt that he heard them all as I did. Altogether, it was a great performance. I did nothing at all but stand at my window, scarcely drawing breath, until it was over.

As I turned back again there was a soft step at my door.

'Good-night, old Peter,' said Felicia softly.

Old Peter! And I am but five years older than Felicia. She is no spring chicken, if it comes to that; twenty-four years old on the fourth of June.

'Good-night, my child,' I answered, with the smooth tones of a promoter. 'Sleep well!'

There was one of Felicia's sudden bursts of laughter and I heard her going on to her own room. I had not heard a sudden burst of laughter from Felicia since the day she got back.

I had got into bed, and was just dropping off to sleep when there was another step at my door.

'I say,' called Burbury's voice, 'Peter!'

'Go to the devil!' I growled, exasperated. 'What do *you* want?' This was no time for confidences.

At that there was a sudden burst of laughter from Burbury, but subdued, as though he were afraid of disturbing somebody. He did n't mind disturbing me.

'I say,' he asked, 'is your horse good for two trips to town in one day?'

What did the fellow mean? Was he going after a license? But I did n't care. I wanted to sleep.

'Yes, he is,' I answered. 'Twice in a morning if you like.'

'Thank you,' he said. 'That was what I really wanted t' know. Sorry to disturb you, Peter. Good-night.'

He went away, stepping lightly. No doubt he would have whistled if he had dared.

VI

When I got down, this morning, I found my father sitting in the dining-room alone. I looked at him inquiringly, half expecting to learn that Burbury and Felicia had gone off together, leaving me to welcome Mary Alnwick. He smiled and answered my look.

'Good-morning, Peter.' I had forgotten my greeting. Trust father not to forget his to me or to any one! 'Burbury went off to town about seven o'clock. He wanted to go earlier, but I persuaded him that it would be of no use. Felicia is not down.'

I was somewhat relieved, I found. Probably Burbury ran Chief at the top of his speed all the way, but that would not tire him so much as going slowly. Father and I ate our breakfast in silence; a companionable silence. Felicia did not appear. She is not accustomed to be late.

'Shall I call Felicia?' I asked.

'Felicia was rather tired,' he replied. 'I would n't call her, I think. She will be down presently.'

'Oh, if she is all right—' I began. And I did not finish what I had begun, but I strolled over to the window and looked out; and because I could not see the reef I went out. Father did not come with me.

Presently I wandered over to the barn and then down to my boats, and took an old broom and fell to cleaning their bottoms; as much of them as I could reach. Suddenly I felt a breath

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of air. I straightened up, threw the broom on the float, hoisted my sails, and went out.

It was a lovely morning. There was a gentle breeze coming in from the southwest and a soft bluish haze over the whole horizon; over things as near as Lesser Pungatit and Singing Reef. The outlines of the island were not sharp, but softened — glorified by the haze into things of beauty on which the sun shed a softened light. Even the Mary Sayles, the wreck on the reef, partook of that glory, and the tug, too. And the imagination has little chance with a four-masted coasting schooner, — I don't know why they seem so awkward, but they do, — the imagination, I say, can do little with a four-masted coaster, and still less with a tug.

So I cast myself into the arms of the morning; and the ketch sailed herself while I — but I have no recollection of doing anything. I did not even steer, I think.

What was time to me? I did not care if I did not get home before the crack of doom.

But the ketch seemed to know. It was just twelve o'clock, — I knew it was twelve, for I heard the village bell, and I counted the strokes, — it was just twelve when I was near enough to my Rock to perceive that it was a stranger who stood upon it. I looked at him through my glass. The slight motion of the ketch prevented me from seeing clearly, but I saw well enough to be sure that it was a stranger. If a man were to be judged by his clothes, this man was a gentleman. I know better than to judge a man by his clothes, I hope, but at least it was no Syrian. Would a Syrian be clad in a well-fitting suit of tweeds and carry a stick as though he had been born with it? I hurried.

The gentleman was still standing there when I came upon him, but he had his back to me. I made some noise in going over the stones, and he turned.

'How are you, Peter,' he said, smiling rather shyly. 'Obliged for the horse. I hope it won't hurt him, goin' there twice in a mornin'.'

I was puzzled, and I must have shown it, for Burbury seemed to feel obliged to make some explanation.

'I went for some clothes I ordered,' he went on, 'from my tailor.' He appeared ashamed of mentioning the matter.

'Your tailor!' I exclaimed incredulously. 'In the town?'

'In London.'

'Oh,' said I.

And there fell a silence which neither of us knew how to break. We stood until I was tired of it.

I seated myself. 'Afraid to sit down, Burbury?' I asked.

He grinned gravely — a man can grin gravely — and sat down. He said nothing; and we sat there like two graven images, watching the tug, which was industriously pumping air.

'The tide is almost in,' I remarked finally, becoming tired of the silence.

He nodded, but he did not speak.

'Is anything the matter, Burbury?' I asked, when I could stand it no longer.

'I'm nervous, Peter,' he answered. 'I have hard work to breathe; give you my word. You would n't believe it, but there are times when I'm overcome with shyness.'

He stopped and swallowed hard, and did not speak for some time. I waited. I knew it would come: the whole of his story, probably.

'I think you ought to know, Peter,' he resumed at last. He spoke slowly and was tracing patterns on the rock with his stick. 'Somethin' 's happened. It's what I'd given up hopin' for.

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Felicia, you know. Nothin' sudden about it. I've been waitin' for it for —'

He stopped again and looked toward the house. I looked. There stood Felicia, waving to us.

'They want us, Peter,' said Burbury, with a sigh of relief.

He got up hastily and started off at a tremendous pace.

'Hold on!' I cried. 'Don't you know that a fellow can't walk so fast over stones and stubble with no shoes?'

He glanced back in surprise; then he smiled and came back and held out his hand. I took it.

'Thank you, Peter, for remindin' me,' he said. 'I had n't really forgotten, you know. We'll walk up together.'

He dropped a step or two behind me as we mounted the steps. We had not more than got onto the piazza when Mary Alnwick came out. I supposed that, of course, it was Mary Alnwick. I don't know what she could have thought of me. My mouth hung open, I am reasonably sure, and I have no doubt that I was staring. I don't know what I thought of her. I have thought enough about her since; enough to please even Felicia. I wonder if it would please Mary Alnwick.

There was a certain triumph in Felicia's manner as she presented me. She had a right to feel it. I am afraid that I only smiled like any fool and mumbled unintelligible things. I did n't know what I was saying. There is some excuse for me. As for Mary Alnwick, I thought she seemed unnaturally grave, perhaps a little sad, although I had no means of knowing what degree of gravity was natural to her, being at that moment in the process of meeting her for the first time. I thought, too, that she seemed to be a little reproachful of Felicia for being gay. I did not see what reason there was why Felicia should not be gay, and there seemed to be abundant reason why she should; but perhaps Mary Alnwick did not know it. Felicia need not have been flippant. She was.

I saw Mary Alnwick, — I was watching her face, you may believe, — I saw her stop suddenly in the midst of her greeting to me, and her face went as white as a sheet. She was looking over my shoulder, and it was just as if she saw a ghost there. Then the color flooded her face and she brushed me aside.

'It is!' she cried. 'It is!'

I turned and saw Burbury standing there, bashful and grinning, with Mary Alnwick's arms round his neck. She kissed him on both cheeks.

'Why, Bubs!' she cried. Who would n't be Bubs? 'Why-ee, Bubs! And we thought —'

She could not speak for a moment. Then she turned and saw me staring at them.

'You know, of course, Mr. Harden,' she began; and then Burbury chuckled, and Felicia laughed, and Mary Alnwick went on. 'You don't mean that you have n't told him!' she said, addressing Burbury and Felicia. 'Well, I think that is disgraceful.' It was, and ungrateful, too. 'Burbury is my cousin, Mr. Harden, and a very dear one. We had been trying to trace him — to find him, for a very special reason, although we don't, usually, when he is off on his vagabond trips. Three weeks ago we heard that he had been lost. That will explain my joy at seeing him — risen from the dead!' she cried softly, looking fondly at Burbury again. She gave a nervous little laugh. 'And here, of all places! Did you do it on purpose, Bubs?'

'I did n't; give you my word,' answered Burbury with an attack of entirely unnecessary laughter. 'Pure accident, 'pon honor.'

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Meeting something strange in his look, I suppose, — I don't know what it was, — Mary looked at Felicia and back at Burbury.

'Tell me!' she commanded, giving him a little shake. 'What have you gone and done?'

Burbury looked helpless and thoroughly distressed. He glanced at Felicia.

'Felicia,' he said appealingly. 'Don't you think you'd better?'

Again Mary Alnwick looked accusingly from Burbury to Felicia and back at Burbury.

'Have you two — ' she began slowly. She did not finish, for Burbury laughed and glanced once more at Felicia; and Felicia laughed happily, and she went to him and took his hand with a pretty air of proprietorship.

'Behold!' she said, blushing faintly. 'Are n't you going to congratulate us, Mary?'

'Well, — I'm — glad.'

That was all the congratulation they got out of Mary Alnwick. At least, it was all I heard. I was still staring at her. I suppose I shall get past that stage in time, but the time is not yet. Felicia had reason to feel impatience at my fatuous remark about her. Mary Alnwick — but I must not forget that this is supposed to be the story of Burbury Stoke, not of Mary Alnwick.

While I had stood staring, Mary Alnwick had been talking earnestly to Burbury.

'Well, I say,' he exclaimed with as much irritation as I had ever known him to show, 'that's a go! Now, is n't it? Give you my word.'

He looked over at me. He seemed to think that I deserved an explanation, and I have no doubt that he meant to give it, but he did n't.

'Very annoyin', Peter,' he said. 'Got to go back to England directly. So prepare to speed the partin' guest again,' he went on gayly. 'You're good at that.'

Of course he would have to go back to England! But I was not prepared for such a sudden announcement. And I suppose that Mary Alnwick will go with him — perhaps.

'But you're coming back, Burbury?'

'Oh, I'm comin' back very soon, directly I finish my business. Comin' here, if I have to wreck another vessel and swim it. I see,' he added, smiling, 'that they've cleared her berth. Kind of 'em. Room for another.'

He nodded in the direction of the reef and laughed contentedly. And Felicia smiled, and she reached over shyly and took his hand again. I don't know what they did then, for I had turned and was looking in the direction of the reef, and I saw the Mary Sayles going off in tow of the tug.

I felt rather lonely. I might as well go, too, — in tow of my tug. And I slipped away and went up to my room to finish the story of Burbury Stoke. But I do not know the story of Burbury Stoke. It will have to be pieced together from the scraps that I have told — I have told all that I know; and, besides, his story seems to be but just begun.

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WOMAN

BY HARRIET ANDERSON

'MALE and female, created He them.' The dawn of Creation saw the beginning of the problem which confronts us to-day. It is man who has made the woman question possible. Perhaps he feels that woman is making it impossible! Certainly she is following some blind alleys, and as certainly man is blockading the path to open vistas. Man must help all he can to better and forward the woman movement, for it is also a man movement and involves him. But, if the woman movement is conducted on certain lines now in evidence, it is bound to break down. So long as woman tries to find herself in man, it will go to pieces. She must find herself in herself. Man and woman are different, yet they are made for each other in a sense which we have not yet been large-minded enough to grasp. It is worth while to consider some ways in which woman differs, and in what directions lie her purposes. Perhaps we can get light on that great, oracular phrase, 'Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan' — which is German for 'Cherchez la femme!'

I suppose the most rabid single-sex agitators must admit that society is made up of men and women. The most abstruse philosophers must admit with the most simple that in this world there is a ceaseless *being* and *becoming*. Do not the men and women who make up the human part of the world differ in their relation to this eternal process? Look at their bodies. Man's gives out strength and energy in action; woman's stores them up in endurance. Man reaches out toward his aim; woman reaches in. There is an immediateness about woman; she seems to be in the heart of life's secret, which man strives toward in vain. The Great Teacher has said, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein.' It is a fact based on scientific research that woman 'remains nearer to the infantile type.' There may be no particular value in the connection, yet it is interesting.

We find, then, in the nature of the two sexes that man has preëminently the quality of *becoming*, and woman that of *being*. It is not accident which has made woman play the greater rôle as a subject of man's art. Does she not in her own being solve the problem which has pursued, worn, and ruined many men — the problem of the struggle between the personal and the universal? Is she not the repository of creative force? This harmony with divine nature is hers by birthright. It has been taken from her. She must win it back.

Divine nature! Before going any further, many will wish that term more clearly defined. Some will quarrel with it in any case. The term is difficult of definition. It stands for Goethe's word 'Gott-Natur,' and it is, I think, a different thing from the back-to-nature slogan of a few years ago. There is no sense of 'back' in it at all; it is forward. Why should we go back to what we have with so much effort come from? This divine nature means a conception which has futurity in it, which must be realized if we are not to stand still.

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Christ says, 'God is Spirit'; Science says, 'Evolution is Spirit.' We have left theological wranglings and philosophical disputes to give ourselves over to science. The study of evolution has changed our attitude toward nature. Can it be that through this study we are coming to a synthesis of these three — theology, philosophy, and science? We find that there is a cosmic intelligence, and an individual intelligence, and that in the harmony of the two lie wisdom and wealth. It is really beginning to dawn on our senses that the individual is not the centre of the world, but that each is a part of the whole. Each one, it is true, is a whole in himself, as a blood corpuscle is; but, like a corpuscle, incomplete in himself.

We are shifting to a very respectful attitude toward nature, toward this everlasting process of being and becoming, passing and appearing. We do not train nature. Nature is training us! Who invented the steam-boiler? Who invented the electric plant? Who invented the air-ship? Nature! And who invented Watt, Edison, and Lilienthal? Nature, divine nature! What is it that makes men perfect the technic of locomotion? Nature, calling them into the country where they are nearer her. To-day nature is calling us more distinctly than ever before. We feel more keenly the divinity of which we are a part; of which tree and stream are a part. But when we endeavor to identify ourselves with the All, we come into conflict with the feeling of personality! Thus man, to whom the attribute of personality is a native inheritance cannot easily bring himself into harmony with the universe, though he looks on this harmony as his goal and, therefore, it is he who worships woman, the symbol of it. She is the symbol of creativeness, the divine creativeness which, in spite of contact with the world, accomplishes its wonders through its own inherent power. Therein lies woman's significance and strength.

A bare outline of social development will make clear the starting-point of woman's estrangement from her own power, this power which moulds men even as an impersonal force of nature.

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

This well-known Utopia in miniature takes us a step beyond the time when Eve did the delving and there was no spinning; for at first, as we know, the woman engaged in all the more stationary pursuits round the 'home,' while the man went away on dangerous, fatiguing hunting trips. Both sexes labored. There was no 'question,' nor was there any prearranged standard of what one sex should do or not do. According to their organic differences they naturally chose the work best suited to them, and carried it out valiantly. Later, when through failing supplies man was cut off from the activities of the hunt and fight, he began to take up agriculture and the more settled occupations which had been woman's. Here, by virtue of his greater energy and inventiveness, he soon became master, and she was left mistress inside the home, her activities still many, but narrowed in scope and more restraining.

Gradually the greater energetic force of man made him dominant in all activities. His economic and social inventiveness made him absolute master. Woman, instead of being economically productive as formerly, became economically dependent. Instead of being a necessity, as the sun or rain, she became a luxury, as vice or any other superfluity. Instead of being sought out as an equal and a needed mate, she was forced to use her innate cunning in competition to win him. She

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accepted his standards. She accepted his ideals.

Now, while man was very busy, seeking first not the kingdom of God and its righteousness, but the material world and its resources, he developed that curious katabolic thing, personality: a quality or state of being peculiar to himself, the natural outcome of his inherent nature and training. This dynamic force has been man's strongest asset. On his feeling for personality rest all his accomplishments. It is essential that he keep this feeling. He must be allowed untrammeled action, for only thereby can he find power to do, and the entire mechanism of things done in the world is man's work.

To woman, anabolic in her habits of body, different in her disposition, this fact and feeling of personality is foreign. Woman is not a personality. She is a symbol. This is by no means assigning to her an inferior place. Far from it. To regard woman as an inferior man is foolish, and as long as the woman movement, working on that basis, tries to prove that she is an equal or superior man, it must break down. As long as scientists and scholars insist on treating the points where woman differs from man as inferiorities, so long will their work remain useless. Equally foolish is the discussion as to which is the more highly organized. Both are superior; both complete. They are merely different.

Woman has a different nature, a different purpose; and the self-centred feeling of personality is impossible to her. She is god-centred, a symbol of divine nature, a power working through man to accomplish what she will. She is to men the vision of creativeness, and this vision it is their part to make reality. One has only to look at the curious results of woman's interpretation of the word personality, and her application of it to herself as a 'right,' to see how ill this man-quality fits her. When woman starts out with a baleful determination to 'live her own life,' it makes one weep or laugh, according to one's temperament. Woman's strength and power lie not in a pseudo-personality, but in her nearness to divine nature.

All the creative work upon which our civilization rests owes its existence to the feeling of personality in man. If this feeling is weakened by the feministic agitation of the time, the whole fabric of our world is in danger. In support of this contention, let me quote from Dr. Georg Groddeck of Baden Baden, Germany, whose stimulating ideas have set me thinking again on this whole subject, and to whose arguments, used by his permission, many passages in this paper are directly due.

'On this feeling of personality,' says Dr. Groddeck, 'rests a man's sense of duty, his energy, his capability for sacrifice, his worship of the Idea. Without this worship of the Idea, which has always created all the deeds of man, everything is lost that has been won. Every great and beautiful thing in life is the work of the man; it is the work of personality in man, and that will remain so, for only a human being who possesses personality can do creative work; and woman has no personality.'

No one can deny that this same ebullient personality in man has aided him in cruelty and oppression in regard to woman. He has indisputably kept her as his toy or his ox or his ass or a stranger within his gates. He has prevented her from taking any part in the 'march of mind,' from keeping pace with him, from being what she ought to be. Worst of all, he has slowly and thoroughly robbed her of her sense of duty. That was 'the most unkindest cut of all,' for only through the possession of a high sense of duty and dignity in her calling can woman accomplish

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her great purpose. A prototype of Mother Nature, a symbol of divine creativeness, woman finds her beauty, her goal, her god-head, in motherhood. In what way she discharges this great office lies the crux of the woman question, and the determination of the future.

In woman's hands is placed the destiny of the race. *She* must decide whether or not we are to walk that path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *She* controls the quality of posterity. *She* has her hand on evolution's course. In the face of that, is it 'rights' she is after? *Rights!* What has any one to do with rights? She has *duties*, heavy, constant, supreme. Let her noble revenge on man be to restore to him *his* sense of duty which he lost in depriving her. She can do this, if she will, for she is the great educator and stimulator of man. She stirs his heart and binds him to her in reverence and love.

This love, however, is different in man and woman. Its morale is looked at from two different standpoints. To the woman feeling is everything; to the man, reason. The man loves his wife as the symbol of the All, this impersonality which compels his allegiance. He worships her as the highest idea of his life. She, on the other hand, loves him in particular, loves his personality, his immediate ego. To worship an idea and to love impersonally are two abilities not native to woman. She is physically much more bound to him than he to her. She becomes his flesh, and her fidelity is more a natural law than a moral question. His fidelity, however, is preëminently a moral act, an act of his power and will. It is not always a sign of moral greatness. When a man is narrow in mind, and insignificant in quality, it is no effort for him to be faithful; but when he is high-minded, and glowing in personality, the effort becomes great. As he demands more from himself, he also demands more from his wife. He can be faithful if she grows with him; he can be faithful if she has once given him the keys to divine nature and changed the world for him, even though she herself has lost significance; but when she utterly blots out divine nature for him she deprives him of the highest to which he is by right entitled. For this reason, man must not be judged exclusively by the feminine idea of fidelity. A man of personality and strength who is not faithful to his vows, alone knows why he injures himself, and for himself he must be judge to clear or condemn.

It is just here, in regard to loving, that women show, perhaps, their greatest need of a revived sense of duty. They have lost all dignity and guidance of divine nature in a thoughtless chase after 'happiness.' Brought up to regard their own happiness as the one aim and object of life, they have lost the sense of mighty Nature's purpose, lost the reverence for life, for their pressing responsibility. The tremendous words from Faust — 'Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan'— fall on deaf ears and hardened consciences. We have the criminal spectacle of a woman's not achieving her purpose for fear she will not be 'happy.' She selfishly commits inverted murder by not allowing the race to be born that should come to flower. Or we see a woman rushing to a marriage of happiness, regardless of whether the husband is diseased or not, whether he is fitted to her in race or character. She has no idea of direction, control, or responsibility. She must fearlessly face facts of life, learn to discriminate between instinct and will, longing and love.

The idea that woman must marry 'only for love' has bred about as much evil as one could expect from an emotional catch-phrase! It has led woman

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to think that she possesses a unique, peculiar feeling. She has lost sight of the fact that she is possessed by the great world-force. She thinks this 'love' is something above appreciative study, just as a piously brought-up freshman is horrified in her English class at the thought of criticizing Milton. Milton is 'above criticism.' It takes her some time to understand that criticism was necessary in order to place him above it, and then she realizes that leaving him there is an incomplete criticism which gives her no basis of knowing why he is a splendid name in poetry. She gradually sees that a critical study of him does not mean moral disintegration, but integrity. In somewhat the same way, woman must see her duty to study and direct this force that 'makes the world go round.' She shares it with all living creatures, and she, of all living creatures, can make it the most beautiful thing in the world. Behold now our blind and diseased, drunkards, epileptics, prostitutes! A branch of this evil may be cut off by the woman's ballot, but the root will not be touched. That lies within her.

Though women have estranged themselves from divine nature as givers and trainers of life, though many mothers are untrue to their trust, it is significant that only single and childless women decry the demands that motherhood makes. It is true that woman must be restrained in her activity if she is to accomplish her purpose. Nature has shown that quite definitely. On physical conditions alone woman is kept in bounds which do not affect man. This does not mean that woman's work is less valuable or interesting or comprehensive. This does not mean that woman should not have college and university training, that she should not have the ballot, that she should not partake in the tasks of the work-a-day world. But it does mean this: she should have all these as radii leading to the centre of motherhood. In the way in which she performs her duties as mother lies the heart of all progress. She is *par excellence* the lover, and man is the doer. If she tries to be a second man, the woman movement must fail; if she insists on being herself, it must come to fragrant flower and wholesome fruitage.

One of the most subtle and insistent bondages which woman suffers is her slavery to the man-ideal. Will she do anything? She unconsciously places the man-standard before her endeavor. She measures herself by his rules. Her measure should be her own divine nature! Woman is the brooder, she is near the heart of divinity, she overhears godlikeness. Let her be the educator of the thought which will take his activities up and down the earth. Let her be the stimulator of the deed which will take him to conquer ocean and air. There lie her two peculiar fields, — education and stimulation.

To say that her peculiar field is education would seem to satisfy at once those who interpret from the foregoing any narrowing of woman's 'sphere.' To fit herself to bear beautiful children, train them to be honorable, intelligent men, and honorable, intelligent women, surely opens up an educative field which can not justly be called narrow. It is by her own gratuitous interpretation that she thinks this means keeping her among the ashes of her hearth in continual mental darkness. To be able to educate her sons and daughters she will need to be at one with her inherent divine nature, and any study or line of work which can help her to that end is good. Think what she needs of biology, psychology, philosophy, to give her a basis of ideals from which to get and give spiritual direction, — to say nothing of other

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branches needed for definite, practical work! Here again she must free herself from man-standards. She does not need to study these subjects as men do, giving up their entire lives to their great problems; but for her own use she can get a knowledge of these sciences which will change her whole attitude and give her strength and enthusiasm to inculcate vital, normal ideas into her children; to be actually a *help*-mate, instead of a *hindrance*-mate.

She can then teach her daughter in what way, and in how far, she differs from man. Hers is the sex which is born with a 'calling.' Man waits for his call, follows it or not, fails or not. Woman is the bearer of, and carer for, the next generation. She has, as woman, a special task. She is the home-maker. For that task she needs all that education in both its narrow and its broad senses can give her. She, the shaper of the future, should acquire first of all a holy and natural regard for life, so that she will not bring into the world any child who cannot be well-born and well-reared. Why an indiscriminately large family? Why should there be so many people? Nature must be prodigal in plant and animal, that the species may survive; but conditions among human beings are not the same. We do not need lavishly to create children so that two or three may remain. Quality is what we need.

She can teach her daughter to carry on the education of love, teach her how it has been made a horrible fetish, and how she needs to bring all her energy to making it a wholesome religion for herself. Poor Love! The greatest art in the world, and no one studies its technic; the most intimate science, and no one studies its origin, potentialities, or growth. The daughter must be taught not to mistake for a special, individual love her compelling maternal instinct and desire. She shares it with all nature. It is only after marriage, after close companionship with her husband, that a woman can *love*. Before that, her emotion was merely longing. It is her duty to choose as wisely, as unamorously as possible, the mate who is to be the father of her child. The future of the race is in her keeping. Our progress toward harmony with divinity lies in her decisions.

She must realize, also, that she is incomplete without motherhood. It is a biologic fact that the man is always male entirely, but the woman after marriage is a mixture of maiden and man. It is, indeed, the very exceptional single woman who does not exhibit some abnormality, some lack of completeness, some one-sidedness. Woman needs contact with man to complete her nature. Married life is natural, it is normal, it is the basis from which progress is possible, and woman should regard it as her high duty to enter into it. She should be taught to pass on the torch of life in the light of this *being* and *becoming*. She should teach her children to feel themselves a part of the whole, and to keep in harmony with it. They are channels for divine nature. They must learn that life is fluid, that the eternal process of being and becoming is an eternal change in eternal changelessness. The children must grow on beyond their parents, or what is the point of marriage? Although they cannot 'borrow experience,' they can be better prepared for it.

The training of the son would be naturally somewhat different from that of the daughter. First of all, he should be trained to deeds, for he is the future doer. He should be fired with an exuberant love of life, taught to accept serenely the great processes of birth, growth, decay. Everything should be done to develop his personality, the marvelous force which in man corre-

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sponds to the marvelous force, mother-love, in woman. He should be trained to feel himself a part of divine nature, a tool of hers. Woman he should be taught to regard not as an inferior kind of man, but as an equal being at his side, different from him in service and purpose. He should be taught to reverence divine nature in her, and in himself strength and creativeness. He must realize the seriousness of marriage, and his duty to beget only sound, able children. The enticements of a life of sensuality he must scorn. He must live wholesome, strong, active, a life near to the nature of mountain and river, storm and sky. He must take a stern part in the great cosmic plan, and know that duty and not happiness is the nobler aim.

Woman cannot escape her fate. If she will not make it a glory for humanity, she can only spoil it. She is, for weal or for woe, the educative and stimulative force of mankind. The French are right in their diagnosis, 'Cherchez la femme.' The German is right with his more remedial statement, 'Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.' There is always a woman back of the deed the man does. Will she help man to bring his personality into harmony with the universe? Will she help him to that cosmic unselfishness which places one's self gladly as a part of the whole, a less than the all? Will she open men's ears to Bacon's significant aphorism, 'Nature is to be commanded only by obeying her'? Will she make true the reverent words of a German physician, 'An archetype of God: that is woman'? 'In her, man loves past and future; to him through her streams creative power, will, high endeavor. Woman is, in truth, the source of the most beautiful of earthly things, a being whose praise will never end, a symbol that leads upward: verily, a mother of God.'

SUNDAY: A DAY FOR MAN

BY GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER

When our ancestors discarded the mediæval hair-shirt as a means for mortifying the flesh, they were careful to create substitutes. These latter provisions were not crudely physical, but they were as subtly oppressive to the spirit of man as were the hair-shirts to his body. To our grandfathers one of these spiritual inflictions was known as Sabbath observance. It consisted of a fixed code of acts permissible, and of offenses not to be tolerated, on the first day of the week.

Sabbath observance as thus practiced may be traced to two sources. First, to an undue emphasis upon the sterner Old Testament teachings, with a consequent stress upon the fourth commandment. To men struggling with the primal needs of life and society the iron virtues of the older sacred literature were more adaptable, ay, even more intelligible, than the Gospel precepts.

In the second place, it may be traced to the fact that in many parts of our

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land, one hundred years ago, society was nearer in spirit to the social conditions of ancient Israel than to the complexities of modern life. The primitive conditions that prevailed in rural communities in our early history have affected the observance of Sunday. When men worked all day in the fields what was more natural than that they should prefer to spend Sunday indoors with their families; or that they should enjoy discussing the crops with their distant neighbors in the porch of the church? They wanted on Sundays what they did not get on week-days. Under the stress of naturally religious temperaments these habits became fixed, inexorable, and intolerant of change.

The severity of Sabbath observance under these two influences — for the sternness of the first blighted the natural joyousness of the second — had a distinct and disastrous effect upon the children. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *The Story of a Bad Boy*, — would that all boys were as wholesomely bad, — gives a description of Sunday in the Nutter household at Rivermouth. It was like a shroud. 'People who were prosperous and natural and happy on Saturday became the most rueful of human beings in the brief space of twelve hours. I don't think there was any hypocrisy in this. It was merely the old Puritan austerity cropping out once a week. Many of these people were pure Christians every day in the seven — excepting the seventh. Then they were decorous and solemn to the verge of moroseness.'

Dickens, in *Little Dorrit*, has painted a gloomy picture of a child's Sunday in London. It is somewhat different in detail from the Sunday in New England, but it has the same doleful atmosphere. 'Everything was bolted and barred that could by possibility furnish relief to an over-worked people. . . . Nothing to see but streets, streets, streets. . . . There was the dreary Sunday of his [Clennam's] childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title, why he was going to perdition? — a piece of curiosity that he really in a frock and drawers was not in a condition to satisfy — and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hiccoughing reference as 2 Ep. Thess. c. iii, v. 6 and 7.'

The children were oppressed; and the revolt has followed. With it has come a new world and a new type of men. Sabbath observance, in the old sense, is gone in our land. With it have gone much wholesome restraint and many beneficial practices. Our modern Sunday is a chaos. Under the cloak of privilege many evils are rampant, and under the guise of principle many natural liberties are denounced. The battle is on. The Church, the guardian of Sunday, has a problem exceedingly complex and intensely modern.

Its complexity is not unique. It is a condition which surrounds all problems of morality, the distresses of society, and the failures of our civilization. It arises from the intricate machinery of industrialism and our highly organized social forms.

Is the Church losing the battle? To all outward appearances, yes. In reality it has not yet done more than skirmish. But the skirmish has startled men by the suddenness with which it has revealed the inadequacy of the weapons with which the Church hoped to crush the adversary. A great light is dawning.

The first duty of the Church in the discharge of its guardianship of Sunday is to make absolutely clear to itself and to others what the Church intends to uphold. If it plans to restore

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that ancient austerity known as Sabbath observance, then it must first undertake the easier task of restoring the hand-loom and the stage-coach.

If, on the other hand, its task is to create or arouse an appreciation of all those elements of wholesome living, for the upbuilding and enjoying of which Sunday becomes the opportunity, then it must reckon no part of that task too arduous.

To formulate any valid principles for action we must free the mind from faulty or irrelevant conceptions. They do more than obscure the issue: they prevent the solution of the problem. The Sunday question has been clouded by several popular misconceptions. The Church cannot take one step forward until certain facts are plainly asserted.

The first is this: the observance of Sunday was not originally based on the fourth commandment or any other Jewish ordinance. The principle of the Sabbath is not identical with the principle of the Sunday. The change from the seventh to the first day is insignificant compared with the vast difference between those two days. To condense a whole volume of historical investigation into a sentence, it may be said that there is not a shred of evidence that the Jewish Sabbath with its peculiar sanctions developed into the Christian Sunday. There is a vital distinction between the two, because the principle of the Sabbath was *rest*, while the peculiar mark of Sunday for centuries has been *action*.

The second fact to be asserted is this: an act is no more immoral on Sunday than on a week day unless (*a*) it is a transgression of a statute law framed to safeguard Sunday, in which case there attaches to the act a legal, not an ethical immorality. Any possible ethical immorality involved is not in the act, but in the lawlessness of the person performing it; or unless (*b*) it is an act, like unnecessary labor, which encourages a practice whose universal indulgence would deprive men of their higher privileges or prevent their more sacred duties in life.

Such statements lead us at once to the origin and purpose of Sunday.

Sunday is a Christian institution. It originated in the Apostolic practice of meeting for religious exercises on the first day of the week in memory of our Lord's resurrection. It was a festival — a day of joy and gladness — an echo of the first Easter. As such it continued. When Constantine issued the famous Edict of Milan in 313, by which toleration was extended to the Christian religion, he gave imperial sanction to the first day of the week. The Christian church, as a whole, has never relaxed its observance of Sunday as the festival of the resurrection, although in divers times and places it has obscured this character of the feast by other and more remote sanctions.

But it was a bold stroke on the part of the Church in later days to claim Sunday as its own to the exclusion of other interests that are involved in its observance. For it must not be forgotten that, although the Sabbath and Sunday are of distinct historical origin, they are both the expression of that necessity, imposed on man by divine law and human infirmities, to change the occupations, thoughts, interests, and habits of man at least every seventh day. Otherwise the man suffers and the race degenerates. The Church, with a wisdom unsurpassed, was masterful in its strategy when it claimed Sunday, the day of coincidence of historical religious worship and natural necessity, as the time over whose entire occupations it might exercise exclusive control. To claim that the complement of a man's usual activities might be found in a day devoted exclusively to

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passive and religious practices was a daring appeal to the religious instincts of man. It assumed the sufficiency of the six days for the adequate exercise of all man's faculties except the religious. For that faculty alone it claimed Sunday.

This bold claim of the Church succeeded and failed.

It succeeded, so far as success may be claimed for any religious endeavor, because the men to whom the appeal was made were men in primitive conditions of society, who indeed found in their occupations all the other elements needed for wholesome living. It was before the age of specialized labor, and the normal man could find change of thought, habit, and interest from day to day. The divine necessity which, stated as an average, was one day's change for six days' work, was satisfied by a more even distribution of both elements. The labors of men of earlier generations were a means of livelihood, a source of enjoyment, an opportunity for social intercourse, and a stimulus to active thinking. The labors of vast armies of men and women to-day are mechanical, uninteresting, monotonous, and joyless.

The Church failed because it could not anticipate these latter conditions of labor. Consequently the Church created a false impression both of Sunday and of religion; making religion a highly-specialized interest for a chosen day — an interest whose peculiar sanctions practically ceased when the sun set on Sunday.

We are now reaping the results of this claim of the Church. There can be no doubt that its motives were the highest, and its sacrifices for its ideals most noble. But of its neglect to emphasize all the uses of Sunday there can be no doubt. The age that is gone did not need this emphasis. But when the modern world was ushered in, the world of machinery, high social organization, slavish labor, and crushing specialization, the question rushed again to confront the Church. And the question is — What is the full purpose of Sunday? Has it any purpose other than as a day for the practice of religion?

Here is the heart of the Sunday question, and here is the answer the Church must make: —

Sunday is the day when the Church will endeavor to give to each man all those elements of wholesome living of which his week in the modern world deprives him.

Would the Church in so doing surrender Sunday as its peculiar day for religious observance? No. It would rather enlarge its conception of its own purpose by including in its vision the real service of the whole man. Nor would the Church belittle its worship and practices. Under the inspiration of such a vision it would but emphasize them as the essential part of its ministry to men. It would never waver in its appeals to men to serve God. It would never fail to insist and plead that all other privileges and purposes of Sunday would be fruitless unless Sunday were employed also in upbuilding the chief of all man's conceptions, his duty toward God.

With such a conception of its duty, with the conviction that Sunday is a Christian day rightly devoted to any purpose which is advantageous in regenerating and uplifting the lives of the people, the Church would go into the struggle for righteousness in our nation with a vigor and resourcefulness never before realized. Such principles boldly stated and acted upon would enlist the interest and help of multitudes of people who now shirk their duty in the Church. They are in the curious position of doing on Sunday that of which they believe the Church to disapprove; and yet in so doing they maintain the physical efficiency necessary to their

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well-being. The people have taken the Sunday question into their own hands. How great is the folly of attempting to compel men and women to look upon themselves as conventional sinners when they have not the inner conviction of sin, when their consciences are not disturbed.

That many have over-stepped the bounds and have made Sunday a day of mere pleasure, and even reveling, there can be no doubt. But is one misapprehension ever corrected by another of the opposite sort? If Sabbatarianism were defensible as a principle it might eventually prevail more largely as a practice. To maintain an indefensible Sabbatarianism as a bulwark against an equally indefensible Sunday laxity not only alienates those friendly to a Christian Sunday, but does a grave injustice to the broader principles of religion. If Sunday is to be serviceable to the righteousness that is the heart of religion, if it is to promote that wholesomeness which is the fruit of the divine process of salvation, then Sunday must be a day whose agencies are as broad as the needs of the whole man. And, to-day, the whole man needs his Sunday as he never needed it before, to correct the incompleteness of the week's work. We must never forget that the use of Sunday is not to be judged by the privileges of the fortunate, but by the needs of the vast mass of men and women upon whom the burdens and cares of this world are falling with ever-increasing weight. They are the ones for whom I make my plea.

What likewise shall be the attitude of the Church toward the children? Must the Church be apologetic and weakly admit that, perhaps, a little play on Sunday afternoon is not so very wicked? That is quite different from the practice of the saintly Keble who, in his parish at Hursley, encouraged Sunday cricket. The mind of the child is intensely set on things modern. The boy is very impressionable to strong religious teaching, but he is intolerant of artificial sins and misty symbolism. He prefers aëroplanes to archangels. Must he be brought up to believe that proper Sunday recreation and a sincere religious life are incompatible?

But the problem is not solved by the Church's assertion of the full freedom of men to use Sunday for such interests as will upbuild them spiritually, mentally, and physically. This attitude, however, brings with it the possibility of finding a solution. The Church will organize and serve with a fresh enthusiasm if it looks upon the liberties of Sunday, not as a concession to laxity, but as a right of men which the Church must assist in maintaining.

And now I seem to hear the fatuous and shallow criticism that this is but another form of the idea, so unjustly attributed to many godly people, that if a man goes to church on Sunday morning he may do what he pleases the remainder of the day. Such a fallacious statement needs no refutation. It is not the doctrine of this article. The real principle of Sunday privilege is on the highest plane in its appeal. It is this. If a man does his duty to God on Sunday, not merely by being present at church, but by active participation in all the phases of worship, then he may use his Sunday likewise to re-create himself mentally and physically, that he may become the wholesome being through whom the great ideals of worship and character may be applied to the world's work and mediated to his fellow men.

Upon such a principle what would be the Church's attitude toward Sunday baseball, theatres, and moving picture-shows? It is a vital question. There seems but one solution. When the Church, as a whole, has awakened to its full duty; when it shall compel

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the opening of our libraries and the freedom of our parks for recreation; when it shall create and use every possible agency to provide the over-wearied worker with that of which his week's work in the world deprives him; when it shall strengthen wavering hands and direct indecisive feet by its service for the uplifting of the whole man; then and only then may it logically demand of society the application of a rigorous principle. The principle is this: —

Any money-making enterprise on Sunday not essential to the continuance of life, or the protection of property over an interval of general cessation from labor, and not necessary to the fulfillment of life's higher purposes, is detrimental to the people and a menace to society.

By this principle would be justified the continuance on Sunday of such vital contributors to our social welfare as the railroads. The stopping of all traffic on Sunday would be a menace to the orderly continuance of industrial activities on week-days. This would bring hardship and privation upon an army of toilers. But by the same principle would be condemned those petty devices by which an avaricious host attempt to enrich themselves in taking advantage on Sunday of man's weakness for amusement.

The practical programme of the Church must be developed from a careful adaptation of its resources and ideals to the actual needs of the community which it serves. Freed from all suspicion of material self-interest, it must give to each man, in their purest form, the essential things of which he is ordinarily deprived. It must give him religion. That is fundamental. If, to make him more capable of appropriating the benefits of religion, it must also give him physical recreation, even on Sunday, let not the Church shirk its duty. If it finds him dulled and apathetic by reason of the dreary and monotonous labor to which his days are enslaved, then the Church must rise to its opportunity and give him amusement.

The Church alone can do this effectively because it gives likewise that deep interest by which amusement and recreation are transformed into instruments for emphasizing the principle, so often proclaimed but so insufficiently practiced, of the brotherhood of man. It is admitted that the evils of Sunday laxity cannot be entirely eradicated by the activity of the Church. But the Church would accomplish much toward this end by well-directed efforts to make Sunday a cheerful and active day of moral and physical recreation and development for men. That it would thereby regain the respect and allegiance of the masses is certain. The Church faces a great opportunity. To grasp it completely will require patience, courage, and wisdom. Not secularizing a sacred trust, but exercising a lofty privilege, the Church must make Sunday the day for the fullest expression of its purpose to apply the vital spirituality of its Master to all the needs of our common humanity.

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THE GHOUL

BY EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD

We were rather a gay party on the deck of the Professor's dahabeah that moonlight evening at Luxor, but the Captain's story sobered the levity that provoked it, and we broke up in a mood half-pensive, half-constrained, that affected us all, each after his kind. This last naturally, since we were an extremely multifarious lot, thrown together for the moment by the chances of travel.

One of us was known by her own immediate party as the Investigator, and the dinner and the brief general conversation on deck afterward were sufficient to enable the rest of us to understand why. This quite charming young person was obviously the victim of a thirst for information which she slaked by accumulating disconnected data of all kinds. Her preference, however, seemed to be for the marvelous, and she further discriminated in favor of the uncanny.

Our host, the Professor, was a savant, pleasantly tinctured with worldliness, who spent his winters on the Nile; he entertained as easily as he read cursive Greek, and the dinner had been good. Among the rest were Herr Doktor Wissenkraft, a world-renowned reader of Demotic; Captain Edgerton, and Doctor Herbert, surgeon, of the Camel Corps; Achmed Effendi, an Arab, brought up in Lord Dudley's household in England and a good type of the Anglicized Oriental; Colonel Forester Pasha, K.C.B. (and more letters), Overlord of Upper Egypt, with *droit de justice basse et haulte* over all the inhabitants thereof, and a number of other persons whom — including several ladies — it is needless to particularize.

The talk at dinner had been largely of the English occupation, and the Investigator was stronger on less complicated subjects. Accordingly, after suffering some prolongation of it during coffee, she turned with a little air of decision to her neighbor Achmed, and inquired cosily, — she began with generalities, —

'Are you interested in the supernatural?'

'I might be if I knew anything about it,' he answered in the purest of British accents.

'Oh, don't you?' she lamented; 'I 'm so disappointed. I thought that I should find spirits — marids and ghins and ghouls — here. Don't tell me that they have disappeared like the lotos and the chibouque!' The Investigator's violet eyes expressed sorrowful surprise.

'We have ghost-stories like yours, but none that have much local color, I fear,' Achmed replied, politely, but not encouragingly.

The Investigator was not easily baffled.

'I am sure you must know quantities of weird legends,' she said. 'Why, our sailors on the dahabeah have told us of a lot of adventures with ghins. They were a good deal alike, though, or else the dragoman who translated them edited them as well. They were always going home or returning to the boat

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late at night, and the ghins appeared in the form of a camel or a buffalo; sometimes in that of a cat with fiery eyes like the one in the story of the Three Calenders, don't you remember?'

'I can't say that I do; awfully sorry though; it does n't make any difference, does it?' rejoined Achmed, trying to be courteous and wary at once. Discussing Egyptian beliefs and ideas with portionless American girls had long since palled on him.

'Of course it does. You ought to know *The Arabian Nights* by heart. I thought all Arabs learned it at school,' said the Investigator, reproachfully.

Achmed was not living up to her preconceived notion of what an Egyptian should be, and she was correspondingly severe with him.

Here Captain Egerton, whose mind moved leisurely, sauntered into the conversation.

'You were talkin' of ghouls,' he said slowly, 'and askin' if we'd ever seen one. I have. It was after Tosky in '89. You remember?' he added, addressing Cecil Carew.

The aide-de-camp looked uneasy.

'It's a long story — and hardly a dinner-table one,' he murmured to his next neighbor.

'A story, a real, true story about a ghoul! How delightful! We are all of us pining to hear it, are we not?' exclaimed the Investigator, fixing her shining eyes on the Captain's impassive face, quite unconscious that her suggestion was received with but chastened delight by the company.

'The Doctor knows it all as well as I do,' said the Captain, shifting the responsibility.

The Doctor, obviously taciturn and hitherto silent, looked round the circle scrutinizingly, then, his glance resting on the Investigator, demurred.

'The moonlight is too fine to spoil with anything gruesome,' he said. 'The scene round us is the setting for an idyl.'

Even to people densely hedged in by purely personal interests the rare beauty of the night, and the spell of the strange landscape, had appealed for a fugitive moment. The young moon, her horns turned eastward, a slender Isis-bark of silver, floated in a cloudless sky; in the still, dry air the great constellations flamed with unwonted fire to Northern eyes. Alien stars, Canopus, out-burning in his turn all Cleopatra's lamps, swung low over their own shimmering images in the gently-flowing river. On the left bank, whence the air reached us sweetly burdened with envoys from the jasmines and mimosas of Luxor's gardens, the three pyramidal peaks of the Arabian chain rose dimly-bright against a sombrely lucent sky. The faintly-outlined western shore seemed, transformed under the glamour of moonlight, to assume its true aspect, that of a mysterious and sacred realm, peopled by gods and the spirits of the blessed dead. And beneath the splendid calm of the ordered planets, and the tranquil caress of the quiet air, was always the pleasant sense of life and motion, in that smooth flood of moon-freighted water gliding silently below us.

The Investigator, in whom the pursuit of emotion via the garnering of facts had not dulled the capacity to feel emotion at first-hand, looked from river to sky, and from sky to mountains, with a quick, shuddering intake of the breath. Curiosity for the nonce was stilled, and she was content to enjoy mutely; but Captain Egerton, whose imagination was not his strong point, and whose scruples had apparently been transitory, persisted. If the Doctor was reluctant he would tell us the story himself.

'We — it was just after Tosky,' he began.

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'What was Tosky?' queried the Investigator, as if with pencil poised for recording a new fact.

'It was — ur — ur — Well, you see,' explained the Captain, 'in the summer of '89, Waad en Negumi, one of the Mahdi's ablest generals, invaded Egypt.'

'Was he not the general who defeated Hicks?' interjected the Professor, who, though a loyal British subject, was not a jingo.

'The same,' returned Captain Egerton meekly. 'He was an uncommonly clever man, and an awfully plucky beggar. Really, you know, to lead an army of five thousand soldiers, as many women, babies, and camp-followers —'

'And the wretched prisoners whom he drove before him out of their ruined villages,' added Achmed.

'With no commissariat, and only a few transport camels,' went on Carew, intrepidly, 'a hundred miles across a waterless desert to fight a battle, was rather a mad project; but Negumi's plan was to avoid Wady Halfa, where our troops were stationed, and to strike across the desert to a village called Buriban and give battle there. That was where he made a mistake. He expected to find an open country, and unarmed fellaheen. Instead he found half the garrison of Wady Halfa under Colonel Wodehouse marching between him and the river just ahead of his troops, destroying the date crops in the villages so the dervishes could not victual in them.'

'Practically starving them to death before fighting them, and incidentally starving the luckless, loyal villagers also,' exclaimed the Professor.

'Oh, did you really treat those poor peasants so?' questioned the Investigator anxiously.

'Why! Why! Those were my orders. God bless my soul! I'm the Queen's soldier —'

'Baid by the Wiceroy, howefer,' mumbled the Herr Doktor.

'And my first duty is obedience to my commanding officer,' explained Captain Egerton, goaded to fluency by a sense of injustice.

'We did feel awful brutes, though,' admitted the Honorable Cecil. 'Why, the first place where we ordered 'em to pull the green dates and burn 'em, the Sheik-el-Beled, who was an old man, came to Egerton's tent and offered him two hundred pounds to spare the crop. "My people will die of hunger," he groaned, looking like one of those Old Testament prophets, Jehu or —'

'Jeremiah,' murmured the Professor, surprised by this sudden incursion into his own realm.

'What did you do,' queried the Investigator.

'Told him orders must be obeyed, and promised a steamer-load of rations for the lot when the battle was over. But he did n't believe me. They never do believe us,' added the Captain, thoughtfully.

'Well, then,' he continued, 'he refused, saying Allah forbade him to starve his people, and I had to use the koorbag. The old man could n't have stood it, but he had a son of five-and-thirty, and we laid on till the old man gave the order to cut down the dates. In the next village they had heard of our proceedin's, so we had no trouble, but in the next the sheik was childless and we had to burn the water-wheels before the beggars would give in. Now while half our flyin' column was cuttin' off Negumi's supplies, the other half, marchin' between him and the Nile, was keepin' him away from water; so his army soon began meltin' away, the women and children first, of course. Then they killed the transport animals for food, and naturally moved more slowly, and every day we potted half a dozen dervishes who ran onto our guns

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to get to the Nile and drink. They stood lots of killin'. I've seen 'em with their skins full of holes, crawl to the river and die in it, lappin' up the bloody water. Well, we wandered on up the river until the Sirdar —'

'That's Anglo-Arabic for General Grenfell,' explained the Professor.

'Marched down from the north, joined us at Tosky, and forced Negumi to give battle.'

'Who was nearly deat from hungar alreaty,' added the Herr Doktor.

'I know,' rejoined the Captain, 'but the dervishes were game; they were skeletons, but they fought like devils.'

'It never seemed like a battle to me, though,' objected Cecil Carew; 'more like a big row; like the grand chain in the Lancers when half the men don't know the figure and turn the wrong way. I don't remember much about it except that I kept thinking when it was over I should get something to drink.'

'Without being shot first,' suggested the Professor grimly.

'I was dead-beat before the battle began,' added the Captain. 'My black men were so hot to fight that I had to keep ridin' up and down the lines crackin' 'em over the head to keep 'em quiet until we got our order to charge. Well, anyhow,' the Captain pulled up suddenly, 'all this has nothing to do with the story you want. When it was over we were saddled with a lot of prisoners. The dervishes we shot — not *officially*, don'tcherknow. What could we do with 'em? We had no rations for 'em, and it was kinder than lettin' 'em starve — and some of 'em escaped —'

'The old one you hid in your tent, for instance, whom you've taken care of ever since,' said Carew.

'That's because I can't get rid of him,' returned the man of war, with a fine blush at being discovered by the company in the very act of committing mercy. 'We divided the women prisoners among our black troops. Among the young women was one tall girl with big eyes, who was by way of bein' good-lookin', though she was dark —'

'"*Sed formosa,*"' quoted the Professor; but nobody understood him save the Herr Doktor, who also knew his 'Wulgate.'

'The other women were makin' an awful row, wailin' and puttin' sand in their hair, when we took 'em into camp, but this one was quite quiet — dazed, or dull, it seemed to me.'

'Why, man, she was a Barbarian queen among those cattle,' protested Carew, in whom the makings of an æsthete occasionally appeared. 'Who knows? She may have been a gentlewoman in her own country, wherever it was. She had delicate hands that had never worked. Neither had she, poor wretch, and naturally enough her masters —'

'Her what!' gasped the Investigator.

'Her — ur —ur — husbands, then, if you like that better.'

'I don't know that I do. Please explain.'

Carew colored like a débutante, and twisted his baby moustache.

'You see it's like this, Miss Ising. The black trooper is a marrying man. He won't fight without his *hareemat*. In camp we bar more than one wife at a time, but we can't prevent him from changing that one rather often. There used to be a kind of informal matrimonial exchange on Fridays, which shocked the missionaries, and they stirred up the moralists at home; so we got a *mo'alem* from Cairo, whom we called a native chaplain for our niggahs, and he said a prayer over them whenever they *chassez-croissez*-ed and changed partners. It was n't an ideal arrangement, and would n't satisfy those Dissenting Liberals in Birmingham, but it was the best we could do.'

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After this apology had been received in bewildered silence by the Investigator, and with covert grins by the men, — more amused than edified by this worthy effort to drape raw savagery with the mantle of British propriety, — the narrative finally fell into the Captain's hands.

It appeared that Yasmin, which was the tall woman's sweet name, made trouble at once in half-a-dozen families. The heads of several husbands and fathers already abundantly provided with domestic ties were immediately turned by her mere appearance, and after vainly trying to adjust rival claims, the aspirants were persuaded to draw lots for her, and a trooper of the Camel Corps won.

In less than a week she was on the market again, her value much decreased by the declaration of her late possessor that she had a devil in her; that she frightened him with her eyes — and then, when she had quite bewitched him, stole out of his tent at night and remained away until morning, doubtless on some gruesome business. A braver or less credulous gentleman succeeded him, and still more promptly divorced her, and then another, and another. All had fallen under the same benumbing spell; all had been rendered nerveless, motionless, by the weird force that drew a man's soul out of its sheath, and fettered it at will. All told the same story of being turned to stone under her steady look; of lying helpless while she glided from the tent, and of seeing her return at dawn, weary, haggard, with torn hands, and dust-covered head.

The Doctor, who, though he was a deft and experienced surgeon, was suspected of being a member of the Society for Psychical Research, was deeply interested in her. She made him believe in the old tales of possession, he said, and explained a lot of curious phenomena. But he could n't explain her satisfactorily to the other wives in the camp, who were jealous of her to a woman, and wild with fear of her as well. There were horrible whispers about her crawling through their quarters. She was not only a sorceress, she was a vampire — a ghoul. She had been seen in the moonlight by a terrified sentry slinking like a jackal out of camp, and running toward the battlefield where the unburied dead still lay. She had returned with bloody hands the next morning.

Rumor became so busy with her, and in such hideous fashion, that the English officers were obliged to give her a tent to herself and a white man to guard it. As for the native officers, they were convinced that she was a ghoul, and clutched their *hegabs* when they passed her tent. They even asked for a court-martial to try this strange case, which the troopers would have settled more simply by throwing her into the Nile, attached to something weighty. Similar suggestions soon became ominously numerous, and the apparently childish affair rapidly assumed a sinister aspect.

It was against all precedent to interfere with the *hareemat*. The native women were outside or beneath military discipline, or indeed discipline of any sort save of the domestic variety. The code of Islam, scrupulously respected by the English Protectorate, treated the human female as an irresponsible being. The men of her family answered for her good behavior, and the law left in their hands the punishment of her misdeeds and even of her crimes. The well-bred man affected ignorance of a woman's existence. Still, English gentlemen could not allow this wretched being to be torn to pieces by a pack of she-wolves who would not long be content merely to snarl and growl at her, for only a firm belief in her maleficent

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powers protected her from some horrible form of death.

Captain Egerton and Mahmoud Bey, the most skeptical of Egyptian officers, who, in spite of his Anglo-French education, and a strong desire for 'modernness' in ideas as well as in speech, still believed in the evil eye and in possession, had had an anxious consultation late one night on this apparently puerile yet fundamentally serious question. The 'poison wind' had been blowing all day, laden with sand and hot as a blast from a kiln. It had unstrung their nerves and set them jangling like loose harp-strings; it had filled them with a feverish restlessness and sent curious electrical thrills shooting through their veins. The force of the wind had slackened at sunset, but there were still fitful wafts of it, and one of them entered the officers' presence unceremoniously with Private Parkins when he interrupted their conference.

Private Parkins was Yasmin's guard, a comely, flaxen-haired English boy. On this special night something more potent than the heat had wiped the wholesome, brick-dusty color off his cheeks, which wore a wan gray look, and excitement was tugging hard at the reins of discipline when he saluted and answered Captain Egerton's interrogative, 'Well?'

'She's just gone toward Tosky — with a shovel w'ich she stole from Private Cooper,' panted Parkins. 'Directly she left camp I came to you, as was your orders —'

'How did she pass the sentry?' questioned the Captain curtly.

Parkins grinned in spite of his evident apprehension.

'She just looked at 'im 'ard, and 'e almost dropped 'is gun and ran 'owlin.'

'When did she start?'

'Five minutes ago,' replied Parkins, whose damp uniform and thumping heart testified to the time he had made in bringing his information.

'Take that little lantern with you — no, unlighted — and hand me that flask yonder,' said the Captain, examining his revolver.

'You are surely not going to follow her?' exclaimed Mahmoud Bey in alarm.

'I surely am,' returned Captain Egerton shortly.

Mahmoud laid a shapely detaining hand on the other's arm.

'Don't! Let it alone. This is something you can't understand. You people know lots of things, but you don't know it all, you know. There are strange powers which you have n't seen at work. It's really unintelligent to disbelieve in them, because you have n't studied them and can't explain them. Is n't it, Doctor?'

'Quite right, Mahmoud Bey. I am of your opinion: there are many curious phenomena which we have not had time to investigate yet. But, of course, it is our duty to do so, when they come our way; this, for instance, is a heaven-sent occasion and I am going, too, — if I may join the excursion.'

Mahmoud shrugged his shoulders, and touched the silver *hegab* under his tunic.

'You're crazy, both of you. Is it worth the risk of being struck rigid and speechless among those wolves and jackals, or worse, finding yourselves, or what will be left of you, on four paws, gnawing carrion under a hyena's hide?'

'Oh, I say!' exclaimed the Captain. 'Come on.'

And the Englishmen hurried off, followed by the still expostulating Mahmoud.

'We'll never come up with her at this rate,' growled the Captain.

'I think you will, Captain, 'er feet is that bad — all cut and swollen — as you can easy overtake 'er,' he was

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respectfully assured by the perspiring Parkins.

As they bustled through the camp, Mahmoud made one last appeal 'to their reason,' as he expressed it, and then sadly left them to run upon their doom.

The awesome predictions of this tarbooshed Cassandra rudely shook the courage of the youthful Parkins, who nevertheless plodded doggedly on in Captain Egerton's footsteps, his round boyish face stiffened with the resolve to 'see it through' at any cost. Naturally brave, he had been infected with the insidious miasma of panic which had lain like a malarial mist over the camp for many days. Fear is contagious, and even the Captain's nerves began to respond to those of his subordinate.

'I say, Doctor, perhaps you'd better go back,' he suggested, as they began to wade through the deep, hot sand of the desert, silken and tawny as the coats of the wild creatures who made it their home.

'Go back? What for? To nurse Mahmoud? He does n't need me or valerian yet. Don't you remember that I have promised *The Scalpel* two articles, one on elephantiasis, and the other on lycanthropy. I have n't had any luck with the first — I have only seen two cases since I came here; and now's my chance for the other thing, perhaps, or I may possibly be able to work this business into something else. There's a great demand for the sensational scientific article, you know. Besides, why the devil should I go back?'

'Because they need you there more than they do me. Suppose something should happen, something *real*, of course. This girl may go out to meet some of the chaps who escaped — why should n't there be some of them hangin' about? We are only three, and it might —'

'Be safer if there were only two? You're a good fellow, Egerton, but you're no logician. Go back if you like, but I won't. By Jove! There she is!'

Through a haze of sand tossed high by the restless wind, a tall figure wavered into sight, her ample draperies blown backward like huge dusky pinions.

'There's your vampire; she does look like a big bat — one of those bloodsuckers from South America. She's trailing the wing, too. — Why, she's down.'

''Er feet are that cut she can 'ardly walk,' Parkins explained again.

'She's only a third-class witch, then, or she may have "put down" her broomstick since the war. Perhaps she stole the shovel for a mount and her cantrips don't work on it. She's up now.'

'And she'll hear us unless we keep quiet,' suggested Egerton.

'Not she,' contradicted the Doctor, 'with this blast in her face carrying every sound down wind.'

The figure limped on with bent head, collapsing every now and then in a mass of fallen draperies on the sand, and rising again to continue its march. Now and then it turned and glanced backward, but the three soldiers were sportsmen and had stalked creatures far more quick-eyed and alert than this halting, half-blinded quarry, and before the clinging folds of the heavy veil had been swept aside, and she was peering anxiously through the gloom, they were flat on the sand or behind some sheltering hummock. So they waded on, dripping, thirsting, gasping; the scorching breath of the desert burning the moisture from their skins, and plastering them with fine dust, until they looked like the dim spectres of the storm, brothers of the ghins the Arabs see riding wan clouds of sand.

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After an hour of heavy walking, the wind which, though it seared the throat and crisped the lips, was pure and sweet as only the virgin air of the desert can be, reached them fouled with an indescribable fetor, the scent of the sepulchre.

The men looked at each other in silence and quickened their steps, for the fluttering wraith before them seemed to inhale life fresh from this breath of the Pit, and pressed onward with renewed strength. A kind of vague horror of it oppressed its pursuers. Private Parkins remembered how Yasmin had merely tasted the rations he had brought her, picking at the rice just like Ameeneh, the ghoul-bride in *The Arabian Nights*, a memory of his not-remote boyhood; the Captain recalled the compelling, magnetic gaze of those deep-set eyes, which alone seemed alive in her impassive face; and the Doctor, being a wide reader, and possessing some imagination, was oppressed by various hideous suggestions. The study of nervous disorders has explained and justified certain ancient beliefs, and a dozen gruesome images flitted through the Doctor's brain as he tramped steadily on.

By this time the outskirts of the battlefield had been reached, and delicate treading was required to avoid the stragglers who lay starkly, turning grinning, eyeless faces to the dim moon, blood-red, behind dun haze. Before long the Englishmen became conscious of the living among the dead; of black shadows that slunk away before them, and once Egerton stooped and examined the foot-prints that crossed and recrossed their path.

'Wolf or perhaps hyena,' he said, half to himself; and then, as if in response to his conjecture, an unearthly sound floated toward them on the wing of the tainted wind — a sound which made their hearts plunge like panic-stricken horses — a laugh, strident, inhuman, without mirth or significance, the cry of the ghoul. In the mean time the object of pursuit had made her way to the heart of the field of slaughter. A field it seemed, indeed, over which the great reaper had passed, mowing his plenteous harvest wantonly, for though here the dead lay in rows like ordered sheaves, there they had fallen in great whorls and broken circles, and again were piled in formless heaps as though the gleaners had garnered them in a capricious and wasteful fashion. It was a sight which should be spared all save the makers of war, and yet the kindly desert had cloaked its ghastliness. It had brought to its sons three most ancient and cunning *paraschites*, the wind, the sun, the sand, to purify and embalm the dishonored dead, and they had done their task well; but the winged wardens of the air, the earth-guardians, the feathered and furred sanitary commissioners of the wilderness, had been at work, too, with such result that those who unflinching had faced the living, quailed before the dead.

Yasmin walked on, straight as a homing bird, to an irregular stack of corpses; here she paused, bound back her veil, turned up her fluttering sleeves, and to the sick horror of those who, crouching low on the sand, watched her, began to throw the piled-up dead aside until she had uncovered the body of a tall dervish. At this moment the moon dropped her veil and glared red and sullen down on the battlefield. In the weird, unreal light, the three spectators saw the dead man lifted, after many efforts, out of the grisly heap, and dragged to a clear space of sand.

Though she had trailed him awkwardly and rather roughly over the ground, Yasmin now gathered her charge into her arms, and sinking softly down, laid the withered head gently on her shoulder. Then, with a beau-

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tiful wide gesture of protection and tenderness, which seemed to enfold the beloved burden like a great wing, she swept her long veil round her dead, and rocked softly to and fro for many moments. Not a cry or a groan escaped her until she bent her head and began to kiss the Thing that lay on her breast, with shuddering sighs and tearless sobs and foolish, fond words: 'O my Strong One! O my Master! My Camel! My Beloved!' And soon, the rising tide of emotion overwhelming speech, she fell to unspoken endearments: low moans and wordless murmurs, the inarticulate language of passion.

There is something so impressive in the direct manifestation of an overmastering feeling that the three men, flat on the sand as they were, instinctively uncovered their heads. Private Parkins, sadly bejuggled by camp-gossip, turned bewildered blue eyes on his superior officers. The Doctor felt it necessary to explain the obvious.

'She's been coming here night after night to look for him, and when she found him she hid him from the crows and the jackals under those others. She's come now to bury him — and we are going to help her.'

'Hush!' warned Captain Egerton, 'she's quiet again.' For Yasmin had laid the dead man's head on her knees, and with raised arms and uplifted face sat motionless, evoking blurred memories of a Mater Dolorosa darkly seen behind flaming altar-tapers, or of those mourning Egyptian goddesses who glance into vision under the glare of the tourists' torches in the dusky depths of some temple shrine, and to whom the Aryan Madonna with her sorrows is but a newcomer. One moment Yasmin sat, as if in dumb appeal to an unresponsive heaven, before she sent her voice quavering down the wind in that lamentation for the dead which once heard remains in the memory. It is as if the intolerable anguish of parting had acquired utterance in the long-drawn, high-pitched, poignant tremolo, which assaults the nerves even when it does not strike at the heart; as if the desolation of all bereavements had been pressed down and distilled into one bitterest essence; as if grief for the one irremediable human ill had found tongue. It is the oldest as well as the saddest of threnodies. It was ancient when the First Born were smitten; venerable when Isis and Nephthys shrilled it over the murdered Osiris; and for all we know, it echoed through the waterways of the lacustrine towns, and reverberated in the dark caverns that were nightly barricaded against the cave-tiger.

The long, plaintive cry swelled, wavered, sank, ending abruptly in a deep note, and the mourner, rising, unfastened her veil, laid it carefully over the dead, and began to dig his grave.

'It's our cue now,' whispered the Doctor.

They were close upon Yasmin before she perceived them. Quick as light she straightened her bent back, and stood on the defensive like some fierce mother-beast of the desert, her tall figure dilating, and her jewel-like eyes, which had encroached sadly on her narrowed face, seeming to emit light.

The Doctor, whose acquaintance with the vernacular was less limited than that of his companions, assumed the office of spokesman.

'O Lady,' he began, touching breast, brow, and mouth in Oriental salutation, 'we come to bury your Lord. A strong man, and a great Captain deserves a better grave than a woman's hands can make.'

The wildness of her look softened instantly; veiling her face with the wefts of her loosened hair, she resigned the shovel to the Doctor with a regal gesture. The three men worked, and

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relieved each other at intervals, until a grave deep enough to baffle the paw of jackal or hyena was dug; then they moved away and left Yasmin alone for a little space with what was once her lover; and when they returned she helped them, dry-eyed and firm-lipped, to push the sand into the pit. After it was piled up, she threw herself upon it and lay there quietly, save for the long shudders which shook her from head to foot, until the Doctor bade her return to camp with him, when she rose and followed the Englishmen like an obedient child, carefully covering her face with the shrouds of her heavy hair, and keeping a certain distance, prescribed by Moslem etiquette, from her companions.

The dauntless spirit that had cowed her would-be masters, that had steeled her against the horrors of her quest, and those phantom-terrors with which the African imagination peoples darkness and solitude, had departed. Half an hour before, she had been a highly-individualized being, a valiant fellow creature with a desire and a will, enfranchised from the bondage of her sex by her high purpose; now she had become again an Oriental and a woman, a thing mysterious and remote. The veil which suffering had swept aside had fallen, more impenetrable than before. The chasm between the East and the West had opened once more. The Doctor's questions she answered half-shyly, half-sullenly, in monosyllables; she either could not or would not explain the mystery of her hypnotic power; the sorceress had been cast out of her. At the door of her tent she kissed the hands of her escort with the dignity of an empress bestowing an accolade, and it was with noble humility that she bade her English friends farewell.

The Captain stopped, and for a time no one broke the silence that followed.

'What became of Yasmin?' finally questioned the Investigator, turning her face, gravely sweet, toward the story-teller. 'Did she die?'

'No. — Yes. — She was drowned in the Nile two days afterwards. There was a strong current, and the river was high; perhaps some of the other women pushed her in. We never knew. You can't tell anything about native *hareemat*, and we don't interfere with 'em.'

VISION

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

As each slipped from the place
Where all had walked with me,
I, on each passing face,
Saw immortality.

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MY FRIEND THE RUBY-THROAT

BY KATHERINE E. DOLBEAR

I

SOME years ago it was suggested that we add the ruby-throated hummingbird to our list of domesticated animals and turn him to account in greenhouse work, in cross-pollinating flowers, and destroying troublesome insects. It did not seem a difficult task: just catch a few, find what their foods were, free them in green-houses, and let them do the rest.

Just catch a few! We were weeks in catching even one. For more than a year, at odd moments, we tried. Many methods were used: insect-nets, birdlime, a spray of water, open windows with flowers inside, and finally a trap. At last! Could it really be? I hardly dared trust my senses. Yes, — it was a humming-bird squeak that came from the little bag, and the boy asked if I was the lady who would pay a dollar for a humming-bird. It must be! How had he caught it? — Under his cap! — How strange! — And had it a ruby throat? He was n't sure. Well, we could find that out.

Doors were closed and locked, and screens carefully placed in every window. Then the wonderful bag was cautiously opened. Way down in the bottom crouched the dear, funny little bird, with his bright eyes looking us straight in the face and his long bill pointing at a sharp angle from the wee body. Just a baby one — Would he die of fright? He did not attempt to fly out, so we tore open the side of the bag down to where he sat; but he did not move. Then, placing my finger gently under his toes, and lifting slowly, I beheld the jewel upon my hand.

Never was a sweeter creature in the world. So beautiful with his green and golden reflections, with his white-tipped tail and trusting face! He looked about, not in the least afraid, and when a moment later we offered him a drop of honey from a finger-tip he sipped it off in apparent glee. Such a busy little white tongue! When the finger was removed farther and farther from the tongue, the tongue reached farther and farther for the honey. Then drops of water were given and accepted in the same way. After the lunch he still held tightly to the finger and, tipping his head this way and that, surveyed his new home. A whole house, but even that seemed cramped quarters for such a sprightly creature. The new perch of soft warm material suited his toes and he was in no hurry to leave. There he sat while I made a strenuous attempt to finish my supper in left-handed bliss.

When he was invited to sit on another's finger he decided to fly instead. The curtains had been drawn lest he should dash out his life in an attempt to fly through glass, but this proved an unnecessary precaution. Back and forth he flew, from one room to another, near the ceiling. When he tried to alight he had considerable difficulty, but finally got nicely perched on the curtain-pole and tucked his little toes under the soft meshes of curtain and went to sleep. We wondered whether he would tuck his head under a wing,

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and what would become of the long bill; but his habit of sleep seemed to be different from other birds we had noticed, for he just tipped back his head and slept with upturned bill. When, an hour later, we returned with all the wild flowers of our immediate neighborhood, we found him still sleeping and his position unchanged.

Early the next morning I hurriedly crept down to see if he was impatient for breakfast; but he was still sitting where he had been the night before, and when I stood upon a chair and touched him he gave a sad squeak and opened his bill very wide, yawning like a waking child. Then he was still again, and I feared his toes were entangled and that he was dying. He seemed so weak and cold that I took down the pole to warm him; but there was no fire in the house and my hands were colder than he. To breathe upon him was the only hope, for he had fallen upon his side and his eyes were closed. Honey could not tempt his arrow tongue. No; he was dying. So short a life, so unnecessary a death! What could I do?

Remembering the stories of how easily humming-birds get chilled and how successfully they may be warmed to life, I kept breathing upon him. Faster and faster his wee body shook; was it the death-gasp or returning life? No; it was regular. Nearly an hour passed and he still lived; his health was improving, it seemed. Little eyes opened for a moment; he sat upon his feet; yes, he was surely getting stronger. But what would become of him during the next two hours while I was away from the house?

We decided to arrange a sitting-room for him; so two strawberry baskets were tied together, and in the lower one a carpet of clover blossoms was placed. While I arranged this new home he was taken into bed and kept in warm hands, which revived him so that he tried his wings, — though without attempting to fly away, — just to see if they would work. Then he was put in his basket for safe-keeping, and this was surrounded by warm bed-clothes.

When I returned two hours later, he was in prime condition, had had an early lunch, and was flutteringly impatient for breakfast.

The box was opened, and he crept out upon my hands and was placed upon a wild rosebud in the centre of the table; and he sat there contentedly enough, looking about and sipping honey whenever a sweetened finger was presented to him. Just before we had finished he decided to have a bit of exercise, and leaving his wild-rose parlor, he flew and flew — but not high as he had the night before. This time he alighted on objects much lower — on the backs of chairs, on the frame above the hanging lamp, once upon a plate, where he struggled awkwardly like a boy on skates for the first time. He was far too apt a pupil not to learn where it was best to alight. Over the back of one chair we placed a Japanese napkin so he could hold on better, and he discovered the fact at once and never lighted again on any of the other dining-room chairs. The bunch of roses interested him greatly, and he made frequent hovering visits to them, getting his bill covered with pollen. Next, he flew upon my sister's back as she bent over the table, and made haste to clean his bill on her big apron. He flew round and round the rooms, but never dashed at a window, though the curtains were left well up. Several times, however, he tried to find out what eyes were made of, and we had to close them for protection.

Of all the flowers he seemed to like the evening primrose best, and hurried to probe each new one we presented. Red clovers he tried, but found rather unsatisfactory; dog-bane seemed to

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please him, and blue-bells, sweet peas, and red lilies. We hoped that if we brought them in straight from the garden he might find tiny insects to keep him well and strong. Water and honey he had found plentifully on our fingers, and he came to believe that honey grew on skin as nectar does in blossoms, and he followed us all about, licking our faces or hands whenever he could get near enough. In the kitchen he was charmed by a big tin-can with a gorgeous red and green label. It was standing on the stove, and after trying in vain to find its nectar glands, he alighted beside it on the stove, which fortunately was cool enough, so that he was not injured.

We noticed that his wings, when he alighted, instead of being placed close to his body, drooped by his side, half outspread, as if he were prepared to dart away at any moment. Another peculiarity was his apparent inability to light while suspended buzzingly over flowers or a drop of honey. We would raise a hand beneath his little body, hoping that he would settle down upon it; but instead he would draw his tightly-curled toes closer and hang himself higher in the air — higher and higher, until he seemed to stand on his head above the flower. After several trials he learned to light when a hand was presented. At first we brought this about by having one hand over him as the other rose toward him; and he did not appear frightened in the least, simply stopped his wings and was at rest in a moment, but continued busily probing the flowers.

The greatest difficulty we had with him was in getting him to leave a finger after he had settled upon it. If he chose to rest we could not coax him off; he would nap contentedly while we carried him all about.

A large net-house had been erected for him in one corner of the room so he need not be confined in a basket while we were away from the house, and there he spent an hour or more the latter part of the morning. Later, he had a little fly about and more honey, water, and a flower-visit; then he seemed tired and fell asleep. He was put back in his net-house to finish his nap, and a little later I found him dead.

Was it a murder, or may the accidental and unexplainable death be forgiven? Is my study destined to destroy humming-bird happiness? or may it by careful methods finally increase the ruby-throat species and add greater happiness to them and those who love them?

II

My humming-birds visited cannas, salvias, fuchsias, trumpet creepers, petunias, larkspurs, morning-glories, verbenas, weigelias, evening primroses, the cypress vine, red clover, blueberry blossoms, Missouri currants, altheas, jewel-weed, fire-weed, and red milkweed, red field lilies, sweet peas, mignonette, phlox, orange sweet-william, lilacs, hybiscus, coral honeysuckles, lantanas, columbines, scarlet-runner beans, coral closed clematis, butter-and-eggs, and various other wild and garden flowers.

It is evidently color which attracts the birds rather than odor, for they have been known to probe the artificial flowers on ladies' hats, to fly to bright ribbons or pictures of flowers.

The birds seemed to have individual tastes, some preferring one flower, some another. The general favorites appear to be cannas, salvias, trumpet-vines, and honeysuckles. If these are in bloom it is useless to spend much time waiting for visitors among the other flowers. The honeysuckle vine will be visited perhaps ten times as often as the hollyhocks and lilies.

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The frequency of the visits is a variable quantity and has often seemed to vary inversely as the square of my leisure.

The birds probably visit many gardens, often long distances apart. I have waited at sunrise in most tempting honeysuckle bowers and have been repaid for three hours' watching by but two visits. Then again, the birds have come every ten or twenty minutes until nine o'clock, and then every half-hour or hour, or at even longer intervals, till toward dusk, when they again come frequently.

A casual observer may think that the ruby-throat lives on nectar and takes his food only from flowers, but a little careful watching will show that after a visit to the nasturtium bed he alights on a dead twig in some neighboring tree. Thence he surveys the gardens, and pounces upon unsuspecting insects. Their minute size makes it almost impossible to detect what they are.

A number of times we observed that one bird would feed while the mate perched some twenty feet away, apparently watching over it. Again and again I crept up close to a bird which was busily feeding in some deep corolla, and was on the verge of dashing my net over it when, from the observation twig a few yards away, down came the mate, squeaking vociferously, and the feeding bird at once made a hasty retreat.

One day a bird which was sipping among the cannas flew to a canna leaf and, with feet curled up and wings closed, coasted down the sun-warmed surface. When she reached the bottom she spread her wings, flew to the top, and repeated the performance. After some ten or more coasts she went on feeding. Do humming-bird mothers have to punish their children for running away and spoiling their best clothes coasting?

On one occasion I witnessed what must have been the love-scene. A male ruby-throat had taken possession of the coral honeysuckle vine and sat there most of the morning, even though I moved about on the porch and went within a few feet of him. After a while he went away, and a female appeared and busily gathered nectar. Some of the time she fed on the wing, but not infrequently alighted on a twig and bent over to the blossom. She was much more timid than he had been. Finally, he returned and they dashed upward some ten feet as if quarreling, but came back together; and then she perched in the vine and he flew about in a most threatening manner. He darted back and forth past her — going about four feet in each direction. As he flew there was a sound audible, which was very different from his squeak or from the ordinary sound of his buzzing wings. It was higher in pitch than the buzz, and was produced each time he passed her. Her head moved back and forth, watching him intently. This was continued for three or four minutes, and then they flew away together.

The birds are said to be easily overcome by cold or a sudden shower; and when chilled or frightened they fall into a condition not unlike a faint, and it requires very delicate treatment to get them safely on the wing again. One chilled in this way was found in Celia Thaxter's garden, and she warmed it to life in her hands and placed it in a basket among the flowers. Later, this same bird would come to her as she roamed about the gardens.

III

After days and days of unsuccessful efforts to catch a humming-bird, at last, when the autumn migration season approached, and the birds were more nu-

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merous, I did manage by the assistance of a small boy and a park policeman to get one in the net. It was quickly transferred to a box and taken home, and there it was allowed to fly about my room, where a maple branch was placed across a corner on the moulding. Great masses of flowers were arranged on a large table, and some of these were sprinkled with honey. This capture took place at noon, and before four o'clock the bird came to the flowers I held and stopped to rest, alighting on my arm. All went well till dusk, when the poor creature could not be satisfied with such accommodations for the night. I brought in branches of various sizes and kinds, and placed them all about the room, but nothing was satisfactory. The little captive flew and flew until it fell to the floor exhausted. After it had been sufficiently restored by means of drops of water on its head and drops of honey on its bill, it was put in a cage in the closet so that it might remain quiet. And when we looked in upon it before going to bed, it seemed to be asleep, sitting on the little perch with its head tilted back.

Early in the morning it was lively, and fed from the flowers, but the restless flying along the ceiling was continued till its tiny bill left streaks of blood everywhere it touched, and the poor bird fell to the floor so often and so hard that we had to put sofa pillows all about to soften the falls.

I could not understand the reason of this flying. There were fresh flowers, plenty of honey, and water-drops; the perches seemed like the ones the bird chose out-of-doors; but she lacked her freedom and that was something she could not endure. Early the next morning she was taken to some canna-beds and allowed to go. She seemed in no hurry, but sat on my hand and was carried from blossom to blossom, and she would sip from them as soon as she was brought near enough. After waiting five minutes or more for my guest to take her departure, I was obliged to hasten it by lowering my hand suddenly: Then she took the hint and flew away.

This experience of two days of untold misery for both the bird and myself was very conclusive evidence to me that I must know more of hummingbirds' ways and needs before I could handle them successfully, so all efforts to capture them were abandoned.

Nevertheless, when summer came again with its semi-leisure and humming-birds, a few interesting experiments were tried. Instead of going to the birds I coaxed them to come to me. A bottle filled with sugar-syrup was hung against a tree-trunk. A nasturtium blossom with its spur nipped off was placed in the bottle, so that the open end of the spur dipped into the syrup. Soon the bird came along, and after visiting the nasturtium-bed came to the lone blossom on the side of the tree. Again and again it came, neglecting the gardens and devoting all its energies to extracting nectar from this new species of nasturtium. Between its visits I pinched off one petal and then another, and finally took out the spur, and the bird continued the visits to the flowerless bottle.

As the tree was not conveniently located for close watching, especially in early mornings, the bottle was removed to my window in the second story. A jar of nasturtiums was placed on the window-sill to flag the bird, and she found the bottle early the next morning. She went to it at once and began to partake of its contents. I held it in my hand and still she came; she would even come two feet into the room to it, and within a foot of my face.

Next, a series of bottles was placed on the window-sill containing, in order, sugar-and-water, sugar-syrup, maple-

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syrup, honey and water (fifty per cent), and pure honey. She went from one to another, tasting each, and then made all her future visits to the fifty per cent honey. For several days the bottle was hung on the hook of the blind, and she came some twenty-five times a day, consuming about fifteen cubic centimetres of liquid each day.

Next, we tried to take pictures of her, and after several unsuccessful efforts to get pictures looking outwards from the window, an improvised table containing the camera focused on the bottle was placed outside, so that the bird would be taken from the lighted side. All this paraphernalia disquieted her, and for a day she returned to the flowers, and refused to come near the bottle. Little by little, however, she gained courage, and cautiously resumed her new habit of feeding.

But our troubles were not over by any means, for humming-birds do most of their marketing at early hours in the morning and in late afternoon. An exposure of one twenty-fifth of a second showed a ghost of the bird. She was drinking at the first click, but had gone long before the twenty-fifth of a second had elapsed. To have a shorter exposure meant to have more light, and only between eleven and one o'clock could that be had, and then only on most favorable days. But during those hours she usually made only one or two visits. Even when a picture was secured it was unsatisfactory and a white background had to be added. This had to be placed only a foot from the bottle and was looked upon with suspicion. It also cut off my view of the bottle, but I remedied that by a mirror. The chief difficulty, however, was beyond my control. The rate at which the humming-bird's wings vibrated in sustaining the bird in a position of poise over the bottle was one hundred and seven per second. The quickest time of the camera was one one-hundredth of a second, so that the wings always showed a blur.

After the bird had become quite dependent upon her new food, I removed the bottle from the hook one night. At ten minutes to five in the morning she came for breakfast, and not finding it in its usual place came into the room and flew back and forth over me till I got up and served her in the customary way. This was tried several mornings with the same effect. Later, a perch was arranged beside the bottle, and the bird sat down for lunch. By this time she was so thoroughly addicted to the bottle-habit that we could move the bottle from place to place and she would invariably find it. At one time it would be by the dining-room window, at another in the netting on the veranda, or on the tree where it was first placed.

Ants and bumble-bees made no end of trouble, however. The ants fell in in great numbers and a bee insisted upon blocking the entrance. The bird did her best to drive it away by darting at it and squeaking, but it paid no attention. Sometimes it reached too far and fell in, more often it had to be put in a box till the bird was supplied; for in spite of her pugnacious tendencies she was entirely unable to control the situation.

I am told that the same bird must have returned the second year, as she imbibed freely as soon as the bottle was hung out.

IV

After watching birds out-of-doors and coaxing them in, I began to feel more competent to cater to one in captivity, and succeeded in getting one early in the autumn. She was coaxed into a plant-room through an open door and became confused and could not find the way out. We allowed her the freedom of two rooms, but restless-

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ness came on at dusk, whereupon I placed her on an orange-stick, and she quieted down and slept till morning.

On the second day, she learned to drink from a bottle and to get tiny flies from the window-pane. By the third day, she drank from the bottle while I held it, and when the bottle was not hung in its customary place she buzzed about me till I got it for her.

One day she got the feathers of her head very sticky, and I had to wash them for her, which she greatly resented, showing her disapproval by refusing to come to me for some time. Occasionally she got restless at dusk and buzzed along the ceiling, but when I called her she came down to me and became quiet. After being in captivity ten days she escaped when the room was being cleaned, during my absence.

At last, this past summer was set apart for making the long contemplated study, and I went to the aviaries at Shawnee, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware, where there were facilities for such a study. A close-mesh-wire netting-room was selected and a garden arranged. Cannas, salvias, hollyhocks, lilies, verbenas, pinks, a geranium, a fuchsia, and some nasturtiums were set out. There were several dog-wood trees and two evergreens.

A trap was made and painted green, and in the meantime a bottle of honey was hung among the honeysuckle vines. In a few days a humming-bird was attracted by the unusual supply of sweets and made very frequent visits. And when I was sure the bird had learned to recognize the bottle, I moved it from place to place and put the trap near the feeding-ground. When the bird was accustomed to seeing the trap there, the bottle was hung against it; then lower and lower to the door, and then inside the trap. So entranced was the little creature that we could walk up to her as she fed, and after a few days it was a perfectly simple matter to walk quietly to the cage and close the door with the treasure inside.

When she found herself imprisoned she made no struggle whatever, but perched on the little branch, or flew quietly about, as the trap was carried to the large cage half a mile away. When the trap-door was opened she flew into the net-inclosed room and, after feeding for a while from the bottle and on numerous tiny insects, she quieted down for the night.

At seven o'clock the next morning she was sitting against the netting, though she had been flying about among the flowers earlier. Time after time I went to see her, but still she clung to the wires in the same position, and when I put my hand over her she gave a pathetic squeak, but did not move. Her claws were so tightly closed about the wire that I dared not try to lift her off. She would not touch honey or water, and we were in despair of saving her. At two o'clock in the afternoon the director of the aviaries went with me to the cage and we decided she must be taken down if we hoped to save her; so with forceps he unclasped her claws while I covered her with my hand and held her when she no longer rested against the netting. She was breathing, and clasped my fingers when her feet were freed, but still the eyes did not open. However, after we had breathed upon her for a few moments, and put drops of honey at the base of her bill, she recovered.

The recovery from such a faint is a marvelous thing to witness. The heart-beat gets stronger and stronger, the eyes open for longer intervals, the toes grasp something substantial, and even the feathers show the improving condition and stand out more firmly.

From that time on she was a normal humming-bird, testing the merits of the various blossoms in her garden,

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and arranging her attire with the most feminine precision. In four days she would come to drink from her bottle while I held it; indeed, so rejoiced was she to see it coming that I had difficulty in getting into the cage without letting her out. She would sip from any receptacle I chanced to bring, bottle or spoon or jar. She took from six to ten grams of honey-and-water solution each day. A banana was hung in the cage and she fed on the pomace flies which gathered about it. A curious habit and difficult to explain was that of almost alighting on a leaf and then pouncing down and seizing the insects that flew out from the under-side.

Not being acquainted with her bathing habits, I put out an abalone shell as the most artistic bathing-dish for her; but never to my knowledge did she pay the least attention to it. One morning, in the midst of a shower, however, she crouched down on the wet blade of a dogwood leaf and, with head outstretched and rapidly fluttering wings, spattered the raindrops in every direction. She went from leaf to leaf until she had succeeded in getting her feathers very wet; then she perched on a twig, shook off the drops, and carefully preened her feathers. It is not improbable that, in the absence of rain, humming-birds use the dewdrops in early morning. In closer captivity this bird bathed in a gladiolus blossom. Hereafter, a pitcher-plant is to be used. A humming-bird which was accustomed to drinking sweetened water from a spoon, one day found water there instead of sweets, whereupon she at once alighted on the edge and took a bath.

The extreme hot weather of July did not affect my bird in the least, though hundreds of other birds sat with bills open, as if gasping for breath. Severe thunder-showers with heavy rain came, but she flew about as if nothing were happening. Occasionally in the heaviest storms she did perch in an evergreen tree.

Then I went away for five weeks, and when I came back I had difficulty in coaxing her to drink from the bottle while I held it. She had forgotten me. But now it was time to go home, so she was again trapped and brought from Pennsylvania to Worcester, an eleven-hour trip during which, so far as I could tell, she ate nothing.

The migration season did not seem to make her restless, but during the last two weeks of October she became weaker and weaker, and seemed to be moulting. A greater variety of food was given and she was allowed to fly out into the laboratory, but still she grew weaker, and finally died on the last day of October. A post-mortem examination showed carbon-monoxyde poisoning.

During the summer we made a constant effort to catch a mate for her. We did trap another female, but as she was terribly frightened and beat against the sides of the trap we gave her her freedom at once. It is impossible to get near the male birds with a net, and they do not become accustomed to bottle-feeding. The only male birds I ever got were two which flew in at open windows, and both died in a few hours. One was dead when brought to me, the other was seriously injured by beating against the windows and walls.

Nevertheless, from these few observations I feel more and more certain that with proper green-house facilities it will be possible to breed these treasures in captivity, and to establish a most friendly relation with them.

Even were the ruby-throat to be of no value for destroying insects or for cross-fertilizing hot-house and garden flowers, he would still be worthy of our love and care from an æsthetic standpoint, so swift is he, so graceful, so altogether lovely.

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THEOCRITUS ON CAPE COD

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Cape Cod lies at the other end of the world from Sicily; not only in distance but in the look of it, the lay of it, the way of it. It is so far off that it offers a base from which one may get a fresh view of Theocritus.

There are very pleasant villages on the Cape, in the wide shade of ancient elms, set deep in the old-time New England quiet. For there was a time before the arrival of the Syrians, the Armenians, and the automobile, when New England was in a meditative mood. But Cape Cod is really a ridge of sand with a back-bone of soil, rashly thrust into the Atlantic, and as fluent and volatile, so to speak, as one of those far western rivers that are shifting currents sublimely indifferent to private ownership. The Cape does not lack stability, but it shifts its lines with easy disregard of charts and boundaries, and remains stable only at its centre; it is always fraying at the edges. It lies, too, on the western edge of the Ocean stream, where the forces of land and sea are often at war and the palette of colors is limited. The sirocco does not sift fine sand through every crevice and fill the heart of man with murderous impulses; but the east wind diffuses a kind of elemental depression.

Sicily, on the other hand, is high-built on rocky foundations, and is the wide-spreading reach of a great volcano sloping broadly and leisurely to the sea. It is often shaken at its centre, but the sea does not take from nor add to its substance at will. It lies in the very heart of a sea of such ravishing color that by sheer fecundity of beauty it has given birth to a vast fellowship of gods and divinely-fashioned creatures; its slopes are white with billowy masses of almond blossoms in that earlier spring which is late winter on Cape Cod; while gray-green, gnarled and twisted olive trees bear witness to the passionate moods of the Mediterranean, mother of poetry, comedy, and tragedy, — often asleep in a dream of beauty in which the shadowy figures of the oldest time move, often as violent as the North Atlantic when March torments it with furious moods. For the Mediterranean is as seductive, as beguiling, and uncertain of temper as Cleopatra; as radiant as Hera, as voluptuous as Aphrodite. Put in terms of color, it is as different from the sea round Cape Cod as a picture by Sorolla is different from a picture by Mauve.

Theocritus is interested in the magic of the island rather than in the mystery of the many-sounding sea, and to him the familiar look of things is never edged like a photograph; it is as solid and real as a report of the Department of Agriculture, but a mist of poetry is spread over it in which, as in a Whistler nocturne, many details harmonize in a landscape at once actual and visionary. There is no example in literature of the unison of sight and vision more subtly and elusively harmonious than the report of Sicily in the *Idylls*. In its occupations the island was as prosaic as Cape Cod, and lacked the

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far-reaching consciousness of the great world which is the possession of every populated sand-bar in the western hemisphere; but it was enveloped in an atmosphere in which the edges of things were lost in a sense of their rootage in poetic relations, and of interrelations so elusive and immaterial that a delicate but persistent charm exhaled from them.

Sicily was a solid and stubborn reality thousands of years before Theocritus struck his pastoral lyre; but its most obvious quality was atmospheric. It was compacted of facts, but they were seen, not as a camera sees, but as an artist sees; not in sharp outline and hard actuality, but softened by a flood of light which melts all hard lines in a landscape vibrant and shimmering. Our landscape painters are now reporting Nature as Theocritus saw her in Sicily; the value of the overtone matching the value of the undertone, to quote an artist's phrase; 'apply these tones in right proportions,' writes Mr. Harrison, 'and you will find that the sky painted with the perfectly-matched tone will fly away indefinitely, will be bathed in a perfect atmosphere.' We, who have for a time lost the poetic mood and strayed from the poet's standpoint, paint the undertones with entire fidelity; but we do not paint in the overtones, and the landscape loses the luminous and vibrant quality which comes into it when the sky rains light upon it. We see with the accuracy of the camera; we do not see with the vision of the poet, in which reality is not sacrificed but subdued to larger uses; we insist on the scientific fact, the poet is intent on the visual fact. The one gives the bare structure of the landscape; the other gives us its color, atmosphere, charm. Here, perhaps, is the real difference between Cape Cod and Sicily. It is not so much a contrast between encircling seas and the sand-ridge and rock-ridge as between the two ways of seeing, the scientific and the poetic.

The difference of soils must also be taken into account. The soil of history on Cape Cod is almost as thin as the physical soil, which is so light and detached that it is blown about by all the winds of heaven. In Sicily, on the other hand, the soil is so much a part of the substance of the island that the sirocco must bring from the shores of Africa the fine particles with which it tortures men. On Cape Cod there are a few colonial traditions, many heroic memories of brave deeds in awful seas, some records of prosperous daring in fishing-ships, and then the advent of the summer colonists; a creditable history, but of so recent date that it has not developed the fructifying power of a rich soil, out of which atmosphere rises like an exhalation. In Sicily, on the other hand, the soil of history is so deep that the spade of the archæologist has not touched bottom, and even the much-toiling Freeman found four octavo volumes too cramped to tell the whole story, and mercifully stopped at the death of Agathokles.

Since the beginning of history, which means only the brief time since we began to remember events, everybody has gone to Sicily, and most people have stayed there until they were driven on, or driven out, by later comers; and almost everybody has been determined to keep the island for himself, and set about it with an ingenuity and energy of slaughter which make the movement toward universal peace seem pallid and nerveless. It is safe to say that on no bit of ground of equal area has more history been enacted than in Sicily; and, when Theocritus was young, Sicily was already venerable with years and experience.

Now history, using the word as signifying things which have happened,

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although enacted on the ground gets into the air, and one often feels it before one knows it. In this volatile and pervasive form it is diffused over the landscape and becomes atmospheric; and atmosphere, it must be remembered, bears the same relation to air that the countenance bears to the face: it reveals and expresses what is behind the physical features. There is hardly a half-mile of Sicily below the upper ridges of Ætna that has not been fought over; and the localities are few which cannot show the prints of the feet of the gods, or of the heroes who were their children.

It was a very charming picture on which the curtain was rolled up when history began; but the island was not a theatre in which men sat at ease and looked at Persephone in the arms of Pluto: it was an arena in which race followed close upon race, like the waves of the sea; each rising a little higher and gaining a little wider sweep; and each leaving behind not only wreckage but layers of soil potent in vitality. The island was as full of strange music, of haunting presences, of far-off memories of tragedy, as the island of the *Tempest;* it bred its Calibans, but it bred also its Prosperos. For the imagination is nourished by rich associations as an artist is fed by a beautiful landscape; and in Sicily men grew up in an invisible world of memories that spread a heroic glamour over desolate places and kept Olympus within view of the mountain pastures where rude shepherds cut their pipes: —

A pipe discoursing through nine mouths I made,
full fair to view;
The wax is white thereon, the line of this and
that edge true.

The soil of history may be so rich that it nourishes all manner of noxious things side by side with flowers of glorious beauty; this is the price we pay for fertility. A thin soil, on the other hand, sends a few flowers of delicate structure and haunting fragrance into the air, like the arbutus and the witchiana, which express the clean, dry sod of Cape Cod, and are symbolical of the poverty and purity of its history. Thoreau reports that in one place he saw advertised, 'Fine sand for sale here'; and he ventures the suggestion that 'some of the street' had been sifted. And, possibly, with a little tinge of malice after his long fight with winds and shore-drifts, he reports that 'in some pictures of Provincetown the persons of the inhabitants are not drawn below the ankles, so much being supposed to be buried in the sand.' 'Nevertheless,' he continues, 'natives of Provincetown assured me that they could walk in the middle of the road without trouble, even in slippers, for they had learned how to put their feet down and lift them up without taking in any sand.' On a soil so light and porous there is a plentiful harvesting of health and substantial comfort, but not much chance of poetry.

In the country of Theocritus there was great chance for poetry; not because anybody was taught anything, but because everybody was born in an atmosphere that was a diffused poetry. If this had not been true, the poet could not have spread a soft mist of poesy over the whole island; no man works that kind of magic unaided; he compounds his potion out of simples culled from the fields round him. Theocritus does not disguise the rudeness of the life he describes; goat-herds and he-goats are not the conventional properties of the poetic stage. The poet was without a touch of the drawing-room consciousness of crude things, though he knew well softness and charm of life in Syracuse under a tyrant who did not 'patronize the arts,' but was instructed by them. To him the distinction between poetic and unpoetic things was

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not in the appearance, but in the root. He was not ashamed of Nature as he found her, and he never apologized for her coarseness by avoiding things not fit for refined eyes. His shepherds and goat-herds are often gross and unmannerly, and as stuffed with noisy abuse as Shakespeare's people in *Richard III.* Lacon and Cometas, rival poets of the field, are having a controversy, and this is the manner of their argument: —

LACON

When learned I from thy practice or thy preaching aught that's right,
Thou puppet, thou mis-shapen lump of ugliness and spite?

COMETAS

When? When I beat thee, wailing sore; yon goats looked on with glee,
And bleated; and were dealt with e'en as I had dealt with thee.

And then, without a pause, the landscape shines through the noisy talk: —

Nay, here are oaks and galingale: the hum of housing bees
Makes the place pleasant, and the birds are piping in the trees,
And here are two cold streamlets; here deeper shadows fall
Than yon place owns, and look what cones drop from the pine tree tall.

Thoreau, to press the analogy from painting a little further, lays the undertones on with a firm hand: 'It is a wild, rank place and there is no flattery in it. Strewn with crabs, horse-shoes, and razor-clams, and whatever the sea casts up, — a vast *morgue*, where famished dogs may range in packs, and crows come daily to glean the pittance which the tide leaves them. The carcasses of men and beasts together lie stately up upon its shelf, rotting and bleaching in the sun and waves, and each tide turns them in their beds, and tucks fresh sand under them. There is naked Nature, — inhumanely sincere, wasting no thought on man, nibbling at the cliffy shore where gulls wheel amid the spray.'

It certainly is naked Nature with a vengeance, and it was hardly fair to take her portrait in that condition. Theocritus would have shown us Acteon surprising Artemis, not naked but nude; and there is all the difference between nakedness and nudity that yawns between a Greek statue and a Pompeian fresco indiscreetly preserved in the Museum at Naples. Theocritus shows Nature nude, but not naked; and it is worth noting that the difference between the two lies in the presence or absence of consciousness. In Greek mythology, nudity passes without note or comment; the moment it begins to be noted and commented upon, it becomes nakedness.

Theocritus sees Nature nude, as did all the Greek poets, but he does not surprise her when she is naked. He paints the undertones faithfully, but he always lays on the overtones, and so spreads the effulgence of the sky-stream over the undertones, and the picture becomes vibrant and luminous. The fact is never slurred or ignored; it gets its full value, but not as a solitary and detached thing untouched by light, unmodified by the landscape. Is there a more charming impression of a landscape bathed in atmosphere, exhaling poetry, breathing in the very presence of divinity, than this, in Calverley's translation?

I ceased. He, smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gift,'
And leftward sloped toward Pyxa. We the while
Bent us to Phrasydeme's, Eucritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas: there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh-cut vine leaves; who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'erhead;
Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the sombre boughs
The sweet cicada chirped laboriously.
Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
The tree-frog's note was heard; the crested lark
Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made their moan;
And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee.
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:

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Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while we brushed
From the cask's head the crust of four long years.
Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
Set before Heracles a cup so brave
In Pholus' cavern — did as nectarous draughts
Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong,
Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns, —
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
Beside whose corn-stacks may I oft again
Plant my broad fan: while she stands by and smiles,
Poppies and corn-sheaves on each laden arm.

Here is a landscape seen with a poet's eye; and the color and shining quality of a landscape, it must be remembered, are in the exquisitely sensitive eye that sees, not in the structure and substance upon which it rests. The painter and poet create Nature as really as they create Art, for in every clear sight of the world we are not passive receivers of impressions but partners in that creative work which makes Nature as contemporaneous as the morning newspaper.

It is true, Sicily was poetic in its very structure, while Cape Cod is poetic only in oases, bits of old New England shade and tracery of elms, the peace of ancient sincerity and content honestly housed, the changing color of marshes in whose channels the tides are singing or mute; but the Sicily of Theocritus was seen by the poetic eye. In every complete vision of a landscape what is behind the eye is as important as what lies before it, and behind the eyes that looked at Sicily in the third century B.C., there were not only the memories of many generations, but there was also a faith in visible and invisible creatures which peopled the world with divinities. The text of Theocritus is starred with the names of gods and goddesses, of heroes and poets; it is like a rich tapestry on the surface of which history has been woven in beautiful colors; the flat surface dissolves in a vast distance, and the dull warp and woof glows with moving life.

The *Idylls* are saturated with religion, and as devoid of piety as a Bernard Shaw play. Gods and men differ only in their power; not at all in their character. What we call morals were as conspicuously absent from Olympus as from Sicily. In both places life and the world are taken in their obvious intention; there was no attempt, apart from the philosophers, who are always an inquisitive folk, to discover either the mind or the heart of things. In the Greek Bible, which Homer composed and recited to crowds of people on festive occasions, the fear of the gods and their vengeance are set forth in a text of unsurpassed force and vitality of imagination; but no god in his most dissolute mood betrays any moral consciousness, and no man repents of sins. That things often go wrong was as obvious then as now, but there was no sense of sin. There were Greeks who prayed, but none who put dust on his head and beat his breast and cried, 'Woe unto me, a sinner!' There were disasters by land and sea, but no newspaper spread them out in shrieking type, and by skillful omission and selection of topics wore the semblance of an official report of a madhouse; there were diseases and deaths, but patent-medicine advertisements had not saturated the common mind with ominous symptoms; old age was present with its monitions of change and decay: —

Age o'ertakes us all;
Our tempers first; then on o'er cheek and chin,
Slowly and surely, creep the frosts of Time.
Up and go somewhere, ere thy limbs are sere.

Theocritus came late in the classical age, and the shadows had deepened since Homer's time; the torches on the tombs were inverted; the imagery of

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immortality was faint and dim; but the natural world was still naturally seen, and, if age was coming down the road, the brave man went bravely forward to meet the shadow.

It was different on Cape Cod. Even Thoreau, who had escaped from the morasses of theology into the woods and accomplished the reversion to paganism in the shortest possible manner, never lost the habit of moralizing, which is a survival of the deep-going consciousness of sin. Describing the operations of a sloop dragging for anchors and chains, he gives his text those neat, hard touches of fancy which he had at command even in his most uncompromising, semi-scientific moments: 'To hunt to-day in pleasant weather for anchors which had been lost, — the sunken faith and hope of mariners, to which they trusted in vain; now, perchance, it is the rusty one of some old pirate ship or Norman fisherman, whose cable parted here two hundred years ago, and now the best bower anchor of a Canton or California ship which has gone about her business.'

And then he drops into the depths of the moral sub-consciousness from which the clear, clean waters of Walden Pond could not wash him. 'If the roadsteads of the spiritual ocean could be thus dragged, what rusty flukes of hope deceived and parted chain-cables of faith might again be windlassed aboard! enough to sink the finder's craft, or stock new navies to the end of time. The bottom of the sea is strewn with anchors, some deeper and some shallower, and alternately covered and uncovered by the sand, perchance with a small length of iron cable still attached, to which where is the other end? . . . So, if we had diving bells adapted to the spiritual deeps, we should see anchors with their cables attached, as thick as eels in vinegar, all wriggling vainly toward their holding ground. But that is not treasure for us which another man has lost; rather it is for us to seek what no other man has found or can find.' The tone is light, almost trifling, when one takes into account the imagery and the idea, and the sub-consciousness is wearing thin; but it is still there.

Thoreau's individual consciousness was a very faint reflection of an ancestral consciousness of the presence of sin, and of moral obligations of an intensity almost inconceivable in these degenerate days. There was a time in a Cape Cod community when corporal punishment was inflicted on all residents who denied the Scriptures; and all persons who stood outside the meeting-house during the time of divine service were set in the stocks. The way of righteousness was not a straight and narrow path, but a macadamized thoroughfare, and woe to the man who ventured on a by-path! One is not surprised to learn that 'hysteric fits' were very common, and that congregations were often thrown into the utmost confusion; for the preaching was far from quieting. 'Some think sinning ends with this life,' said a well-known preacher, 'but it is a mistake. The creature is held under an everlasting law; the damned increase in sin in hell. Possibly, the mention of this may please thee. But, remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there; no eating, drinking, singing, dancing; wanton dalliance, and drinking stolen waters; but damned sins, bitter, hellish sins; sins exasperated by torments; cursing God, spite, rage, and blasphemy. The guilt of all thy sins shall be laid upon thy soul, and be made so many heaps of fuel. . . . He damns sinners heaps upon heaps.'

It is not surprising to learn that, as a result of such preaching, the hearers were several times greatly alarmed,

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and 'on one occasion a comparatively innocent young man was frightened nearly out of his wits.' One wonders in what precise sense the word 'comparatively' was used; it is certain that those who had this sense of the sinfulness of things driven into them were too thoroughly frightened to see the world with the poet's eye.

In Sicily nobody was concerned for the safety of his soul; nobody was conscious that he had a soul to be saved. Thoughtful people knew that certain things gave offense to the gods; that you must not flaunt your prosperity after the fashion of some American millionaires, who have discovered in recent years that there is a basis of fact for the Greek feeling that it is wise to hold great possessions modestly; that certain family and state relations are sacred, and that the fate of Œdipus was a warning; but nobody was making observations of his own frame of mind; there were no thermometers to take the spiritual temperature.

In his representative capacity as poet, Theocritus, speaking for his people, might have said with Gautier: 'I am a man for whom the visible world exists.' It is as impossible to cut the visible world loose from the invisible as to see the solid stretch of earth without seeing the light that streams upon it and makes the landscape; but Gautier came as near doing the impossible as any man could, and the goat-herds and pipe-players of Theocritus measurably approached this instable position. On Cape Cod, it is true, they looked 'up and not down,' but it is also true that they 'looked in and not out'; in Sicily they looked neither up nor down, but straight ahead. The inevitable shadows fell across the fields whence the distracted Demeter sought Persephone, and Enceladus uneasily bearing the weight of Ætna poured out the vials of his wrath on thriving vineyards and on almond orchards white as with sea-foam; but the haunting sense of disaster in some other world beyond the dip of the sea was absent. If the hope of living with the gods was faint and far, and the forms of vanished heroes were vague and dim, the fear of retribution beyond the gate of death was a mere blurring of the landscape by a mist that came and went.

The two workmen whose talk Theocritus overhears and reports in the Tenth Idyll are not discussing the welfare of their souls; they are not even awake to the hard conditions of labor, and take no thought about shorter hours and higher wages; they are interested chiefly in Bombyca, 'lean, dusk, a gypsy,'

> . . . twinkling dice thy feet,
> Poppies thy lips, thy ways none knows how sweet!

And they lighten the hard task of the reaper of the stubborn corn in this fashion: —

> O rich in fruit and corn-blade: be this field
> Tilled well, Demeter, and fair fruitage yield!
>
> Bind the sheaves, reapers: lest one, passing, say —
> 'A fig for these, they're never worth their pay!'
>
> Let the mown swathes look northward, ye who mow,
> Or westward — for the ears grow fattest so.
>
> Avoid a noon-tide nap, ye threshing men:
> The chaff flies thickest from the corn-ears then.
>
> Wake when the lark wakes; when he slumbers, close
> Your work, ye reapers: and at noontide doze.
>
> Boys, the frogs' life for me! They need not him
> Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim.
>
> Better boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,
> Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in twain.

In Sicily no reckoning of the waste of life had been kept, and armies and fleets had been spent as freely in the

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tumultuous centuries of conquest as if, in the over-abundance of life, these losses need not be entered in the book of account.

Theocritus distills this sense of fertility from the air, and the leaves of the *Idylls* are fairly astir with it. The central myth of the island has a meaning quite beyond the reach of accident; poetic as it is, its symbolism seems almost scientific. Under skies so full of the light which, in a real sense, creates the landscape, encircled by a sea which was fecund of gods and goddesses, Sicily was the teeming mother of flower-strewn fields and trees heavy with fruit; trunks and boughs made firm by winds as the fruit grew mellow in the sun. Demeter moves through harvest fields and across the grassy slopes where herds are fed, a smiling goddess,

> Poppies and corn-sheaves on each laden arm.

Forgetfulness of the ills of life, dreams of Olympian beauty and tempered energy in the fields: are not these the secrets of the fair world which survives in the *Idylls?*

The corn and wine were food for the gods who gave them, as truly as for the men who plucked the ripened grain and pressed the fragrant grape. If there was a sense of awe in the presence of the gods there was no sense of moral separation, no yawning chasm of unworthiness. The gods obeyed their impulses not less readily than the men and women they had created; both had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Life, but neither had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Anybody might happen upon Pan in some deeply-shadowed place, and the danger of surprising Diana at her bath was not wholly imaginary. Religion was largely the sense of being neighbor to the gods; they were more prosperous than men and had more power, but they were different only in degree, and one might be on easy terms with them. They were created by the poetic mind, and they repaid it a thousandfold with the consciousness of a world haunted by near, familiar, and radiant divinity. The heresy which shattered the unity of life by dividing it between the religious and the secular had not come to confuse the souls of the good and put a full half of life in the hands of sinners; religion was as natural as sunlight and as easy as breathing.

There was little philosophy and less science in Sicily as Theocritus reports it. The devastating passion for knowledge had not brought self-consciousness in like a tide, nor had the desire to know about things taken the place of knowledge of the things themselves. The beauty of the world was a matter of experience, not of formal observation, and was seen directly as artists see a landscape before they bring technical skill to reproduce it. So far as the men and women who work and sing and make love in the *Idylls* were concerned, the age was delightfully unintellectual and, therefore, normally poetic. The vocabulary of names for things was made up of descriptive rather than analytical words, and things were seen in wholes rather than in parts.

From this point of view religion was as universal and all-enfolding as air, and the gods as concrete and tangible as trees and rocks and stars. They were companionable with all sorts and conditions of men, and if one wished to represent them he used symbols and images of divinely-fashioned men and women, not philosophical ideas or scientific formulæ. In this respect the Roman Catholic Church has been both a wise teacher and a tender guardian of lonely and sorrowful humanity. Homer was not a formal theologian, but the harvest of the seed of

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thought he sowed is not even now fully gathered. He peopled the whole world of imagination. Christianity is not only concrete but historic; and some day, when the way of abstraction has been abandoned for that way of vital knowledge, which is the path of the prophets, the saints, and the artists, it will again set the imagination aflame. Meanwhile, Theocritus is a charming companion for those who hunger and thirst for beauty, and who long from time to time to hang up the trumpet of the reformer, and give themselves up to the song of the sea and the simple music of the shepherd's pipe.

IN THE GUTTER-GARTEN

BY DOROTHEA SLADE

THE FROWN OF GUTTER-GARTEN

In the whole world there is nowhere such an oppression and desperation of loneliness as within that atmosphere of human estrangement which is known behind the cold shoulder of Gutter-garten.

Here in my own Gutter home, in the very heart of familiar associations, I have been so suddenly and bitterly alone!

For I suppose the Gutter will never quite forget, or allow us entirely to ignore, the fact that we were born into a world outside Gutter-garten, and can never really share fully the sweet communion of the Children of the Kingdom.

In the old days of many mistakes and *gauche* offenses in Gutter-garten, I remember being once overtaken by this same isolation in the middle of a Christmas supper-party.

We had gathered about the long white table, laden with candles and flowers and the inevitable gaudy profusion of bilious cakes. Lizzie and Topsy were there side by side, dressed exactly alike, in purple plush bodices, and with a crimson rose poised delicately on the frizzled head of each.

Johnny had brought the boy who blows the organ at the Mission to protect him from the deadly enemy of Gutter loneliness, and Blanchie had looked in for a few minutes on her way to a professional turn at a public-house concert in the neighborhood. She was resplendent in all the cheap magnificence of her frilled skirts and slim pink-stockinged legs, with thin cheeks painted to a hot flush which the stare of coarse criticism and drunken admiration had long ago ceased to kindle there. Her dancing eyes were alive with mischievous invitation, and her pert profile tossed self-conscious smiles at us over an impudently-tilted shoulder.

'Ain't 'er lovely!' whispered the enchanted company; and the organ-blower was feeling 'sweet on her,' and fast losing control of his ardent boyish heart.

His name was Laughing Alf, because he had never yet been seen with a straight face. He had an amazing and

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profound devotion to his sacred vocation, and blew the organ as tenderly as his own mother rocked her baby's cradle, but he could not help smiling over it all the time.

'I wish you would not let your face slip so frequently!' the Gutter Parson had once peevishly remarked, when the broad enjoyment upon the organ-blower's honest face had more than usually irritated him during the office hymn.

But in spite of this reproof, which Laughing Alf took bitterly to heart, his face continued to slip in the accustomed way, and his nickname stuck to him through the years.

On the other side of the table, storm-clouds were gathering. The Younger Lizzie was forgetting herself. Her temper was slowly rising and nobody knew exactly why.

'Wotcher grinnin' at, yer fule?' she suddenly inquired sharply of the laughing Alf, whose shy grimaces above his plate of Christmas pudding had fixed their wandering attention in her direction.

'It don't matter which ways yer looks at 'im, 'e's always laughin'. If 'e were to drop dead afore our very eyes 'e'd still be laughin' all the time we was layin' of 'e out!' Topsy observed irritably, with a glance at her pal's wrathful profile.

Special Johnny's puzzled countenance rose suddenly round and greedy from the over-loaded plate which had, till this point, entirely absorbed his attention. He had recognized the fact that Laughing Alf, for whose introduction to the company and subsequent behavior he was painfully responsible, had become the centre of an atmospheric disturbance.

He plunged furiously with a cruel thin elbow at the ribs of his disorderly protégé. 'I'll stick me bleedin' fork in yer silly old eye in a minute,' he warned him, while the nervous Alf smiled blandly on.

On the other side of the narrow strip of white table the Younger Lizzie had abandoned herself completely to an acute attack of the Gutter sulks. Her dark face rose above the bright flowers and trembling candle-flames, set in rigid frowns, and her black eyes flashed wild and narrow under her lowered brows.

There was an uncomfortable sense of coming disaster in the air, and the pudding cooled untasted, while we awaited the warning of the inevitable explosion.

Lizzie, wrapped in her sulks, refused speech, but the others began to chatter foolishly.

'I can make people cry,' bragged the Art Nursling. 'It's a much finer thing to do than making them laugh. There ain't a dry eye in the 'ouse when I'm singing "Mother's little blue-eyed boy"!'

'Yer clever if yer can make Laughin' Alf cry, then!' snapped Topsy, who was upset in her friend's confusion. ''E's got no feelin's at all in 'im! 'E 'as n't.'

At this point an expert hostess might have done much to remedy the situation, but over me had swept suddenly that fiercely annihilating wave of Gutter loneliness, and I was floundering helplessly in an outside atmosphere, somewhere far away, behind the shrug and the frown of Gutter-garten.

In another moment Blanchie would have taken on a bet to subdue the persistent merriment of Alf with the cunning of her arts. But loud knocks below announced the arrival of those who were to take her from us to charm another audience.

'It's my dadda! I ain't goin' with 'im!' she protested firmly; and we waited for the usual scene as she tripped away defiantly to greet him with cheerful opposition.

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'It don't suit me to come just now! Shan't dance and sing till I chooses any'ow, even if yer do make me! And if yer 'its me, yer'll only black me eye, or spoil me new dress! Leave me be, I tells yer!'

There was only a very brief discussion over the matter. A man's harsh laugh and a little frightened squeal of pain, and we knew that Blanchie had been reduced to submission.

'Whacky-whack!' said Special Johnny with solemn intelligence; and we heard the catch in the proud little voice that called bravely up the stairs, —

'Toodle-oo, girls, I 'm out of this scene!'

With the Art Nursling's departure had evaporated every faint ray of sunshine and hopeful suggestion from the gloomy atmosphere of that table where I was a stranger among my own guests.

'Ain't 'er come over red in the mug!' remarked Johnny clumsily as his observant eyes fell before the frowning gaze of Lizzie. It was always the part of Special Johnny to pounce upon the psychological moment, and hasten the crisis in any complication of Gutter affairs. Once again in the long history of our correspondence he had come to the rescue. For Lizzie's sulking fit broke into a hot burst of passion and drove her out wrathfully from us.

Topsy rose in dignity to hasten to her aid with consolation, while the bitter cloud of Gutter loneliness lifted slowly, and the warm heart of Gutter-garten smiled out at me in sympathy once more, between the nervous excitement of Alf's hysterics and the healthy greed of Special Johnny's insatiable appetite, as he made a careful tour of the neglected plates, and gathered up with a patient sticky finger every unappreciated luxury.

'Serve 'er glad,' he declared, amid the difficulties of an over-crowded mouth; 'next time there's a party, there won't be no party, little Johnny come by 'isself. 'Er ain't got no call to show off all those hairs afore company!'

But it was a useful lesson, without which the educational system of Gutter-garten would have been quite incomplete. For never since have I lightly undertaken the perilous function of a Gutter hostess, and I am never likely to forget the awful significance, the freezing horror, of the Frown of Gutter-garten.

There are some mornings when Gutter-garten gets up in a bad temper, and gives no reason at all for the phenomenon of its gray and sullen face. Yesterday, perhaps, the Gutter Parson on his long round of sick calls may have been greeted deferentially, and with most amazing cheerfulness, by every visible member of his straying flock.

'Mornin', uncle,' squealed the factory girls, with merry courtesy; the old women blessed him with profound devotion, and the Gutter-babies called loudly to one another of his arrival among them, and swarmed round him in a little body-guard till he reached his destination.

'What number did yer say, mister? Twenty-two? 'Ere 't is, two knocks and a walk in. 'Er died this mornin', father. She's a beautiful corpse.'

And then they waited for him till his ghastly visit was ended, and he was ready to be escorted somewhere else.

But to-morrow, perhaps, it may be very different. The strings of factory girls will only stare rudely, and collapse in hysterical amusement after he has passed.

'Good morning! — A fine day!' he will remark to the very same weary old women as they stare drearily out of their tired eyes at him without pleasure, and without welcome.

''Ere's father!' the Gutter-babies will soon herald him, but with a curious

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subtle note of malice and distrust in their shrill threatening voices. And it will be quite representative of the extraordinary attitude of this new phase of Gutter-garten if Special Johnny suddenly springs up in the way with his little fists menacingly doubled, saying, —

'I'll knock the bleedin' 'ead off of you!'

I have been a long time among the Gutter-dwellers, and I have seen Guttergarten turn its face from me many times, but I have never been told the reason of this change of heart, or known why such a bitterness of punishment was inflicted upon me.

THE ELDER LIZZIE

'Scabby 'ead, yer lousy!'

'I ain't. — Lousy yerself.'

'Git out of it!'

'I'll gob in yer eye — take that!'

Over the way, in the asphalt court of the Gutter-castle, two of the little wild people were quarreling on the new green seats which the London County Council has this summer generously placed at their disposal.

I was in time to see Blanchie carry out her unpleasant threat very efficaciously. But I had by this time suffered some sharp experiences in the rearing of Gutter-babies, and this one should know what was best for herself. I did not, therefore, interfere in their little differences. It was certainly not my fault that Blanchie had left off her stockings temporarily, and was wearing a rusty jersey over her scrappy petticoats. The pose of her slim bare ankles, and the naughty mischief in her face, veiled under a web of tangled black hair, innocent just now of curls and ribbons, was still oddly suggestive of the music halls. And yet one felt that the Art Angel might have wisely withdrawn into his heaven while the Nursling was in the safe keeping of Special Johnny.

She had been minding the Elder Lizzie's baby for a penny this afternoon, and during the whole of that fierce dialogue had held it clasped tenderly in her thin arms against her narrow, childish bosom, and hushed its bitter weeping with frequent pseudo-maternal caresses. The Elder Lizzie was exceptionally busy. It was her turn in the wash-house, and now and then I caught a glimpse of her worried figure flitting through the yard, often loaded with the eccentric fuel of rotten boots and miscellaneous débris with which she kept the copper at boiling-point, and filled the air of Gutter-garten with suffocating odors.

A thunder-storm was riding up over the darkened sky. There had always been trouble in the air when the Elder Lizzie washed. It was, indeed, a part of the tragedy of her life that she never had a day for drying. She was talking about it even now, in that saddened and yet aggressive voice which had so often and so insistently told us the weary story of a Gutter-mother's grief.

There was much matter for gossip to-day, too. It was holiday-time, and there had been quite a small commotion round the Gutter-castle over the removal of Teddie to the fever hospital. Teddie had not behaved very well himself, and there had been some difficulty in persuading him to go quietly.

He did n't feel the fever; and the sore throat, he told us, would not be near so bad if he could stay at home. Blanchie's heart had been wrung by the scene, and for many days after, she clung to the painfully exciting memory of it, and hugged her woe as only a Gutter-woman-baby can.

But at the time she had been able to comfort the afflicted Teddie upon his outward-bound journey. She had raced up the street after the departing

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hero, and screamed into his hungering ears the last cheering message of the Gutter: 'They sends yer 'ome ter peel now!'

This morning as the Gutter Parson came back this way from mass, a swarm of Gutter-babies hailed the appearance of his tall black figure among them with ecstasy. The long string of the laundry girls called merrily to him over their pert shoulders, 'Mornin', uncle!' Johnny wheeled his wooden box-cart over his toes without any apologies, and Blanchie was clinging to his hand in precocious flirtation.

Yet it was here, in the very heart of us, that the Gutter Parson was really most himself. He stood there amongst us, in every thought and fibre of him so infinitely removed from the earth-bound game of Gutter-garten, as it rolled below his feet. We were crude and vulgar and primitive, we were stubborn and strangely-disobedient children. We hugged the anti-Christ in the immoral secret of our homes, and our playground was the haunt of devils, and yet he knew that, pagans as we were, within the sympathy and influence of his consecrated personality we were really his to charm, his to be called out one by one, and acknowledged individually, as our human need of him arose.

He might, of course, have chosen a very different career. And yet I do not believe, in spite of our singular want of recognition, that his deepest gifts were really ever wasted here, or thrown away upon the children of the Gutter, as they played with their mud-pies far below the shadow of his lofty ideals. We should have missed something if he had been less of a visionary. We should most certainly have known if he had been a little less of a man.

And this morning, as he played a little while in the sunshine of Gutter-garten, out of the Gutter-castle had come to him suddenly, with his ashen face covered in trembling hands, a dreadful child of the Gutter with a shadow on his brow.

It was the boy-husband who had occupied the next-door flat to the Lizzies. He had had a small disturbance with his wife the night before, and he had only given her one under the chin to go on with, for cheeking him about his slack work. He had never been able to stop her jaw when she once started, but this time she did not answer back. She would never answer back any more. And yet he knew that that white and ghastly head that he had silenced would chatter to him in his prison cell, would mouth and grimace at him in the supreme moment of disgrace, and go down laughing with him into hell itself.

They fetched him away in the afternoon, and he made only a very poor fight of it. In a corner of the deserted home which had been so abruptly broken up a baby cried for him. In the street, Gutter-garten booed and spat its contempt after him. But the murderer's hand still tingled with a friendly grip, and he knew that the Gutter Parson would come to him.

All this had happened, and yet the Elder Lizzie was still fully occupied in her own narrow round of self, and its small and confined activities. She was still able to concentrate all the energies of her petty, domesticated intellect upon that threatening storm as it hovered in ill-omened menace over her day's labor.

It was not the fault, but the great misfortune, indeed, it was the whole tragedy of the Elder Lizzie that Gutter-garten was a desert that would not blossom for her.

The thunder was driving Blanchie in to tea, and I could see that she was intending to offer hospitality to the baby and to Johnny also.

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'Come in,' I could hear her saying, 'and we'll play mothers and fathers with the baby.'

We had tea, and Blanchie presided over the feast, cutting huge slices for Johnny and nursing the Elder Lizzie's baby. Afterwards they carried out their plan, and played 'fathers and mothers' in a little furnished room which they had made for themselves under the table. Blanchie washed pocket-handkerchiefs, and the baby cried a good deal, and Johnny went out to look for work and came back again without any luck.

'We'll 'ave a row next,' suggested Blanchie. 'Miss, 'old the byby; we're goin' to 'ave a lovely row.'

They had their row. Johnny went under the table and began to break up the home, flinging bits of the furniture out of the little windows, which had been carefully arranged in brown paper, and tastefully decorated with muslin curtains by Blanchie's domesticated genius. Johnny's language, while he faithfully executed his part of the play, was too realistic to be recorded here.

Meanwhile Blanchie walked up and down outside wringing her hands.

'O, Johnny, do be quiet!' she wailed. 'Oh, just 'ark to 'im! There won't be a stick left!'

In the middle of the tragic scene the Elder Lizzie arrived, and demanded her baby.

'We can't play fathers and mothers without a baby,' said Blanchie. 'Can't yer leave 'im a bit longer? I won't charge yer nothink hextra.'

It was just what one might have expected of Lizzie, that she should not understand in the least why they could not go on with their 'bleedin' nonsense without her baby.'

No wonder that the Elder Lizzie had never been a happy woman. I began dimly to guess at the secret tragedy of that lonely heart. Blanchie was inclined to take the abrupt interference in her domestic play quite seriously, but Johnny was ready with other suggestions.

'Never mind! Let's 'ave a trunk murder,' he ventured. 'And I'll be the little 'ound wot smelled out yer corpse!'

As I left them so, — fully absorbed in the intense seriousness of their play, — I found myself wondering sadly how long it would be before they, too, would lose, in the deadening reality of Gutter domesticity, the capacity to think and care.

THE STARVER

Behind the top windows of the Gutter-castle the wreck of the Elder Lizzie's little home had begun.

'Oh, my Gordon!' shrieked Johnny suddenly. ''Ere, miss, come and look at this horful show-up!'

The Elder Lizzie was being unceremoniously dragged out of the Blue Star, through a gaping and astonished crowd.

'Yer bleedin' starver!' she defended herself. 'You ought to 'ave a wife, you ought! Oos money do I treat meself with? Oo keeps your 'ome for you, tell me that, I say, yer bleedin' starver!'

He did not tell her, but he hit her mouth to stop the flow of abuse, and she gave him a black eye.

And that was the beginning of the collapse of the Elder Lizzie's patience. For this crisis she had worked so bravely day and night at the laundry, and dragged the children's earnings from them to keep his home safe, while he hung about Gutter-garten with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth. She had often wondered how he had got the money for his tobacco. It did not come from her — not much!

As she hurried homeward now with her little ones clinging to her skirt in

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frightened sympathy, the heart of the Elder Lizzie was filled with bitterness and hatred. She sat down in the grandmother's empty chair, struggling to command her dizzy senses, and wiping the blood from her wounded face. He was her man, and she had kept him all these years; she did not turn against him because he had hit her. She liked a man of spirit; but now he had shown he was a man, he should keep himself.

Of course she knew he had a fancy for her not to gossip in the Blue Star with Topsy's mother, and he had said if he caught them at it, he would knock their two heads together until he had split every ounce of brain in each of them.

It was her being out at tea-time that had done it. A man wants his tea when he comes in, and it ought to be ready for him even if he has only been walking round the houses with his pipe, while mother has been sweated out at the wash-house all the afternoon. But this was the last of it. He had gone out; when he came back he should have a surprise. She remembered with a mocking smile that it was his birthday on Monday. Well, she did not suppose she would ever remember his birthday again, but this once she would give him another surprise to mark the day. She would send him a summons for his birthday. But there was a great deal to do. It was no time for sitting in the grandmother's chair and nursing her troubles. The children must help her. She flung up the window and shouted for Teddie.

'Come in at once, yer wicked boy, or I'll knock yer 'ead off. Yer won't want to run the streets to-morrow, I s'pose, when yer've got no 'ome!'

And then began the destruction of the Elder Lizzie's home. There was not a great deal of it to break up, much less than there used to be.

It had been a hard winter, very hard indeed, inside the Gutter-castle. They made you pay your rent there, and if there was no money coming, one had to make it on the home. Most of the bits went to the pawn-shop on a borrowed barrow now, and the rest was soon disposed of in other ways.

Johnny and Teddie rather enjoyed the proceedings; every Gutter-baby loves moving day, and neither of them had the least idea that they were taking part in the tragedy of the Elder Lizzie.

At last everything was done. The little home behind the top windows of the Gutter-castle had been utterly devastated. The cold bare rooms, with their blackened ceilings and untidy walls, were forlornly suggestive of desertion. They might have said many things to the wild misery of Lizzie's heart, if she had cared. In that corner she had rocked her first baby, and talked of love. Here she had washed and mended and scolded and suffered for the twenty years of her married life. Storms had swept over the little home she had defended so bravely, but they had passed as suddenly as they came. But now the sun would shine no more there.

This was the tragedy of Lizzie, that she had lost her home. And now she must go before he came back. He would kill her if he found her there, and she must get her summons out first. Down the stairs she came, and the children must not follow.

'I'm goin' away to the sea-side,' she told them. She had lied to her own Gutter-babies.

'Could she be a woman!' Johnny sneered, when it was all over.

Lizzie went out from the Gutter-castle, but she did not go far. She must be where she could carry out her poor little vicious plans. She must be, too, where she could see her own little

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ones crying for bread and running the streets barefoot.

The Elder Lizzie must be mad!

She went to a furnished room in the next street and hid herself there. The family of the Elder Lizzie did not suffer any serious privation after all. Perhaps she had known they would be all right. Topsy's mother took in the little boys and the new baby, and Lizzie went to the free shelter for a night or two till things came straight again. Billy found a shake-down for himself with a pal, and Teddie persuaded Johnny to befriend him.

Only the Starver sat alone among the shadows in his empty home, and wondered what the devil was the matter.

Presently he, too, went out to find his mates in the Blue Star.

The birthday came, and Lizzie got her summons out, but it did not surprise the Starver.

Nobody could find the Starver; he had disappeared; the bare rooms in the top of the Gutter-castle were as empty as when the Elder Lizzie had left them. Everybody wanted to know what the devil had become of the Starver. But only the devil knew.

At last some one volunteered to tell Lizzie of the Starver's disappearance. Lizzie was disappointed. After all, her little birthday surprise had been a failure. But she would find him; she would hunt him to the end of the earth; she would drag the canals, and dive into the deep places of Gutter-garten for the missing body of the Starver.

But she knew where he was. He had got pinched on Saturday night in his cups, and this time there had been no Elder Lizzie to bail him out. But upon investigation Lizzie's theory collapsed. The Starver was not in the lock-up.

The Elder Lizzie went on going to the laundry and paying for her furnished room, while other people minded the Starver's children for her, and we all lived breathlessly under the shadow of this tremendous mystery. But at last the end came.

It was the Saturday after the disappearance of the Starver. He had been away a week, when Johnny bounced in in a state of wild excitement.

'I've seed 'im!' he screamed. 'I'll take me dyin' oath on it!'

The Starver had come home at last. He carried a bag of tools with him, and he was up there in the Gutter-castle, collecting his scattered family. Lizzie stood out in Gutter-garten and watched the gathering of the home circle. Could the Starver really have found work? Of course she had never meant to take the matter to court. It was only her little birthday surprise for him. Would he ask her to come back? She wondered! She knew what a lot of washing there must be by this time. Why, his poor socks must be fair walked through if he had been on tramp. Presently the window flew up, and the Starver looked out. He seemed to look very peeky, she thought, but there! work had never agreed with him.

'Liz,' he said, 'ain't yer comin' up?'

He must be clean daft to think she would go back to him like that. If he went down on his hands and knees he could n't expect more.

'Tom,' she said, 'I never meant to take that to court, but you've seen the last of me. Mind you're good to the kids, Tom, when I'm gone, and don't forget to give Nannie 'er cough mixture. Maybe you'll find me in the canal, but there's plenty of chaps 'ud be glad to 'ave me work for 'em as I've worked for you, and the children knows as 'ow I 'ave.'

The Starver's face, as it hung out of the window, became troubled.

'Ain't yer comin' up, Liz?' he persisted gently.

'Me comin' up, Tom? Not me. I

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can't do it no more, Tom. I'm fair broke, I am, Tom. If yer went down on yer bended knees yer could n't ask no more!'

For the whole afternoon it seemed as if this dialogue would continue. But I was not anxious about Lizzie. I knew that curiosity and wounded pride would certainly carry the day, and land her safely once again in the bosom of her abandoned family.

That the Starver should have found work after all these years was an unfathomable mystery; that the Starver should have become independent was the sting of cruelty.

'Ain't yer comin' up, Liz?' went on the gruff voice, kindly.

'Wots 'ome without a mother?' suggested Johnny at her elbow.

'Yer don't want yer wife now yer can keep yerself, I s' pose? 'Ow did yer find work?'

'I ain't found no work, Liz! Oo says I got any work?'

'Why, wot you got in yer bloody bag, then? Ain't they tools in there?'

'They ain't no tools, Liz. I've been down in the country, along of my mother, wot I ain't seen this ten year. Tramped it all the way, I did, and I brought back a few apples for the kids. Ain't yer comin' up, Liz?'

The Elder Lizzie mounted the stairs of the Gutter-castle with a bursting heart and brimming eyes.

'I've got me week's money for the dinner to-morrer, Tom,' she said.

And then began the laborious collection of the new home of the Lizzies.

MAD MARY

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

Dusk came out of the wood and found the croft where I lay.
Lips as bright as the morning and eyes like the stars of night,
I dreamed of the morn of the morrow and midnight's dark delight.
Dusk covered my heart, all with her sleeve of gray.

Dusk covered my lips: O morning veiled alway!
Dusk dimmed mine eyes: now one are noon and night.
Dusk entered my dream and dulled my dear delight.
Dusk in my heart, dusk for my hope, over the hills I stray.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

IV

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

HAVING made up my mind to leave South Africa, it did n't take me long to get under way. The situation at the time, political and otherwise, was not very promising. With outspoken sympathy for Boers and Kaffirs, my prospects were anything but bright. In most of the towns, British sentiment was very aggressive, and personal encounters between Uitlanders and Africanders were of daily occurrence. As a matter-of-fact, there was nearly as much danger in leaving the country as there was in remaining and facing the music. But having made up my mind, I selected the easiest route and that was by way of the Diamond Fields. On a former visit to these fields I had got a glimpse of their interesting activities, and I was anxious to widen the experience. So I made my plans to travel from Pretoria to Kimberley, and thence to the Cape.

Just before leaving Pretoria, however, I met a prospector by the name of James. He was one of those enthusiastic individuals who never take no for an answer, or defeat for an end. He had been one of the first on the ground at the Pilgrims Rest Gold Fields, and when speculation grew tame in that quarter, he turned his attention to Rustenburg and to the district now known as the Rand.

When I met James in Pretoria the future of the Rand, with commerce and railroads and Johannesburg and billions of gold in the mountains, was already clearly mapped out in his prophetic yet practical imagination. In fact, he had the samples of quartz in his saddle-bags at the time, and he was quietly trying to raise the funds wherewith to purchase a few farms in the district, upon which his faith in the Transvaal and his hopes for his own future were pinned. His enthusiasm was contagious. His was the inspiration derived from a certainty. I was sorely tempted to embark, in a small way, in his venture. Indeed, I actually put off my departure for a day or two, hesitating.

But James could n't wait for me or anybody else. The gold fever was already in the air, the price of farms in the promising districts was on the jump, and altogether the situation was vastly different from the days at the end of the Burgers' administration, when a farm of six thousand acres was actually exchanged for two bottles of Hennessey's 'three star' brandy.

But mental and political considerations were more potent than the glitter of gold dust or the dreams of riches. So, finally, I purchased a passage on the Kimberley coach and made my exit from the Transvaal.

The Diamond Fields at the time of

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my last visit was without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting spots on the face of the earth. Their desolate, sun-baked surroundings, the diamond-crazed faces of the inhabitants, the absolute fury of the social and business conditions, and above all, that awful 'pit' with its hive of toiling humanity in the bowels of the earth, are never-to-be-forgotten features of my African experience. If I were not positive, however, that these scenes and conditions made such a lasting impression on my mind as to influence, in some degree, the current of my human philosophy, I should now dismiss the diamond fields without further comment. But the impressions were lasting, and the pictures that remain in my mind are most interesting. In passing, then, let me take a final glance at the strange panorama.

Kimberley was not then the city of to-day. The pit itself was its principal and its unforgettable feature. Forever widening and deepening, it was constantly forcing the houses away and back from its edges. Everywhere on these edges, shanties and bar-rooms and brokers' offices were literally hanging. Farther back there were streets, hotels by the dozen, and a wide market-place. Scattered in tents, wagons, and houses on the surrounding plain were thousands of white men, thousands of Kaffirs, and here and there a woman. Over the town itself, during the day-time, there was a dazzling glare from a sea of white iron roofs. The pit itself, as far down as the eye could penetrate, was a labyrinth of steel wires and flying buckets, forever hoisting, darting hither and thither, and emptying their precious loads of slimy blue clay. Everywhere on the enormous wings and ends of the pit, terraces rose above terraces, all of them lined with puffing engines, and swarming with human dots.

At the time of my last visit to these diamond fields the community was divided into two hostile camps, consisting of legitimate and illegitimate brokers. The former had offices and a license, the latter scorned expense and control of any kind, and had dealings directly, and on the quiet, with the Kaffirs in the pit. The Kaffir laborers were just then beginning to understand the opportunities connected with their employment, and scores of valuable stones were finding their way into the market and giving no end of trouble to the legitimate dealers. When a Kaffir was caught at the game he received an unmerciful thrashing from the vigilance committee, and occasionally was strung up on a lamp-post, for there were no trees in the vicinity. But the thrashed Kaffir went home to his Kraal and thought it all over; he inevitably returned with all sorts of ingenious devices for concealing the gems on his naked person, which he perforated with holes and tunnels, and in his stomach, which he manipulated in various ways at will. Finally, in course of time, the mine itself was surrounded by a high fence and a rigid system of examination was instituted by the authorities. Its principal features were emetics, tapping the bodies to locate the cavities, and hanging by the neck; but at the time I left the fields this naked Kaffir thief was still the unsolved problem.

I took passage for Cape Town on the 'Royal Mail' cart. It was then known as the 'Diamond Express.' The fare was double that charged on the ordinary diligence. The equipment was a small two-wheeled cart, four horses or mules, a Hottentot driver, the mail-bags, and a single passenger. The stages were about two hours, 'on horseback,' apart, and the pace was a break-neck gallop, night and day, four hundred miles, from Kimberley to Beaufort, — the latter was then the terminus of the railroad, — and thence to Cape Town.

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In this way, then, without further adventure, I took my departure from South Africa.

II

In looking back I always find that the days spent in South Africa are among the most useful and personally interesting of my career. Just at the time when my intellectual and religious development was being subjected to tests, on the outcome of which to quite an extent the direction of my activities for the future was dependent, a sort of physical appeal to my manhood, and to my human sympathies, was experienced. It is quite clear to me now that a healthy and vigorous body and an adventurous spirit, such as I acquired in South Africa, were among the essential characteristics that later on enabled and encouraged me to go to work on wider problems than were to be found in the surroundings and routine of a switch-tower.

The voyage from Cape Town, South Africa, to Boston, Massachusetts, was uneventful; and there was not an incident connected with it, or a personage met on the way, that calls for attention.

I arrived in Boston in the month of May, 1881. So far as my acquaintance with a single inhabitant of the United States was concerned, I might just as well have dropped down from the moon. I was almost as ignorant of the geography of the country as was Columbus at the time he was trying to figure out the location of the continent in the western hemisphere. My personal interest in the country dates from my conversation with 'Bull Run' Russell; and backed by a roving disposition, and a mind that was just beginning to develop its world-interest, I came over to America to investigate. My people in different parts of the world had already given me up as an irreclaimable wanderer.

Following along the lines of my special interest then, I began by spending some time wandering about the streets of the city of Boston, studying manners, conditions, and people. I had a little money in my pocket, and I was in no particular hurry to make myself known or to settle down at a fixed occupation. I visited churches, factories, stores, theatres, dance-halls, and the slums. To a certain extent, under different conditions, I had behaved in a similar manner in South America and Africa; but my points of view had been changing and, when I arrived in Boston I was no longer a boy, trying to protect myself from society and social temptations, but a man of considerable experience, with a more or less definite purpose.

My personal appearance at the time was a little out of the ordinary. I wore a corduroy coat with a belt, very negligée shirts, and on my wrists were a number of copper rings or Kaffir bangles, popularly worn by white people of those days in many parts of South Africa. But, to my mind, I was by no means as picturesque as the average Bostonian of the period. For one thing, the coat of the day was ridiculously short, and the significant feature of the male countenance was the popular 'mutton-chop' patch on the cheeks, which hitherto I had always associated with the box-seat of a carriage.

Still more astonishing was the costume of the women: hideous 'barber-pole' skirts, which gave an up-and-down appearance to the faces, were supplemented by greasy-looking curls or ringlets patched indiscriminately on the forehead and occasionally on the back of the neck. Added to this was the huge, yet in some way jaunty, projection or bustle that brought up the rear of this typical female ensemble of the early eighties.

Turning from people to conditions,

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however, the situation at the time appeared to be something of a paradox. Taking into account the manifest energy and resourcefulness of the people, it was difficult to account for the unsatisfactory social conditions that existed, it would seem, almost unobserved. Beggars were numerous, side streets were filthy, in some districts loafers and drunkards on the sidewalks seemed to constitute a majority of the people in sight, while on some of the streets the soliciting heads of women at windows could be noticed in rows, and counted by the dozen. This state of affairs elicited but little comment in newspapers or otherwise, and I myself, like the community at large, looked upon it all as more or less inevitable.

But when I turned from this social and economic survey of the mental and personal activities of the average New Englander of those days, a remarkable state of affairs, in which I was intensely interested, was unfolded. Society at the time, from top to bottom, was absorbingly interested in personal culture and development of every description. In the year 1881, self-culture was the supreme topic in the public mind, much as is social and industrial betterment at the present day.

Notable among the teachers of this personal religion were Phillips Brooks, and William H. Baldwin of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. There were many others, but I was particularly impressed by the wide human sympathy that permeated the individualistic doctrines of these men. It was through Mr. Baldwin that I was able to come in contact with people who were actively engaged in spreading the propaganda of personal development and personal responsibility so congenial to me.

After a month or two spent in circumspection of this kind in and around the city of Boston, I began to think about securing some kind of employment. Very naturally I turned my attention to the telegraph business with which, already, I was more or less conversant. After some preliminary breaking-in, I secured a temporary position at Hancock, New Hampshire, and then a permanent one as a telegraph operator in a railroad office at East Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Thus my personal venture on the sea of American social life and industry was made. Intellectually, my equipment at the time was very crude. Religiously, so far as affiliations were concerned, I was in a sort of personal dreamland, in which, I confess, I am still thankfully and joyously floundering. In the distance the problems of American life were beginning to take form on the horizon, and there was no mistaking the nature of the rudder with which I was preparing to navigate into the beckoning future.

Shakespeare has divided the itinerary of imaginary human pilgrims into a number of characteristic stages. He takes 'the whining school-boy,' and conducts him through a series of adventures from stage to stage, until, finally, in old age, tottering in limbs and faculties, with 'shrunk shank' and 'childish treble,' he ends his strange eventful history in mere oblivion.

But the thinking man on the upward climb, pausing at intervals and looking backward, has or should have a much more vital and interesting experience to chronicle than is contained in Shakespeare's theatrical conception. On the whole, either in tendency or emphatically, the man has been one of two things — either his associations, and the inner impulse coming down from the inscrutable past, have been carrying him along and directing his movements this way or that, or, on the other hand, his will in great and small, consciously and persistently, has been

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hewing a personal trail through a forest of difficulties. With individual progress of the latter description my story has now to deal.

III

From the standpoint of conditions on railroads at the present day, the buildings and equipment at East Deerfield at the time of my first appearance on the scene were decidedly primitive. The principal structure was a long pier-like shed, erected on piles, on one end of which my headquarters, the telegraph office, was poised at an ever-shifting angle, according to the weather and the moisture, or lack of it, in the ground. In the rear of the office there was a long wooden building with facilities for the transfer of freight. Again, close at hand, there was an engine-house, a coal-elevator, a building used for the storage of flour, and an extensive freight yard. The buildings and facilities, however, were not much ahead of the methods that were employed in taking care of the property that was being hauled over the railroad.

Shortly after my arrival I noticed in one of the sheds several pieces of merchandise for which owners were wanted. The marks on these packages were very indistinct. Some one had been guessing at the consignees' names and addresses, and the stuff was at East Deerfield to be guessed at again, and forwarded accordingly. But in pursuit of articles of this description, as I found out later, there inevitably came along, sooner or later, what was known as a 'tracer.' Sometimes the tracer came ahead of the goods; sometimes the goods came ahead of the tracer. In any case, the two items were forever in pursuit of each other, and, besides, there was a specially employed railroad official, who did nothing but travel from place to place in a desperate endeavor to make the fugitives connect. In one instance a bale of cotton, indistinctly marked, made tours of the United States in this way, and on the second year of its pilgrimage the tracer that was hunting for it was as bulky as any history of the country for the same period.

But my life and surroundings at East Deerfield can be better illustrated by a glance at my companions and fellow workers. From these men I derived my first ideas of Americans as individuals, and of some of their characteristics. And more particularly my attention was directed to the type commonly spoken of as the Yankee. To me, at the time, he was a puzzling personality. I was given to understand that he was world-famous as the man with a 'knack.' During the period of my initiation at East Deerfield, three of these typical New Englanders formed almost exclusively the circle of my social and business acquaintanceship.

The first man I will simply refer to as Henry. He was a big fellow in every way, except perhaps in the matter of brains. But in his case this was not much of a drawback. That which in most people would be looked upon as unforgivable 'bluff,' in him was simply an overflow of animal spirits. His conversation, containing neither rhyme nor reason, was always on the rampage. His natural ability was insignificant, but his failures were all turned into pleasantries which became the stepping-stones to continued enterprise in other directions. His happy-go-lucky disposition dispensed with formalities and made light of impediments, and as a result, in course of time, while I and others were at a standstill, Henry bounded from one lucrative situation to another, until finally he settled down as mayor of a city in Connecticut. From this man I got my first idea of Yankee push and assurance.

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The word type is frequently misunderstood and misapplied. Henry, for instance, was not a typical Yankee. He was a variation from the type, and a very forcible embodiment of one or two Yankee characteristics.

My second companion at East Deerfield I will call Jake. I cannot say that his occupation at East Deerfield could be taken as an index to his character, but it is somewhat difficult to think of them apart. He had charge of the flour-house at the back of the freight yards. He was working for one of the wealthiest and best-known business combinations in the country.

One evening Jake received a telegram instructing him to send three shipments of flour of different quality or brand to three widely separated points in New England. He happened to be in a hurry that evening, so he asked me to help him in rolling the barrels from the house into the car. Jake began operations with the matter-of-fact statement, 'I have n't got a single barrel of the brands that are called for, but just watch me make them.' So he went to work and gave me a demonstration of how quality can be imparted to flour, and stamped on a barrel in the form of a brand, in a very few minutes, with the aid of a scraper, a little paint, and a stencil.

Jake was a business variation from the original Yankee stem. Of course, the instance I have given is only an illustration of a practice that was followed in that flour-house year in and year out.

But the genuine fully equipped and right-minded Yankee at East Deerfield, was the station agent, Mr. F. A. Field. From the day of my arrival, without interruption, until I left the place, I was attached to him in a close social and business relationship. Under his friendly tutelage, I soon acquired a fairly comprehensive insight into social and industrial conditions in America. In age, Mr. Field was my senior by four or five years. So far as knowledge of human nature and human society was concerned, he was also far and away my superior. Furthermore, at the telegraph key, in directing the movement of trains and the activities of men, in fact, in all the important and intricate duties of a railroad yard-master, I have never since met his equal. For the rest, he was a widely informed man, shrewd, honest, tenacious of his opinions, and interested in the world to an absorbing degree. His general vitality can be understood from one of his favorite remarks: 'I can never allow myself to grow old.'

But to my mind, the outstanding feature of his character was his social and economic enthusiasm. Backed by columns of facts and figures, he studied the signs of the times, and applied his own sympathetic brand of social philosophy to their interpretation. He was particularly interested in my educational ideas and programme, and the benefit I derived from his companionship was inestimable.

In regard to the recognition of personal merit, and the preservation of individual initiative in human society, Mr. Field and I were of one mind, but I remember distinctly we took different sides on the subject of favoritism in the railroad service. I insisted that, as a rule, the energetic, capable man was selected, regardless of friendships, and so forth; he contended that the exceptions to the rule were intolerable. It was plain to us both that the manager was to blame; but, alas, the manager himself was sometimes appointed in the same way.

But Field's philosophical circumspection was not confined to the railroad service. He considered his country from one end to the other, with its boundless acreage and resources, and when he

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thought of the lamentable lack of food, clothing, and decent housing conditions among the masses, he refused to be comforted. So the remedy and the reform were forever the topics of his conversation. In course of time, one after another, the popular panaceas, such as the single tax, populism, and free silver, came up for discussion. In connection with them all, in their time, Mr. Field could plainly discern the signs of social salvation on the horizon. I, on the other hand, anticipated the awakening of the social conscience, and I believed in the gradual and natural evolution of the existing order of things.

At any rate, this was the school at East Deerfield in which my individualistic opinions first came in contact with the practical problems of life.

Mr. Field's home was on a farm, situated on the Connecticut River, near Montague, Massachusetts. Here, for a number of years, I was privileged to consider myself as one of the family. From the social and literary points of view, a more delightful environment could not be imagined. Our discussions, which to me were so vitally interesting, were frequently started in the office at East Deerfield, continued along the railroad tracks on the way home, and taken up again after supper, amid a circle of interested listeners.

IV

The story of my intellectual development in the school of discussion, with Frank Field as interpreter, of American life and conditions has overlapped my business experience in the telegraph office. Turning now to this side of my personal progress, my most vivid impression of American railroad life in those days was produced by man's inhumanity to man. Neither the social conscience of the community, nor the personal conscience of the employee, paid any attention to the sacrifice of life on the railroads that the nation was paying to the blind spirit of industrial progress. In the business itself this lamentable state of affairs was basic, and its effect was far-reaching. For example, in some of the departments it was considered nothing less than a crime to be a beginner. The green brakeman and the green telegraph operator were the most conspicuous victims of this understanding. Only those who have run the gauntlet of this experience can have any idea of its bitterness. Without preliminary instructions of any kind, a man was assigned to a freight train; in three cases out of five the next thing for the railroad to do was to bury him. It was the link and pin, the overhead bridge, or the stealthy freight-car on a flying switch, that closed the accounts.

I was in at the death in a hundred such cases, and, although blood was as red and hearts were as warm then as to-day, there seemed to be no power on earth, or incentive in the human mind, to move people to action in the matter. As with the mind of a child, I suppose, so with that of a nation; civilized ideas have a fixed order of development and decay. Social sympathy is the last born of social conceptions. In the early eighties evidence of social responsibility, in the slaughter on railroads, was confined to the sign on the crossing, 'Look out for the engine!'

From the fact that my mind was neither obscured by traditions nor influenced by commercialism, the situation on the railroads in those days was more incomprehensible to me than the deplorable social conditions in South America. In discussion with Mr. Field the accident was one of our standard topics, and every word I have written on the matter since owes its vitality to the vivid impressions I received in those first years at East Deerfield.

The railroad itself in those days, and

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particularly the train service, was looked upon by the public as a semi-disreputable business. New England parents, for example, never thought of mapping out a future for their boys in any department of railroad life. The consensus of opinion on the subject was by no means unreasonable, for the train and yard crews, especially, were recruited, generally speaking, from the floating army of misfits and breakdowns to be found at all times in every community. The average railroad telegrapher, that is the veteran, was emphatically a suspect of this description.

But the recruiting of the telegraph service was conducted in a field by itself. Generally speaking, if a telegraph operator held on to his job for two or three months, he was considered unusually reliable. Consequently, with so much shifting and discharging of men on every railroad in the country, beginners were always in demand. Almost without exception, these beginners were drawn from respectable homes in the country. In most instances, however, these boys and girls drifted to the railroad as students, against the wishes of parents. After a short period of training, they were placed in charge of offices at night. Their duties consisted in sending and receiving a variety of orders relating to the movements of trains, and in seeing to it that these orders were clearly understood by the trainmen.

Humanly speaking, these young boys and girls, some of them just out of school, had no more business in these telegraph offices than so many untutored savages. For the railroad business was not then the simplified system of to-day. It was complicated by the use of green, white, red, and blue signals, and by a score of rules and understandings, in the confusion of which the right of way on single track was frequently in doubt, and was sometimes figured out by conductors and others after considerable argument. In the midst of it all, the inexperienced operator sat in the telegraph office, frequently with a trembling heart, handing out train-orders, during the execution of which human lives were at all times hanging in the balance.

It was the green telegraph operator of those days, then, and I was one of them, who, witnessing the slaughter and understanding many of its causes, felt the inhumanity of the whole situation in double degree, and the following was one of the most significant reasons.

In everyday conversation a polite request for the repetition of a word or a remark would occasion no comment whatever; but anything of the kind on the telegraph wires, in those days, in regard to figures or words misunderstood, was nearly always the signal for a 'roast' from the man at the other end of the wire, in which the beginner was treated to a lurid description of his personal and professional short-comings. Students, or 'plugs,' as they are called, frequently succumbed to this treatment and resigned their positions in dismay; and of those who weathered the storm, the majority became more afraid of the hectoring they anticipated than they were of making mistakes, and for this reason fatalities were continually being traced to the door of the nervously-bewildered beginners. The unreasonable behavior of the experienced men was not a matter of design, or temperament: it was simply a habit that a nerve-racking state of affairs seemed to instill into everybody from the superintendent downward; and thus the beginners themselves, when they, in turn, had climbed to positions of responsibility, resorted, without fail, to the same practices.

Personally, I was just thick-skinned enough to worry through this breaking-in period without serious results.

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But it was the first phase of the personal problem in the railroad service to which my attention was directed, and the inspiration for all my subsequent analysis of conditions on American railroads was derived from the vividness of these early impressions.

Just as soon, however, as I became fairly conversant with my duties at East Deerfield, I turned once more to the wider interests of education and personal development, to which I had renewed my allegiance on my arrival in Boston.

V

My sojourn at East Deerfield may be termed aptly the reading period of my life. Once in a while, indeed, I thought about writing down some of my observations, but I was always held in check by the lack of statistics and information outside my immediate surroundings, and above all I felt the pressing need of a more extensive vocabulary. I think it was in my second year at East Deerfield, that I turned to my English dictionary to appease this craving for words. My delight in the occupation can, I think, only be properly appreciated by the student who, in his youth, has wrestled enthusiastically with passages in Homer or Virgil, turning over the leaves of his dictionary, from left to right and from right to left, hundreds of times in an evening, until, utterly exhausted, he has fallen asleep as I have, with head at rest on the open volume.

For two or three years, while at East Deerfield, I carried a small English dictionary in my pocket. I never looked at it, however, except when on railroad journeys, and on long walks which I delighted to take into the surrounding country. In this way, I read the dictionary through word by word, from cover to cover, three or four times, not to mention the more important words, which received special attention and were reinvestigated in larger dictionaries.

Later, however, it became clear to me that stowed away in my mind somewhere there had been, from my schooldays onward, words in plenty, and ideas enough for my purposes. What I really lacked was practice, conversationally and with the pen, in the use of them. Not only was my vocabulary sufficient, but in thinking it over later I discovered and followed to its source the method by which I acquired this vocabulary.

In presenting an argument, stating a case, or pleading a cause, other things being equal, I always attributed my intellectual advantage to the fact that in my youth I had received a thorough drilling in Latin and Greek, while my companions, as a rule, in my line of life, had not. As a simple practical equipment for life's journey, what may be called my classical foundation seems to me now to be worth all the other features of my school education put together.

This reading stage of my life, together with the study of the dictionary for a definite purpose, derived most of its inspiration from the literary circle on the Field farm. My own intellectual enterprise at the time, however, was not to be a fitful dipping into literature: it soon took form as a simple scheme of education. That these kind friends on the Field farm should know more than I did about life and literature was to me an intolerable situation. Every indication of the kind, and I noticed these indications daily, was an additional spur to exertion. And thus, with every topic that was brought up for discussion, or alluded to in those long winter evenings, there came to me the ever-recurring question, 'What do you know about this matter?'

How full of inspiration to me at the

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time were these literary gatherings! How eagerly we used to watch each other for the slightest indication of originality in treatment or matter! It is true, I was abnormally sensitive and enthusiastic at the time. It was always up to me, I thought, to know more than the other fellows; and my ambitions, as I have said, took a definite and practical form. In brief then, what had I, comparatively a youth, fresh from the wilds of Africa, to say, in the company of these new-found American friends, about religion, slavery, philosophy, history, and the march of the human race from the time of the cave-dwellers up to Emerson and Darwin? Here was a definite outline of desired knowledge.

When men were spoken of, what did I know about Plato and Mahomet, Alexander and Charlemagne, Cæsar and Alfred, Shaftesbury and Lincoln? How about the mighty roll of poets and thinkers — Shakespeare and Milton, Gibbon and Plutarch, Scott and Lecky, Darwin and Spencer, Carlyle and Ruskin, Burns and Tennyson? But, above all, what did I know about the great industrial and social problems of the day? All kinds — grand, ridiculous, and menacing — were on the horizon, and all sorts of startling schemes for social betterment were being hatched from day to day. Sooner or later they all came up, in some form or other, in the Field circle, for debate. What then did I know about socialism, the single tax, social democracy, and the labor movement?

One night in the office at East Deerfield, the necessity for a comprehensive course of reading, to take in nearly all of these subjects, dawned upon me. I distinctly remember every detail of that night's work and thought. Being Saturday night and Sunday morning, there was little or nothing on the road. I wrote everything down — the topics, the authors, as many as I could call to mind, and the ideas, so far as my knowledge extended at the time, and somewhat as it is all outlined above. I remember the first passenger train from the West, the 'Albany,' was just whistling into Greenfield when I finished my programme.

With me it is not now a case of recalling with an effort this incident or that experience; every step of my intellectual development at East Deerfield is as well remembered as the exciting details of an African hunting trip. This fact remains then, that I went to work and covered, as thoroughly as I could, the literary ground outlined in the foregoing sketch of my ambitions.

During this period I also paid considerable attention to the works of Shakespeare. To begin with, my delight in his genius was of a religious nature. Although I still read my Bible occasionally, I no longer had the opportunity to attend church services, and in some way Shakespeare seemed to bring my religious instincts and faith into practical contact with people and modern life, to a degree that in my experience had never been reached by the Bible. One of my favorite topics at the time was the religion of Shakespeare as it illuminated human interests from the bottom to the top of the scale. There was no preaching in this religion: it consisted of vivid word-pictures and the impressions I derived from them. I used to call attention to a series of these religious pictures in the ascending order of their importance, somewhat as follows.

I began with the glorification of physical form and expression. For example, I took a certain degree of religious pleasure in the struggle and methods of the brave swimmer beating the surges under him and riding upon their back, as described by Francisco in *The Tem-*

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pest. Then again, that hymn of the horse in 'Venus and Adonis,' ending,

Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back,

seemed to give spiritual sanction to my devotion to animal life. From this lower plane the religion of Shakespeare ascended in terrace above terrace of ethical significance. Coriolanus and all-sacrificing mother-love, the victory of childish pleading over cruelty and brute force in the scene between Arthur and Hubert in *King John;* the 'quality of mercy' passage in *The Merchant of Venice;* the flashlight interpretation of the human conscience, so vividly depicted as a knocking at the gate, in *Macbeth;* these scenes all came home to me as religious lessons applied to the hard-pan of everyday human conditions.

And then again, unmistakable in its usefulness to me at the time, was the chapel scene in *Hamlet,* with its graphic analysis of a soul laid bare on the pillory of repentance. Finally, in all the grandeur of its social and religious interpretation, came the study of *The Tempest.* To my mind, at the time, this play was more than a poet's dream of moral and social regeneration. It pointed to chaos as the inevitable outcome of all government without spiritual guidance and discipline of individuals. Calibans, Stephanos, and scheming political Antonios, are forever and everywhere at war with Prospero and his celestial agencies.

This study of Shakespeare was a three-cornered undertaking carried on between the book in my office, the theatres in Boston, and the Field farm.

During my stay at East Deerfield I worked, for the most part on the night-shift, for something like eight dollars a week. I saved a little money in those days. Once in a while a proposition was made in regard to an increase of salary, but I told the authorities not to bother about it, and they did not. I had plans of my own, and seclusion on that night job with its opportunity for study and thought was absolutely essential. In course of time, however, the night job was abolished, and I was glad to fall heir to the day work at the same place.

But the old office at night had for me a strange fascination. I got into the habit of returning there in the evening for the purpose of reading and listening to the business on the wire. Frequently I remained at my desk until one or two o'clock in the morning. The train-dispatcher soon became accustomed to my presence, and sometimes asked questions about trains. One night he gave an emergency signal and asked me to rush down the yard with my red light. I succeeded in stopping the train, but, returning through the yard in a hurry, I fell into an open culvert, and did not wake up until daylight. When the superintendent heard of it he said he would not forget it, and he kept his word.

But it was just about this time that what is called telegrapher's cramp attacked my right hand, and it then took me several months of constant application to bring my left hand into service and working order. Moreover, after my fall into the culvert, my health began to show signs of long-continued physical and mental strain, so I determined to take a vacation.

I went to Boston and secured an outfit of pillow-sham holders and started out, on foot, to stock the state of New Hampshire with my merchandise. The venture was a great success so far as my health was concerned.

In about three months I returned, and met the superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad on the station platform at Fitchburg. I told him I was ready to return to work. He replied,

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'All right, and you may jump on the first pay car that comes your way: there is something coming to you.' I did so, and drew in a lump sum full pay for every day of my three months' absence.

This superintendent was one of those unforgettable men of the old school, who 'never made a mistake.' One night, while listening to the wire at East Deerfield, I heard him call attention to this fact in unmistakable language. In giving an order to an engine to 'run wild,' a train-dispatcher had forgotten to warn the engineman to 'look out for a snow-plough ahead'; consequently there was a smash-up. The dispatcher told his chief about it on the wire and added, 'We are all liable to mistakes.' The superintendent, a dispatcher himself for twenty years, got hold of the key and told the man what he thought of such philosophy in the railroad business. He concluded the dialogue in this way: 'I never made a mistake in my life and never intend to. Come to Boston in the morning.'

This was the man, Mr. E. A. Smith, from whom I derived all my ideas of duty and efficiency in the railroad service. He retired from active duties a few months ago. Forty-five years or so without a mistake is a pretty good railroad record.

But before leaving East Deerfield, I wish to mention another railroad man to whom, probably without his knowledge, I was very much indebted. He was the civil engineer who was double-tracking the Fitchburg Railroad at the time between Fitchburg and Greenfield. He is still among us somewhere. The first time I saw him he was standing on an abutment of a washed-away bridge over the Millers River, near Erving, I think it was. It was somewhere round midnight. He was watching the effect of the rushing waters on the temporary trestle that had just been constructed. The energy and limitless resource of this man while building the old Fitchburg Railroad made a tremendous impression upon me.

Between Erving and Millers Falls, on what is now the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the right side going west, at or near the place where several turns in the river-bed were cut out, there stands in a vacant space a huge shaft of earth which is pointed out to you by railroad men as 'Turner's Monument.' His real monument, however, was the men he left behind him to continue his personal work and policy in nearly every department of the service. They are, to-day, everywhere distinguished among their fellows.

In course of time this railroad engineer became superintendent of the division. His headquarters were in Fitchburg. He was a stalwart individualist — so it seemed to me at any rate. He believed in personal contact. His own private room in a Fitchburg hotel was the sanctum into which the men whom he sometimes selected, or intended to promote, were invited, usually on a Sunday morning. My turn came for an invitation of this nature. In brief, an interlocking tower had been installed at West Cambridge; for such and such reasons, he requested me to take one of the shifts.

Without any hesitation I accepted the appointment for two or three very good reasons. In the first place, it was to be a change from a twelve- to an eight-hour situation; secondly, it would bring me near Boston, the libraries, the lecture platforms, and the churches; and thirdly, by reason of these shorter hours and the change of location, I expected to be able to devote more time and study to the great social and industrial problems of the day, to which, at this time, I was beginning to direct my attention.

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FRIENDS AGAIN

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

'Of course,' I said, 'friendships improve with age.'

'And common is the common-place, and vacant chaff,' — he answered, giving me one of those challenging looks that I had long both loved and feared.

'Not at all,' I replied, 'for it's not common-placeness but pure necessity that drives us to the repetition of the value of old friendships. The fact is, Henry, if we did n't keep on reminding ourselves of it, it just would n't be true. There's many a friendship that has only age to recommend it, and if we did n't whistle in the dark about it we'd lose it entirely.'

'Now, yours and mine, for instance,' — and Henry edged toward the fire and took up the poker carelessly, which I interpreted, as usual, not as a gesture for defense, but rather one for tribute; for it meant, as always, that he yielded the floor to me. That was one of his ways of keeping our friendship.

'Well, have that part of it your own way, at any rate —'

'Jim,' he interrupted, 'you know there is n't a blessed thing that's new to be said on this old subject. Cicero, and Damon and Pythias, and Emerson and lesser lights have circumnavigated the globe and charted all the seas of that topic. Why under the sun do you want to launch out into it tonight? If you can't be a discoverer in this field, why not contentedly follow these mariners and call it done; one of the delightful topics about which no more problems can arise to trouble us? Friendship, — why, it simply can't be talked about any more, and that's all there is to it.'

But Henry still held the poker, so I knew that he only half-meant what he said. I surmised that I could continue safely.

'Of course,' I went on, 'all you say is true, yet it merely shows the need of further enlightening you; for the only subjects worth talking about are the closed ones, like love, and religion, and forbidden secrets, and — and friendship. Now, friendship is a science. Nothing can add to its basal facts or to its elements, but the combinations are absolutely endless; just as nothing new could possibly add to the fact that you and I are sitting here by the fire, yet the positions and attitudes and changes we might make in our sitting, you there and I here, are endless. You see?'

'Plain enough,' he grunted.

'Well, then, I maintain that friendships are divisible into many kinds. There are the inherited ones, the axiomatic, the evolutionary, the contemporaneous, the incidental, and the prospective or contributory.

'The inherited friendships are those that are usually given to us by our family. We are not to blame for them, nor do we deserve credit for them. Sometimes we may want to shake them off, but good or bad they stick pretty close; and I for one find an increasing value in some friends of the family whom, not so long ago, I placed among the things to be forgotten. They are like the last few apples on an old tree

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that is long past its prime, sweet with long seasoning, and sometimes useful beyond calculation.

'For instance, ten years ago when I cut loose into the Far West, I did n't know a soul in the place. One day I happened to remember an old friend of my people. I had neither part nor lot in his destiny nor he in mine, as I supposed; and I had a sneaking feeling that, as a man far beyond me in years, he would still look on me as a small boy, worthy of nothing except to listen to advice. I had that strange feeling we all have occasionally, that he would n't give me any standing in the universe except on the shoulders of my family. I, as I, would count for nothing with him. But with a sense of duty high in my heart, and duty alone, I went to call on him. I found him outwardly as expected, a withered tree. But for the first time in my life I found out what it is to be received at your own full value of estimation plus the momentum of the family name and history.

'I learned for the first time the pleasure of being taken not only for what I was, but also for the worth of origins and sources hidden even from me. He did n't forget for one minute that I was different from my family, yet neither did he fail to reveal to me the common source of those very differences. Talk about knitting the generations each to each! why, my first evening with that man gave me back more of myself than I had ever hoped to rescue again. And if I inherited him from my family, he in turn restored my family to me along with a large part of myself. I doubt if I shall ever see him again: he's nearly eighty now, and out West; but the letter I had from him last week asked me to tell him the latest news about myself. Do you call that a withered inheritance? I don't.'

'Perhaps he's an exception,' Henry muttered as he looked steadily at the fire.

'No, he is n't. He's simply one of the old atmospheres that we have no right to lose, and can't lose unless we deliberately throw them away. He's as mysterious to me now as the old well-sweep on the farm, or as the path that led down to the spring-house; as web-like and indefinite as the mornings when I used to gather mushrooms for breakfast in the lower lot. There's something silvery about him, as about a shining memory, and I would n't exchange the bestowal of old things he has brought to me for my richest treasure. The family beauty sweeps over me when I think of him, as it never did before I knew him. And after all, I firmly believe one has to see one's family through a friend before one appreciates them, just about as much as the reverse of that process is true. I'm all for inherited friendships anyhow.

'As for axiomatic friendships, — well, they begin along in high-school and prep-school days; perhaps even most of our college friendships are in this class. These are "the fellows," whom we take for granted as friends, no matter how far apart our courses afterward lie. Some of them will look blankly at us if we try for three short minutes to tell them what life has come to mean to us. Some of them will be thinking of stocks and bonds while we are trying to tell them of the high seas of truth and experience. Some of them will go away and declare that we have everything in us but the element of success. And after some of them we in turn can only close our door and say, "Poor fellow." But, after all, they are friends; friends by the right of the group-system that brought us together, and by the power of influences and associations that respond the moment we see each other. Some old motto stood over the gateway we entered to-

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gether, and we remain friends still, although that motto is probably everything that we now hold in common.

'I met one of them in the street the other day and all he had to say was, "Why, are you round here?" It was all he could think of, our nearness to each other as to physical distances. Yet the root of the matter was in his question. It flashed through us both that he could n't even have said that but for the years when the same quadrangle sheltered us as home. We had been at home once together, and now to our surprise we were both "round here," sheltered by the same surroundings, or storm-beaten in them, who knows? That part we did not have time to ask each other.

'I can't see my way to give up even these poor axiomatic friendships. There's a space to them, they are spread over our heads like the sky; and though we don't look up at the sky every moment, it's a comfort to know it's there. Neighbors and people on the same street belong in this axiomatic class, and I'm not so sure but that they are like those whom the Good Samaritan met. They just lie on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem. And it may be that none can tell which of us will be the one lying by the roadside when next we pass each other. If you don't mind, I think I'll hold to my axiomatic friendships a while longer.'

'It's a plausible possibility,' said Henry; which was really a great encouragement to me.

'Well, then,' I went on, 'there are the evolutionary friendships. They are almost the finest of the lot. They are the friends we make because of our progress and development, veritable brands snatched from the burning, as we go on being whirled round in life's crucible, if you'll take the mixed metaphor. We fling out on our own line beyond the inherited and axiomatic people into our own free and frightening field of activity and thought. We feel ourselves growing into something new and strange, and, worse than that, we feel dreadfully lonely. The great wide fire-expanse frightens us; we know our old friends will never recognize us again. Then suddenly we touch a hand that touches ours. The grasp is passed, and we know we are not alone. Some other man from a far corner of the universe responds to the same thoughts that stir us. Some hitherto unknown spirit declares that what we have dreamed he also has dreamed. We strike a common vocabulary. In the midst of unresponsive eyes here are eyes that gleam with our own light. Why, it's like a lamp in a house on a lonesome road at night! In the midst of mere people here is a real person. Our very progress has brought us near to each other. Look at the intellectual stimulus of it! By an entirely different route this man has found to be true the same things we have found to be true. No need now further to prove our uncertain guesses, for here is another who declares that they are not our personal hallucinations, but that in his "differing soul" they have actual validity. This gives us a foundation to stand on. What before was fluid supposition in our minds is now found to be solid human stuff. We have progressed in our own wide sea until we have found another mind.

'That's a great journey to have made. And the value of this evolutionary friendship is that it is our own. No one gave it to us; we reached it and claimed it by our own efforts. No separation is possible here, for this friendship belongs among the things that have evolved, it's a link in the fundamental process of onward growth.

'The joy of this friendship is something no man taketh from us, and while such friends are bound to be few from

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the very nature of the case, nevertheless they are the select ones. They are the appreciation that the universe bestows upon us in flesh and blood, rewards of merit, the survival of the fittest, and all the rest of the glorious crown on those who keep the law of evolution. No matter how far-away they are, they carry with them that mystic sense that we and they traveled differing roads to the same goal.

'As for contemporaneous friendships, well, I would n't like to abandon the kindly touch of those who come and go, yesterday and to-day. These friends are the ones whom we meet largely because we can't help it. Some momentary occasion or business brings us together. We know it will not bind us long or closely, but while it does hold, it is a heat as warm and genial as an April sun. We are friends just because we live in the same day, read the same newspaper, and put the same date on our letter-sheet. These contemporary friends at least remind us of the mutual needs, the common sorrows, the equal pressure of the moment on both of us. We do not partake largely of each other's goods, but we are exalted and subdued by the same risings and fallings of the life of our time. I have a long list of friends to-day which next year I may not have. But, nevertheless, they sustain me as the vital tide of the present sways us together.

'They are somewhat like the people with whom we cross on the same steamer. We shall not long remember them, yet none the less it would have been a dreadful thing to have been the sole passenger on the liner. We've got to learn the worth of these contemporaneous friendships, for they are powerful over us by the very force of numbers. And it's a poor soul who goes the day's march alone when companionship may be had for the asking. The eyes that look for the more enduring friends will suffer no hurt by using the same expression for those who pass their way on the common highroad.

'Then there are incidental friendships. These are the people whom some single or sudden event throws in our way. We are clashed together by some accident, or thrown against each other by some rude happening. We appear to have no likes or tastes in common. We even resent the acquaintance as an intrusion. Yet the result is as if two men stood on opposite sides of a sudden crack in the earth during an earthquake. Elemental forces caught them in their grip and then released them, and for a moment those men looked at each other as if an angel stood before them.

'I know of an almost perfect friendship that began in the hospital when two men lay for days at death's door, and each one made hourly inquiry for the other, forgetful and ignorant of his own close treading on the narrow path of life. Their friendship sprang from a mere incident, but the incident was elemental. Its force has lasted far beyond its own limits. The flash of something eternal does really break through now and then and reveal two people to each other in this way, seeming to single them out from all the countless millions. We can't explain it, but it's so. Of course, such incidental friendships are rare, but I really believe all of us have some one whom we first knew in that way.'

'I met Minto the day we went down into the mine to cut off the fire-damp, when our elevator broke.' That was all Henry said, but I knew what he meant, and it was more than sufficient.

'Last of all, I believe, are the prospective friendships. I don't mean those that we are yet to make, but those that have the future look to them. For instance, those chiefly that we form with people much younger

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than ourselves. We get tired of our own ideals and thoughts, we realize that they will never fulfill or complete themselves in our lives. They come to look dangerously like mere theories, after a while. But then we cross the track of a man far younger than we are. We find that he holds our ideals in the light of morning while for us the afternoon light is already throwing its shadows over them. Our thoughts on this or that great theme are quiescent and tamely inactive. His are jubilant and alert. The thoughts are the same, but the light of opportunity is on one mind, while the gray of regret is just beginning to tingle in the other. A thrill goes through us as we realize that our holding of the thought was not for our sakes, but that we might act as a channel for the idea itself. Here is our relay-runner, come to meet us, waiting for us. Swifter than we he will grasp the truth and hold it, carry it further on, and pass it to the next man. Again we find we are only a link. Only a link! What more could we ask? And as we pass the torch on, giving it now to receptive hands, we feel that sense of protection rise in us that dignifies our weakest effort. We have sheltered for a while a great idea and passed it safely to another. We made little of it, we failed to touch the heights with it, but we sheltered it, gave it protection on its way down the ages.

'This prospective friendship is a racial thing, and lifts us out of our petty place as a mere neighbor or citizen. We are more than that when we find a friendship with a younger man than ourselves. A friendship with one of them that has in it equality in spite of a dozen years or more of difference, makes us contributors to human welfare, and enables us to say with almost a messianic hope, "The government shall be upon *his* shoulders, *his* name shall be called Wonderful." Ours shall have no fame, but his has endless possibility in it.

'It seems to me that a friendship like that is compensation to a man for almost any failure, the open door to complete reparation, or even retribution, for all mistakes. I, for my part, am glad I have one or two whose younger faces light up when we talk together. It takes away some of my sense of unaccomplishment. Most of our friendships are rooted in the past. Is it wrong to suppose that we may have one or two whose main sustenance is drawn from the sense of things yet to be?'

My friend sat silent for a moment, poked the fire-log with the poker, and then said, —

'You have n't classified our friendship, Jim.'

'There are some that refuse classification,' I replied.

And then we relighted our cold pipes and watched the fire die down.

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THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

VI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

SHERIDAN, on starting from Prospect Station with Custer's and Merritt's divisions, took the road nearest the river, the one that leads by way of Walker's Church, leaving orders for Crook to keep on that which runs along the railroad, notifying him that he would be followed by the infantry.

Newhall says that Sheridan only halted once for rest and water, and, while waiting, sent a regiment to Cutbank Ford on the Appomattox to see if any of the enemy were heading for the south side of the river. The regiment he dispatched was the Second New York, under the command of Colonel A. M. Randol. It was against this reconnoitring party that Lee's inspector-general, Peyton, was posting the last of the First Virginia when Colonel Claiborne asked him the question, 'Does General Lee know how few of his soldiers are left, or to what extremities they are reduced?'

Sheridan tells us that on the previous evening his scouts reported to him the presence of four railroad trains with supplies for Lee's army at Appomattox Station, and I have no doubt they did; but scouts were as a rule such infernal liars, that I doubt very much if he felt absolutely sure of the truth of their story. At any rate, the other afternoon, as we looked off on the sea at Gloucester, General Pennington told me that he and Custer and Randol, who had returned from his scout, were dismounted and lay resting under the shade of some trees by the roadside a mile or more from Appomattox Station, when the whistle of a locomotive was borne to them. The sun was about an hour high. Custer jumped to his feet, exclaiming, 'By George! there's a train, let's go for it!' and sprang into his saddle. Randol says his regiment set off at a trot, and that Custer rode up and laying his hand on his shoulder said, 'Go in, old fellow, don't let anything stop you: now is the chance for your stars; whoop 'em up and I'll be after you.'

Randol, followed by Pennington, at once struck into a gallop. The leading troopers, catching sight of the trains at the station just getting under way, for they had taken alarm, circled ahead of them, and, spurring up alongside the engines, covered the engineers with their revolvers and told them to throw the levers and stop; which orders they wisely obeyed. Randol then called for men to man the trains, and old firemen and engineers gladly threw themselves off their horses and, mounting the cabs, started the trains, with bells ringing and whistles blowing, and soon were out of reach toward Farmville.

Randol then pushed out from the station over the several roads which

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radiated from it through the thick growths of jack-oak and scrub-pine toward the Lynchburg Pike, a mile or more away. Twilight was about to give way to night.

It will be recalled that Walker's column of sixty-odd pieces of reserve artillery had bivouacked in supposed security in the open fields along the pike; but to their amazement they heard Randol's men engaging some of their stray flankers, and at once rushed to their guns. But the horses were barely hitched when the cavalry were on them. The cannoneers, however, had had time to load their pieces with canister, and companies of artillery whose guns had been abandoned and who had equipped themselves as infantry were able also to get into line, and together they met our men with a destructive fire which swept them back into the woods.

Pennington came on at a gallop with the rest of the brigade, but so dense were the scrub-pines and oaks, and so stubbornly did the enemy hold their ground, that he could not budge them. Custer hurried on the field with the other brigade and sent them in with his usual vehemence, but owing to the darkness and his ignorance of the lay of the land, he made no headway. But the fighting kept on.

In the midst of the din Randol ran across Custer who, now wild with desperation, was dashing here and there, his bugle sounding the charge, trying to push his men up against the enemy's line, although he was guided alone by the flash of their guns. Randol screamed to him that if he would let him get his regiment together he believed he could break through; but Custer exclaimed, 'Never mind your regiment, take anything and everything you can find, we must get hold of that road to-night'; and then roared out to his adjutant-general, 'Go tell the men that those guns must be taken in five minutes.' Off went the adjutant-general, and the woods rang with the cheers of the cavalrymen as they heard him shouting Custer's words through the black night. Almost simultaneously they charged in among the batteries, and the day and the road were theirs.

Meanwhile Sheridan had come up and sent Devins of Merritt's division to Custer's right; but before they could get ready to attack, the victory had been won and the uncaptured guns and wagons were fleeing, — a few westward and out of danger toward Lynchburg, but the bulk backward and downward toward the Court House, pursued by the Fifteenth New York Cavalry. At the head of this regiment was Colonel Root on a white horse, whose wild speed soon carried him to the edge of the village. There he met a volley from Wallace's brigade, which, as soon as the retreating mob of men, batteries, and wagons would allow, had formed across the road. Root fell dead in the street, and his horse wheeled madly and dashed out of the withering fire which our men were glad to run from.

It was now nine o'clock and after, and that was the end of the day's operations on Lynchburg Pike; Custer captured twenty-five pieces of artillery, over two hundred wagons, and many prisoners, and Lee's last chance was gone. By their triumph, every one will agree that Sheridan's cavalry had earned the country's gratitude.

It may be interesting to repeat in substance what Dr. Claiborne and General Pendleton, already quoted, have to say of their experiences in this spirited combat. Both happened to be with Walker when Randol's bugles sounding a charge were heard, and, says Pendleton in his report, 'to avert immediate disaster demanded the exercise of all our abilities.' The infantry

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and artillery were prompt and resolute, as we know, in repulsing Randol at first; and Pendleton, concluding the affair was over and receiving a message that he was wanted at Lee's headquarters, left Walker and had got within a short distance of the Court House when — this is his language — 'the enemy's cavalry came rushing along firing upon all in the road, and I only escaped being shot or captured by leaping my horse over the fence and skirting for some distance along the left of the road toward our column then advancing, until I reached a point where the enemy's charge was checked.'

He must have skirted pretty widely, for he did not get to Lee's headquarters till 1 A.M., and from where he leaped the fence it could not have been more than two miles, and in four hours a horse can cover quite a bit of ground. But the country was very rough and new to him; besides, he had to find some place to cross the river. The old general, what with having to carry the unpleasant resolve of the council to Lee, and then being hustled so suddenly, unexpectedly, and disagreeably by Sheridan's cavalry, had certainly had a bad day.

Dr. Claiborne and his two companions, Doctors Field and Smith, had unsaddled their horses near Walker's command, and with the saddles for their pillows were enjoying some sleep, when Claiborne's attendant, Burkhardt, a soldier Quaker, leaning over, shook the Doctor rudely by the shoulder and cried, 'Doctor! The Yankees be upon thee!' It is not necessary to say that there was no delay in waking up or disappearing in the black jack-oaks. The Yankee cavalry charging with yells and clanking sabres in every direction, the doctors made good time, as doctors should when suddenly called upon in any emergency. They rambled round till the fight was over, and then raked some leaves together and bivouacked in the corner of a fence. I have often thought that it would have been an amusing sight if one could have sat on the old fence when day broke and seen these doctors as they eyed each other on waking. There is something funny about it to me. Well, they had barely left their bed of leaves when in the mist loomed one of our cavalry videttes, who pulled a heavy revolver, and they were soon taken to the rear as prisoners.

That night Sheridan made his headquarters in a little frame house not far from the station, and, stretched out on a bench in the cheerful parlor lighted by a bright wood-fire, dictated a dispatch to Grant. It was dated 9.20 P.M., and after telling Grant what had been accomplished, it ended, 'If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night we will perhaps finish the job in the morning. I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so.' At an earlier hour Sheridan had sent back word to Ord that he was across Lee's front, and urged him to bring up the infantry with all speed, for he felt sure that Lee would try to break through. Ord communicated the news to Gibbon and Griffin, and they continued the march till well on toward midnight; and on halting, the men were so tired by their march of nearly thirty miles, that they did not stop to make coffee but sank down beside their gun-stacks and fell asleep.

As soon as Crook came up, Sheridan had him join his right to Devins's left and establish a line squarely across the road; Custer's men being occupied meanwhile in clearing the field of their captures, regaining their organizations, finding and caring for their stricken comrades. Custer, before going into bivouac, rode to the hospital and visited his wounded. 'Had it been daylight,' says Tremain, 'he would

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have seen green saplings, about which his men so valiantly and successfully fought, bent and split by canister from the artillery. The trees and artillery carriages in the park were perforated with bullet-holes; horses wallowed in the bloody mud, and the first dawn of the day upon the spot would tell any observer of the deadly character of that evening's contest. Surgeons of wide experience in the cavalry remarked that they never treated so many extreme cases in so short a fight.'

It was toward one o'clock when the videttes of the First Maine Cavalry, under Colonel Cilley, Crook's division, took their position. It was across the road at a point within three quarters of a mile of the Court House, and the colonel, after posting them, attracted by the noises which came through the darkness from the Confederate artillery camping in the valley below him, dismounted and passed through his line. He approached near enough to hear distinctly the angry exclamations of the drivers and teamsters at their poor, famished horses, and then, returning, sat at the foot of a chestnut tree where he had planted the standard of his regiment. Up to him as he sat there drowsing were borne the confused sounds of the enemy's corps, and over him, and over friend and foe, bivouacking or moving, fleets of clouds were drifting mid pools of starry light. And now while the hours draw on, let us turn and see what was transpiring, first at Grant's and then at Lee's headquarters.

Grant's, as well as Meade's, were at J. I. Crute's, a large white house on the stage road about two and a half miles south of Curdsville. The plantation was called Clifton.

In the afternoon Grant was taken with one of his severe headaches, and at night threw himself on a sofa in the room to the left of the hall. Unfortunately for his comfort there was a piano in the opposite room, about which after supper the young officers of the respective staffs gathered, caroling and bellowing out choruses. Grant with his usual forbearance bore the racket for quite a while, hoping the buoyant youngsters would soon tire out; but at last, satisfied that they had no intention of ending the nuisance, he sent word asking them to stop; and I think I can see them tiptoeing away from the dumfounded old piano that had never been called on for anything but hymns, 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' and 'Dixie.'

II

Grant had accompanied Meade so that he would be in quick reach of Lee's reply to his second letter, which he had good reason to believe would be answered promptly; but the afternoon and half the night passed before the expected response came to hand. Lee, as will be seen, for some reason or other, did not receive Grant's letter till a late hour. I am perfectly free to confess that there is something unaccountable in the four or five hours' delay of that mighty important communication, for it entered Lee's lines before 11 o'clock A.M., and an aide ought to have overtaken him in two and a half hours at most. If I were to guess what delayed it, I would say that the foxy Fitz Lee intimated to the aide entrusted with it not to be in too big a hurry to find the general. Let the explanation be what it may, Alexander says it was answered by the roadside and that Lee's reply was delivered to Humphreys after sundown. But it must have been considerably after sundown, for Major Mason of Fitz Lee's staff brought it to Colonel Egbert's line of skirmishers, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, who were not put in the advance till

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after eight o'clock — and whenever it reached Humphreys after that hour, it did not reach Grant till about twelve o'clock. Up to that time, on account of his headache, he had not been able to get much sleep. Rawlins took the dispatch to him; after making a few comments, — probably to the effect that Sheridan was right, that Lee did not mean to surrender till he was forced to do so, — he lay down on the sofa again. Here is the letter.

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL, — I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but, as the restoration of peace should be the object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A.M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, Gen.

Lee then bivouacked and his campfire was started, the last that should blaze ere the flames of his hope were quenched; for before the next was kindled he had drunk the bitter cup of defeat and the end had come. But when I visited the spot on a still, golden October morning, a belated single daisy on a frail leaning stalk was blooming up out of its ashes, and amid the rug of fallen and falling russet oak and yellowing chestnut leaves, a black gum's waxy, scarlet leaf here and there lay blazing like a living coal of that last old fire itself, and off in the surrounding woods from time to time a bird fluted a soft, pensive, farewell note.

Early in the evening, and doubtless on account of hearing Walker's guns pouring their rapid fire into Custer, Lee sent orders for the cavalry to be moved to the front, and its commander, Fitz Lee, to report to him in person, inasmuch as he had decided to hold a council of war with his three corps commanders. For the boom of that artillery was ominous, and, figuratively, he was like the captain of a ship on a tempestuous night who is feeling his way to a harbor and suddenly hears the breakers thundering on the bar.

When Fitz Lee arrived at headquarters, which had neither chairs, tents, nor campstools about it, he found Longstreet there, his arm in a sling and smoking a pipe; and soon after Gordon appeared. And then, before the low-burning camp-fire, overarched and darkened by leafy trees, — moreover, there was no moon, and the sky was heavily patched with surly, fast-drifting clouds, — they sat down on blankets and saddles and listened to Lee.

With clouded face, but in complete command of himself, he set forth the situation. It was not necessary for him to tell them what had happened since they left Petersburg: that the capital had fallen, that the chance to consult Mr. Davis and his Cabinet was gone, that the supplies were gone, and that thousands and thousands of weak and disheartened soldiers were gone; all that they already knew, but the correspondence he had had with Grant in reference to the surrender of the army, that they did not know definitely, and he read it to them. And the question then was, what next?

And now, Reader, before the momentous question is discussed in all of its

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phases and then answered, I beg for a pause. For we have reached one of those solemn hours when the hand of the Inevitable is on the wheel of Fortune. Yes, it is one of those hours so fatal to institutions that are sham, corrupt, and sordid in this world, and to states and conditions which have had their day of shutting out ideals with the smoke of sacrifices on the altars of Mammon. Yes, and also, for reasons incomprehensible, the wheel has turned more than once, involving the just and the unjust; and nations with all their ties, aspiration, and glory, have passed away like a mist of the morning and are gone.

And now that same mighty, fatal wheel is about to turn again and crush a cause which God has been implored to bless, and for which many a life has been laid down. Let us not say who is right or who is wrong, but put yourself in the place of that group and forget not the dooming hour, forget not to credit each with a sense of self-respect and a conscience like your own. Think of the sacrifices that they had made beyond measure in a cause which they believed to be just, and remember that now at last, notwithstanding all, they were face to face with defeat, which meant that social, domestic, and economic conditions were bound to be disrupted into utmost chaos. Think it all over as you evoke the scene.

And so, then, Nephew Fitz Hugh, and you, Gordon, and Longstreet, hero old and tried, what next? Shall the Army of Northern Virginia, after all its defiance of the North, and after all its confident assertion and reassertion of ultimate victory, lay down its arms, and the South acknowledge that it has been utterly defeated? For with that army's surrender the Confederacy plunges into an abyss beyond reach of recovery.

And with that dire result a fact, what political steps would necessarily follow? Were the leaders civil and military to be disfranchised till death overtook them?

And how about the states? Were they to be held as conquered provinces and never allowed to take their places again, clothed in their native sovereignty, in a Union which they had helped to form? And how about the future of the slaves themselves? What was to be their status?

Again, whatsoever the terms which Grant might make, how far would they bind his government? Had it not notified him peremptorily, 'You are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon, any political question'? Our arms laid down, let the implacable radicals cry for vengeance: what would the government do then? Would it yield to them and invoke the penalties of treason? — Treason! You are a dread old word, whether heard under the oaks of England or under the oaks of Virginia; and when had there ever been a rebellion in England that the land did not groan under the shadow of gibbets? — Had not these men, brought up on the *Spectator*, these lovers of Shakespeare, more than once read Prince John of Lancaster's cruel speech to the rebellious Scroop, Archbishop of York?

Moreover, what was to be the character of the ceremony of surrender? Is it unfair to assume that Lee, Longstreet, and Gordon had read Livy? Fitz Lee at least had had to study Blair's *Rhetoric* in his course at West Point, while his uncle Robert E. was superintendent, and surely was familiar with the story of the legions' anguish at the prospect of having to pass under the yoke after the Caudine Forks. Was Robert E. Lee on Traveller to head the Army of Northern Virginia in a march of humiliation before the Army of the Potomac? These were questions stalking round that fire like

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grim spectres, and calling on the members of that last council for an answer. Let there be no mistake. This is not fancy; they were there in awful reality, cold-eyed, hollow-cheeked, and clad in steel. Gordon himself says that 'if all that was said and *felt* at that meeting could be given, it would make a volume of measureless pathos.'

But let us come to the main issue. Should they try to force a passage through the Army of the Potomac and join the pleading standard on the Roanoke? And, if the latter were impossible, then, with the fragments which might elude capture, should they continue a desultory guerilla warfare till the government should grow weary and grant a peace on humane terms? It is needless to speak of how their swords, pride, and self-respect, and the wounds they bore, — for each of them had been carried bleeding from the field, — clamored in favor of the high attempt; it is needless, finally, to record that they won the day.

There is every reason to believe that Lee was glad when they decided as they did; and I am glad, too: for the sake of enduring peace, I am glad that the Army of Northern Virginia took war's last hazard, notwithstanding that scores of noble-spirited youths on both sides lost their lives. For when Victory finally illumined the torn banners of the Union, nowhere within the range of endeavor's vision was there a single lost opportunity to save the Confederacy; all had been done by the Army of Northern Virginia that fortitude and courage could call upon it to do.

To carry out the decision they had reached, Gordon and Fitz Lee, accompanied by four or five batteries, were to move at one o'clock, get into position by daylight, and then attack Sheridan. Longstreet was to follow after them with his heroic corps, and in case they were successful, take a stand at the Court House, and hold Humphreys back till the trains were out of the way, Mahone meanwhile guarding their left.

Then the three corps commanders left Lee, to rejoin their shattered, sleeping forces. Gordon, while thinking intently and rapidly over the coming enterprise, suddenly bethought him, 'Where, after throwing off Sheridan, shall I halt and camp for the night?'

It was an important question, and he sent an aide back to Lee to have him settle the matter.

'Yes,' said Lee after hearing the serious aide; ' tell General Gordon that I should be glad for him to halt just beyond the Tennessee line,' — which was only about two hundred miles off to the west, amid the Alleghany Mountains!

Lee, as the world knows, was not inclined to be facetious, but this reply under all the circumstances bubbles with such spontaneous humor that I am sure that it will bring him closer to my readers.

The batteries, with Gordon's infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry, took up the march at a very early hour; the latter, through the waning camp-fires of Longstreet's corps, faintly twinkling by the roadside, — for in those dark, still hours the fairy spinner, Mist, was weaving her veil deeply over the face of the fields and woods. Lee's staff, and a part of Gordon's and Longstreet's, lay down on the ground near the roadside, after the conference, their saddles for pillows, their horses picketed to the trees and gnawing every little while at the bark for want of better provender.

Lee rose at three o'clock and rode forward through the rear of Fitz Lee's and Gordon's troops to a commanding point overlooking the mist-covered valley below. There he reined up and waited, as they filed down the road

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past him; and the time must have seemed long till dawn. But at last it came, and with its approach, the pale fog, as if it had heard a mysterious signal, began to lift slowly, and the surrounding region became visible.

Meanwhile Grimes of Gordon's corps, to whom Bushrod Johnson's divisions had been assigned, had crossed the river, and passing through the village had formed athwart the Lynchburg Road. James A. Walker's division drew up in the fog-gray darkness on Grimes's left, and Evans, under whose command was all that survived of the old Stonewall Jackson Virginia Brigade, on Walker's left.

Grimes put Bushrod Johnson on his right, Cox's brigade of North Carolinians holding the extreme flank. The cavalry formed on the infantry's right, first W. H. F. Lee's division, then Rosser, and then the young, gallant Munford, all under the command of stocky, blue-eyed, full-rusty-bearded, jolly Fitz Lee, — but he was not in a joking mood that morning. A little before daylight Gordon, accompanied by him, came to where Grimes stood, and began in his presence to talk about what should be done. Gordon, says Grimes, was of the opinion that the troops before them were cavalry, and that Fitz Lee should begin the attack; Fitz Lee thought they were infantry, and that Gordon should attack. They discussed the matter so long that Grimes got impatient and blurted out that it was somebody's business to attack at once, and that he was sure he could drive our forces from the Bent Creek Road, which it had been decided the Confederate trains were to take.

It may help to vivify the landscape if we stand where Gordon and Grimes stood and look at it through their eyes. They were within one hundred yards of the McLean house, on the edge of the village and facing south. Before them, spread out like a tilted fan, old fields, veiled with mist and creased with gentle folds, rose toward the south, crowned at last with misty, circling woods. About midway of the incline the Bent Creek Road strikes off westward from the Lynchburg, and after a while rambles back into it again beyond Appomattox Station. It will be remembered that the First Maine's videttes, carbine in hand, were posted along it, and that their division, Crook's, was back of them up in the woods a half mile or more, dismounted, their horses browsing, and some of the men behind a line of temporary defenses of rails, brush, and pieces of old logs, whose centre was on the Lynchburg Road; and that while Gordon and Grimes were having their interview, Mackenzie's small division was moving under orders from Sheridan to take position on Crook's left.

'Well!' Gordon replied, to Grimes's soldierly, blunt remark, 'drive them off!'

'I cannot do it with my division alone,' observed Grimes.

'You can take the other two divisions!' responded Gordon.

Grimes then rode to Walker and asked him to go with him; for daylight was breaking while he pointed out Crook's position and explained his plan of attack. The cavalry, it was decided, should circuit around Crook's left, and when all were ready, a combined onset should be made to clear the road.

The early movements of Gordon and Fitz Lee were sluggish, and it was not till my classmate 'Jim' Lord, by order of Colonel Smith of the First Maine, let drive a few rounds from his battery, pushed well up on the encircling ridge, down in among the swarm of cavalry, infantry, and wagons dim in the enshrouding fog, that any advance was made. Grimes started a light

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force up the pike and drove the videttes from the Bent Creek Road back on the main line.

The road clear, the right of Fitz Lee's command, Rosser and Munford, took it, moving briskly, and Grimes with lines extended waited for them to get to Crook's left. Meanwhile, the sun rose, as did the fog, and the dewy tree-tops on the timbered hills, which zigzag round the head of the Appomattox, began to loom free against the fresh sky of that Palm Sunday morning, a sky that soon, North and South, would hear the bells of many a steeple ringing.

III

But before they move let us turn to Ord's troops, who had bivouacked at midnight within four or five miles of Appomattox Station. They were called from their slumbers at 3 A.M., and although weary and foot-sore, and without breakfasting, — 'but a few had had anything to eat since noon of the previous day,' say the *War Records*, — fell in without murmuring, and resumed the march. Foster's division of Gibbon's corps was in the lead; then Turner, and behind him Griffin, with the Fifth Corps.

About the time Gordon was replying to Grimes, Foster had reached the vicinity of Sheridan's headquarters, the little frame house just south of the station, and halted for breakfast. Their fires were barely started when Ord rode up, dismounted, and, after a short consultation with Sheridan, started Foster on at full speed, and then rode back to hurry on the rest of the infantry, for word had just come in that the enemy were moving.

Rienzi was stamping in front of the door; Sheridan mounted him, and dashed for the front. Having gained a point where he could get a good view of Gordon's infantry, he halted. They were now advancing firmly with colors, and there were so many standards crimsoning each body of troops, — to their glory the Confederate color-bearers stood by Lee to the last, — that they looked like marching gardens blooming with cockscomb, red roses, and poppies. One glance told Sheridan that Crook and Mackenzie could not possibly hold their ground, and he sent word to them to fall back slowly. He also sent orders to Custer and Devins who, after their severe trials of the night before, had retired for a little rest near his headquarters, to come on the field at once.

Meanwhile, the Confederate batteries which, under Alexander had jarred earth and sky at Gettysburg just before Pickett's charge, had opened and were thundering well. And as I loitered last October on the spot where they stood that Sunday morning in 1865, the spirits of Confederate cannoneers approached me, asking, 'Can you tell us where we can find our old commanders, Pelham, Alexander, Dearing, 'Joe' Blount, Brown, and Carter?' Yes, if you will follow a road upward, upward past moons and stars, the road that the sound of the church-bells took that Palm Sunday morning, it will lead you at last to where you will find them all.

The sound of the firing reached Ord's column, stepping briskly, and with cheers they broke into double-quick. Pennington of Custer's division, who had not found rest until after midnight, was fast asleep on a quilt of pine-needles in a grove traversed by the sunken road on which the men were marching. Their eagle-like scream awakened him, and as far as he could see the road was packed with men, their faces grimly ablaze, colors flying, and over them, like a wavering shield of steel, were their muskets at right-shoulder-shift, as they trotted forward

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to the sound of the now booming guns; for Gordon's and Fitz Lee's veterans were answering the last call of the Confederacy with their old-time spirit.

Fitz Lee, having gained a position to the left and rear of Mackenzie, assailed him violently, and swept his small brigade out of the way before he could establish due connection with Crook. Reader, for the sake of a boy's love for another, let me say that Ronald S. Mackenzie (we always called him Mack) graduated at the head of my class, and that a braver, a more modest, or truer-hearted boy never lived, and that many and many a happy hour I passed with him and our fellow classmates as we sat and smoked and talked, — oh, so young and care free! — before call to quarters at West Point. Poor Mack! His mind became clouded, but death released him at last, and I know he rests in peace, for Honor and Valor saw to it that his pillow was soft.

Well, at about Mackenzie's critical moment, Grimes, supported by four or five batteries under Colonel Thomas H. Carter, struck Crook in front, and, although his dismounted men held on stubbornly, they were forced to give way finally, and mighty fast, too, at that, for W. H. F. Lee was charging squarely against their left flank and rear. Back through old fields and heavy copses of young pine and surly jack-oaks, Crook and Mackenzie were driven, their led horses and batteries retreating in great confusion, leaving a gun, and perhaps two of them — for the number is in doubt — in the enemy's hands, captured by Beal's and Roberts's brigades of W. H. F. Lee's division. The Confederate infantry had come on, too, and soon the Lynchburg Road was clear, and the tattered forces that had cleared it burst into cheers.

But their victorious shouts had hardly broken before on through the mob of fleeing cavalry came Ord's troops and, with the greatest promptness, without regard to its own flanks, his leading brigade, Osborn's, — Thirty-ninth Illinois, Sixty-second and Sixty-ninth Ohio, — sought and rushed at the flanking cavalry. To Osborn's right and left the other brigades of Gibbon's corps, Turner's division, and the brigade of colored troops, hurried, and forthwith all fought their way to the open, where rested the right of the main body of the Confederate infantry. Several batteries now, at point-blank, fired shell and canister into Gibbon's men, and held them for a while, but were quickly driven from their position with the loss of a 20-pound gun, captured by the Eighth Maine, Fairchild's brigade of Foster's division.

Meanwhile, the Fifth Corps, Chamberlain's brigade in front, on reaching the station had been deflected to the right, and soon Pearson's brigade, second in line of the front division, was ordered to line up alongside of Ord's left. Obliquely to the northwest into double-quick they broke, and orders from Bartlett came sharp and fast: 'One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Pennsylvania, forward as skirmishers!' 'On centre!' 'Take intervals!' and away they go to the front, the cavalry parting and falling back through them. When deployed, their right was near the Trent house. Chamberlain continued the march rapidly, heavy guns answering each other fiercely, their lordly roar mingling with the spiteful crack of carbines and muskets, which every little while were drowned in the crash of a volley. One of Sheridan's staff dashed at full speed up to the gallant Chamberlain, exclaiming, 'General Sheridan wishes you to break off from the column and come to his support. The rebel infantry is pressing him hard. Our men are falling back; don't wait

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for orders through the regular channels, but act on this at once.'

At a run they followed the staff officer to where Sheridan sat on fiery Rienzi in the smoke of the batteries, man and horse living embodiments of tumultuous energy.

I do not know just the spot where Sheridan stood that morning, but for a clearer understanding let us paint the view that was swept by his blazing eye.

There is a little brook called Plain Run which has its source in woods not far from Appomattox Station, and, after creeping out into the sunshine, flows northeastwardly in a shallow valley to the Appomattox. Along the western rim of its cradle is the Lynchburg Road. On the eastward rim, which is somewhat higher, is a country road that starts at the station, and after traversing three or four large plantations, the Inge, Sears's, and Le Grande's, enters the Walker's Church Road heading westward within less than a mile of the Court House; thence the two glide on together down to Plain Run, which at this point is only a few hundred yards from the faint-beating heart of the old hamlet. Thus the shallow valley is bounded by these roads. On its gently-sloping sides are fields that last October were dun, covered with broom-grass, and dotted with low, green-tufted pines; and some of the fields bore rows of ripened, shocked corn. By the Trent house and then the Sears, the run wanders at the foot of these fields, and a lowing cow on its banks in the still hours of the night can be heard from road to road.

When I visited the field I went to the Sears house and from thence to the run itself, a few hundred yards away, for I wanted to see it at about the point where Chamberlain crossed it. I found it stealing through willows and alders, and under half-grown trees interlaced with wild grape-vines. The water, like that of Siloam, was flowing, softly, softly, from one shadowed pool to another. A little alarmed bird was chirping nervously in the alders, a yellow butterfly wavered by me to join a colony, sitting close together with upright, bladed wings, gilding a spot on a black, damp bar, — all of them resting as though in the dream of a distant summer day, — and from the direction of the Court House came faintly the intermittent jangle of a cow-bell.

I went back, up to the Le Grande Road, and there lay the scene swept by Sheridan's blazing eye. And what did *he* see? His cavalry falling back down the sloping fields from the Lynchburg Road, and on their crest Gordon's men cheering, shrouded in the smoke of battle, with scores and scores of crimson banners flying. O stormy sea of four long years! Your last triumphant wave is breaking, but not, not forever, like a shadow, are you gone, for there is a beach in men's hearts which God in his wisdom hath made to respond to echoes of wars like this, and that creative, musical beach is emotion.

War's tumult is loud, volleys are crashing, hills and woods are throwing back madly each sullen cannon's roar, men are falling mangled and bleeding; the ultimate crisis of the war is at hand. Ord's left is drawing near the Bent Creek Road. Gibbon, Turner, and Bartlett are all surging through the timber toward the cheering Confederates.

But hark! Abruptly that cheering stops; stops as abruptly as though a deadly pang had struck each breast, or a sheeted ghost had risen before them. What has delivered the darting pang or evoked the forbidding spectre to change the mood of those cheering veterans? Lo! a mighty host with colors, fields of stars and bands of

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white and crimson, is pouring from the green leafy depths of the woods, and in full view across the valley the old Fifth Corps has risen up out of the earth, as it were, and in two lines of battle is swinging down past the Sears house with flags rippling gayly; flags that waved so opportunely on Round Top that second day at Gettysburg; and the cheering stops.

Sheridan's bugles are calling triumphantly shrill; the scattered cavalry respond to their notes and gather in high spirits promptly to their standards; and Custer, at the head of the clanking column, gallops up the Le Grande Road, drawing sabres for a charge toward the Court House itself. Sheridan, as he leaves Chamberlain to join them, grits out, 'Now smash 'em, I tell you; smash 'em!' and gives the bit to the champing, restless, head-tossing Rienzi.

As Chamberlain crosses the little run, all the troops on his left press forward, and the whole Confederate line, now full of despair and heartache, begins to fall back. But as they retire, Cox gives to his North Carolina brigade the command, 'Right about face!' Behind them their young, stately commander stands, his body bearing the scars of eleven wounds. As one they whirl. Firmly rings his voice again: 'Ready! Aim! Fire!' and from leveled guns pours the last volley that will be fired by the Army of Northern Virginia. Manly was he in the morning of life; manly is he in its evening; and his heart still youthful notwithstanding its weight of seventy-odd years. Here is my hand, gallant Cox, and may your last days be cloudless and sweet!

Behold, Reader; while the smoke of his brigade is billowing up, let me tell you a monument marks the spot where that last volley was fired; and, if ever you visit the field, — and I hope it will be in October, — do go to that stone: the tall, slender, gray-bodied, twilight-holding young pines that have grown up thickly in front of it, and the purple asters blooming round it, if you lend your ear, will welcome you to its proud record.

In vain the volley is fired, for fate's invisible hands are loosening the curtains that in a few minutes more will fall on the drama, ending the long, fierce struggle. Yes; let it roar on past Gordon. He will wonder whether it was fired by friend or foe; but whichsoever, it matters not: his hope has flickered and gone out, for he sees Ord beginning to form up in the fields along the Bent Creek Road; Gibbon's, Turner's, and Griffin's corps, through veils of musketry and artillery smoke, coming out from the timber; Custer on the point of charging down into the village, threatening to cut off all communication between the wings of the Confederate forces. The sight was appalling, and Custer's threatening charge called for immediate action. Gordon sent a brigade of engineer troops, under that mild and well-bred gentleman, Colonel Talcott, to stay him, and ordered Cox and the infantry to fall back to the village.

Fast now they recoil, leaving many a brave comrade behind them. They pass, on their way, the spot where a gun (or guns) was captured; and there lies Wilson, the color-bearer of the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, mortally wounded, his beautiful bay mare standing beside him. He has just bade his friend Moffett good-bye, murmuring, 'Moffett, it is hard to die just as the war is over!' And so it was, dying color-bearer; and when I stood where you fell, Wilson, my heart beat tenderly for you. Autumn flowers were blooming there, and a mist, like that of the morning when you made your last charge, was drenching the field,

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and here and there had gathered like tears at the tips of the bending grass.

The galloping column of cavalry, with golden-locked Custer at its head, has almost reached the Walker's Church Road; drawn sabres are glinting; guidons are fluttering; foam is spotting the breasts of the horses who spring to the bugle-notes ready for the charge.

A Confederate battery gallops up, unlimbers at the left of the Peet house at the edge of the village, its right section in front of the rear door, and opens at Custer and Chamberlain's right, firing shell and shrapnel as fast as the cannoneers can load the guns. Longstreet, watching Gordon's attack from the other side of the river, and seeing that it is failing, tells Alexander, who is at his side, to form a line quickly as a rallying-point for the retreating forces. Alexander plants battery after battery, and Wilcox and the fragments of Hill's old corps and of Pickett's and Kershaw's divisions form in line. Heth takes his place on the left; and Heth by the way was a young, spare-faced, blue-eyed, and very lovable West Point man. His portrait now adorns the walls of the Westmoreland Club in Richmond.

YOUNG CRAMER'S CHOICE

BY ALBERT KINROSS

His name was Cramer, and we had become acquainted at one of those garden-restaurants that dot the Carlsbad landscape. You walk out to them of a morning after taking the waters, and there you have a sort of breakfast — coffee and rolls and other trifles — and usually find the same waitress and the same table and the same guests sitting there. It was thus that we had found one another, and presently we continued, I looking out for Cramer, and he looking out for me. Mrs. Cramer was a stout blonde, and carried that air of importance which so often goes with a generous configuration. They were Americans, from Indianapolis, but resident in New York.

I liked his dry and shrewd humor — to me, coming from England, it was fresh and attractive. He possessed a kind of secular detachment, a smiling irreverence; he would laugh at himself and his compatriots as often as he laughed at us. But I really think my open admiration dated from a morning when he decreed that Anna, our waitress, must be given another chance. She had been dismissed for some slight breach of discipline, and she showed the marks of tears. Cramer got it out of her; discovered, too, that if she were dismissed with the season half over, her family, who expected her to return with a full season's money, would curse her and thrust her out-of-doors. The girl was desperate and pitiably helpless.

'All right, Anna,' said Cramer, 'you leave it to me.'

He fought that miniature battle and won it and rejoiced in it. Anna was reinstated and thanked him, thanked

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even me with an extraordinary outburst of emotion. He had done it all, quite largely, quite simply, without a trace of European self-consciousness. Where I, for instance, might have been wondering whether I looked a fool, or perhaps a knave, he had gone straight ahead. After this episode we drew nearer; somehow it had humanized our usual intercourse. Mrs. Cramer had encouraged the attempt and was proud of him; and even the proprietor, the bald and bland proprietor, came round to Cramer's side and admitted there might be 'exceptions.'

Perhaps it was this same morning that we first approached whatever views we had about America, and equally about Europe, always a delicate topic, as such comparisons will be. What had actually set us going was the sight of a certain countess, *née* Matthews, and hailing from Philadelphia. She and her count were here as well, and Cramer frankly enjoyed the spectacle. He did not know the lady, but she interested him. 'Our women seem to manage it,' he said; 'these mixed marriages, I mean; but it won't do for us men,' was how he saw the matter. 'You've remarked,' he pursued, 'that there are American women in every European aristocracy; but did you ever hear of an American man who married into their ranks?'

I admitted that I had never heard of such an one.

'Of course, there are American men with European wives; but not of that class — not of that class,' he repeated.

The subject dropped. A few days later, however, it rose again; on an afternoon when, caught by a thunderstorm, we had taken refuge in a hut from which, under normal circumstances, one obtained a view. We had strolled up hill through the pine woods, mounting steadily, and reaching at last a summit that commanded open country. It was fortunate for us that the authorities had built a shelter here. The storm burst, the heavens opened; we were just in time. Half an hour earlier we had surprised the Count and Countess, descending, and to judge by certain symptoms, enjoying an extension of their honeymoon.

'My, they'll get wet!' cried Cramer suddenly, watching the downpour and the riven skies. 'I suppose countesses get wet same as other people,' he added; and I knew then to whom he was referring, and what was exercising that original headpiece of his.

'They're half an hour nearer home than they were, and it's all down-hill,' said I.

He lit a cigar and gazed out on the storm.

'Do you know,' he pursued, 'I came near marrying a countess once; as near as any American can get to it, without losing his self-respect and playing at being something different from what the Almighty made him?'

'I should n't be surprised,' I said.

'I'm not joking. She was a girl I met in Italy and sailed with on the Mediterranean — badly chaperoned, I suppose; and, they being English and I American, they did n't seem to mind so much. Have you noticed that an American dry-goods merchant or real-estate broker can get in lots of places in Europe where the native has to stay outside? For the time being, anyway, he's a gentleman, while the native's got his offices round the corner.'

I did not interrupt, and presently Cramer continued: —

'When I left college and before I settled down to work, my father gave me a holiday. "That's all I'm going to give you," he said, "make a year of it, and take a look at Europe before you get chained up like I am. Maybe you'll never get the chance again. I've been wanting to do it all my life, and I've

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never made it. I guess you'd better go instead of me."

He had a kind heart, a big heart, inside of him. Outside, he was pretty tough. He gave me a wad of money, and off I started. Culture? No, I was n't out for culture. I just liked loafing round with my eyes open. I liked watching 'em *get* culture; they used to make me laugh. I laughed all the way from London to Paris, to Berlin; and there was Dresden and Munich and Vienna; and I took a look at Moscow and Constantinople, and Athens for old acquaintance' sake. I enjoyed every mile of it, every hour of it, day and night. The languages I heard and the signs I made! I could talk better with my hands and feet than I could with my tongue.

'And I wound up with Italy, because it was winter and because I wanted to speak English again and take a look at Rome — for old acquaintance' sake, same as Athens. You hear such a lot of them at school and college. I used to sit in the Colosseum picturing to myself the circus and the games and putting my thumbs down like a Roman or giving the dying gladiator another chance. And one morning she came there with her chaperon and tried to catch a lizard, and, she not getting it, I sailed in and caught it in my hat. I handed it to her with a bow. She laughed and took it home with her, and I laughed and we said good-morning and both spoke English, and rather liked doing that. She was staying at my hotel. I had n't noticed her, but she'd noticed me. It was because I dressed for dinner every evening, unlike most of the people. She told me that later, when we had grown more confidential, and so did the chaperon, who seemed to think it very important. The fact was I had nothing else to do of an evening and it sort of freshens you up, and while that year lasted I was making the most of it and amusing myself in every way; and the truth is that if you gave a car conductor lots of money and nothing to do for it, he 'd begin to dress for dinner, just to pass away the time. It does n't bore you, does it?' asked Cramer, dropping his story and taking a look at me.

'It certainly does n't,' I protested.

'I'm rather enjoying it as well,' said he. 'I was twenty-three, and here was this girl, perhaps turned eighteen — in fact, I know she was — and fresh as spring flowers on an April morning. "How's the lizard?" I asked, meeting her again at the hotel. "It's in its box; would you like to see it? I'm sure aunt won't mind."

'Aunt did n't mind. On the contrary, she was rather glad to have some conversation. She was a talkative woman by nature, and a single niece was n't enough to satisfy her cravings. She asked me upstairs into their sitting-room, and I was shown the lizard in its new home. It had refused bread, because "it lives on insects," the girl explained; while her aunt said, "Nonsense, child, everything eats bread." The lizard would n't budge. "I shall have to take it back to the Colosseum," cried the girl; and we planned the expedition there and then, the aunt assenting.

'But it was n't exactly the lizard that really brought us together; it was an enamored Italiano who became a pest. He did n't do anything. He simply glared, and followed Lady Isabel like a shadow. Lady Isabel was the girl, and her aunt was Lady Pollexfen. This Italian used to wait for them in the street outside the hotel, and look and glower and follow them about. He meant, of course, to imply that he was madly in love with Lady Isabel. Really he was a nuisance, and the two ladies were almost afraid. They asked me to speak to him, and I

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spoke. He replied that he was in love with the young lady, that his name was So-and-so, that he had very little ready money, and could n't help it. I said, "Please go away! You annoy these ladies." He repeated that he could n't help it. It was his fate, his misfortune. "You'll have to help it," I said; "now please go away." Would I fight a duel? he asked. "So that you can show off?" said I. "Coward — traitor," he answered, "Yankee adventurer!" — "All right, Signor Michael Angelo, you've had a fair warning, and I won't be answerable for the consequences," was how I closed the conversation.

'I took Lady Isabel into my confidence. My room, I pointed out, was on a half-floor and overlooked the street where Signor Rinaldo used to wait for them. Often I had been tempted to throw something at him; and it would have been difficult to miss. Sometimes he actually leaned against the wall under my window. By reaching out I could almost have touched the top of his hat. We agreed that he deserved no mercy, and that, while I operated, the ladies should stand in the street and jeer. That would settle him and, at the same time, teach him a lesson; and, besides, the ladies were leaving for Naples presently — he would hardly be recovered by then.

'It was I suppose, a foolish trick and a cruel one, but she was eighteen and I was twenty-three, and the man had only himself to blame. I emptied a big jug of violet ink over him one morning when he was glaring his hardest, and the two ladies had just come out of the hotel. I shall never forget it. I used to start laughing about it suddenly, and often in bed of a night. And so did she. He stood there with his arms folded, looking like a love-sick goat. The ink ran over his face, his hands, and probably down his neck; it dyed his hat, his clothes, his boots. He looked — his appearance is indescribable. And his inamorata was a witness, was actually present. It was a good job we left for Naples on the Monday.

'I went, too. There was nothing to detain me. And after that I sailed with them, to Sicily, to Malta, to Tunis, Algiers, and Tangier. — "Father did enjoy our description of the way you punished that Italian," she said one day. "I wrote four pages." It was the first time I had connected her with a home, a family.

'"What's he like?" I asked.

'She tried to tell me. She thought no end of him. American girls don't speak of their fathers in quite that way. It was a difference, subtle and far-reaching; perhaps an American girl would have rebelled at that kind of paternity. He was the head of their house, I gathered; a great man, even with them who stood so near and dear. But kind and generous — she had no words of praise sufficient. It was sweet to hear her speak of him, to hear anybody so spoken of, with such devotion. Centuries go to make such people, to establish such relationships. I grasp that now; at the time I only felt my youth and hers. The blue skies were over us; smiling lands, blue seas below. If Lady Pollexfen could only talk a lot in the evening, she did n't care much what happened during the day. Of course, we fell in love; first looked it, then confessed it. That time comes once, perhaps twice, if one has the leisure, the vitality, the abounding hope.

'Everything seemed possible — of that we never had a doubt. I was to see her father in England, present myself, and win his consent. That was the process — the immemorial process. I don't suppose it ever occurred to her there might be others. She went on ahead to prepare the way. I followed.

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'The Earl received me in his London house, a large place, stuccoed and formal, and overlooking a green patch of square. I saw him first, and afterward, when he had made his bargain, — her turn had come earlier, — we went over to another room, where Isabel waited, and where her mother was ready to give us tea. A stately woman, moving curiously, was my impression as she rose, with a pathetic, seeking look in her fine face. I remembered then that Isabel had told me she was blind. I had not realized what it meant till now, when she stood offering me a hand, conquering this late infirmity, unyielding, by the will in her. I could have kissed her hand instead of taking it. That woman moved me — and she was Isabel's mother.

'They were kind to me; but here in England was another way, different from the lax rule of Lady Pollexfen. "I ought to have known," the Earl had said, "Louisa is careless — talks a lot, does n't she?" He was gaining time, measuring me; and when he had heard my story, "I'd like you and Isabel to be friends," he said; "but an engagement — you're rather young. You can write to her if you keep it at that — at friendship. And you must come and stay with us at Wyvern, if Isabel will ask you — she's allowed to ask her friends. I've nothing against you — on the contrary; but it does seem rather — rather impossible." He was smiling; there was no offense in what he said. He knew the world — his world and hers; he had not made it; it was like that, he seemed to imply. "You're a man of honor — you've behaved like one," he ended, "but my girl's far too young, and, if you'll allow me, so are you."

'It sounded reasonable; it was reasonable. Heaven knows whether in my saner moments I had expected as much from him. For they were big people, important people; and I — I was a college graduate who might or might not make some kind of a position.'

Cramer had paused. 'It comes out clear,' he said at last, 'just like that landscape after the blur of the storm. Then it was fogged and painful, and we felt lost in it.'

I followed his eyes across the leagues of open country, now revealed; clear, clean, new-washed, and radiant in the sunlight.

'The old Earl saw it right out,' he pursued, 'just as we, sitting here, can see it now. He was n't fogged; he was n't lost in it. He knew us both; he knew the way of things. Life was n't all travel and spending our father's money and drifting in the sunlight and hearing the music of harps; and marriage was something more definite than falling in love. He asked me down to Wyvern, their country-seat, where they really were at home, where I would get to know them, and to know myself, a good deal better. It was n't a trick; it was sheer white wisdom; and, though my year was up and ended, I went.

'That house, that park, those scores of quiet servants, the feudal village beyond — all seemed to be in league and questioning me. "Can you give her this?" they seemed to ask. "What can you give her in exchange for this? Here's her world, and yours is a different one. Yours may be as good, but it's different; and if you threw it up and came to live here, could you stand it, could you lead this life? would n't it sap you, chafe you, madden you?"

'She did her best to make me feel at ease here; she prompted me, she guided me, and no doubt stood up for me to her brothers and cousins, who were inclined to scoff. I've never known which to admire most, her loyalty to her father or her loyalty to me. It was sweet to watch her thoughtfulness; but it

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could n't last. "I don't belong to this world," I said to her one day, "I'm different stuff, and there's no changing."

'And then I found a simile for it all, an illustration. In the park were thousands of birds, reared there for shooting; they came of a stock that had once been wild, but was now "preserved." We used to go down to them and watch them and feed them. The grown birds, left from last autumn's shooting, had a sleekness, a fineness, that reminded me of the men of her circle; those men who commanded always what accident had given me for a single year. They, too, had this air of a world, a life, a career, all ready made for them; of parks to dwell in, and abundant food. I was bound to make my own career; whatever it might be, it would be mine. And so, "I'm only a wild bird," I said to her that day. "All of you have grown up here and been 'preserved.'"

'She grasped it, yet denied it.

'I put it to the Earl one evening. He saw it, and admitted it. "The wild birds have more fun," he said, "but sometimes even we escape — to Italy."

'I liked him; I admired him. He had never opposed us. He had shown me her world, what she expected of life, the only world she was at home in — and let it talk. Could I give it to her? Yes, I might give it to her by destroying myself, by destroying the American in me. That was too much to ask of any man; nor would it have made her happy. The old Earl made this clear — yet not in words. He had asked me to stay with them — it was all that was needed. When I went back, Lady Isabel and I were friends as we had promised. So was the Earl, and so was her mother. I wrote to her for years afterwards; and for years afterwards a face that recalled hers, or even the soft, shy look of her, would make me weaker than a child; and even the colors that belonged to her, in which I had known her. When she married, she told me. I dare say if I walked in on her to-day her face would lighten and she'd welcome me.

'I'd stayed weeks beyond my year when I went home to my father. "What was it, a girl?" he asked, "or was it —" I was too quick for him. "A girl," I said. "Would n't she have you?" It was difficult. "She was at that lord's you've been staying with?" I nodded. "How much?" said he, "I might do something handsome." "Money's no good — it's something more than money." He never quite understood that. I made my way and succeeded.' And then, reverting to his starting-point, 'Yes,' he concluded, 'I might have married a countess — or the equivalent of a countess — if the sky had n't cleared, if the landscape had n't come out, and the sun, and that castle over yonder.'

We looked out on the view again. It spread for miles now and included a river.

'Let's go down to Mamie,' he said: 'she'll be missing me, and I'm missing her.'

Mamie, of course, was Mrs. Cramer.

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HIGH NOON

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita —

I

Midday in upland meadows: infinite glare
Of cloudless sky; the over-seer sun
Smiting his hay-makers, and everywhere
Backs bending to the lash, hot brows a-run
With sweat, dull eyes wherein a tumult wages
'Twixt frenzy fevering over tasks not done,
And indolence that sulkily presages
A tedious endlessness of afternoon. —
The unknown meadow stretches down the ages.
What though arms steady to the scythe full soon,
Where's joy, to touch this dogged strength to power?
Where's courage when the sluggish blood's a-swoon,
Lacking the elfin lightness, morning's dower?
Where's comfort — in the day's one desperate hour?

II

O strange eternity we call the Day!
My zenith, where the sun's a-dazzle now,
Rings the horizon — east a little way.
This shadowless high noon of mine somehow
Makes sunset yonder. Though I droop my head
Some other harvester, with tranquil brow,
On other heights, has over-past my dread.
His field is shorn, his golden hay-cocks gleam
Against the level sunlight; purple-red
Over the grass their long, bright shadows stream.
His eyes are fixed on that forgotten thing,
Earth's loveliness. His happy morning dream
Of life fulfilled is now: — Hail, dawn! Come, spring. —
He rests upon his scythe, remembering.

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THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN

BY EARL BARNES

I

NOWHERE does a human being escape compulsion. Even were he alone in the world, he would be forced to obey the physical laws governing gravity, heat, cold, hunger, and disease. No matter what his desires might be, he would find himself limited and constrained by fixed laws, the inexorable penalties of which he could escape only by obedience. If the man were not alone, then each one of his companions would limit his freedom, and he would limit each one in the group, if they were to live together in peace and efficiency; and yet, each of the man's companions would help to free him from the tyranny of physical forces, even from the bondage of his own nature.

Independence is thus an ideal to be achieved only through obedience. It begins in self-subordination and reaches its finest realization in social subordination. Since the beginning of time, men who thought have always dreamed of freedom; and during the past two hundred years, independence has been a word to conjure with. In so far as independence means freedom to follow one's own unregulated desires, it is a fantastic and dangerous dream; and yet this dream has been among the greatest influences in furthering human development in the past.

The old-time dependence of one individual on the immediate caprices of another largely disappeared with the passing of slavery. But in place of this personal subjection has come a more complex and, in some ways, more compelling control through the monopoly of wealth. Property has become the medium through which the most binding of human relations are organized. Accumulated wealth has become a great reservoir of power, to which some individuals gain access through rights of birth, others through carefully-guarded privileges, and still others through cunning devices or through force. But the masses of the people must gain their fragments of this wealth through arduous life-long labor. Even the earth is parceled out, and all of it is now owned by individuals or groups who control it in their own interests. One man may thus have thousands of acres which he cannot use, and will not allow others to use, while another has not where to lay his head.

Laws jealously guard this wealth, which is the key to all opportunity; and public opinion, that most subtle, pervasive, and compelling of all forms of law, gathers a thousand sacred initiations, rites, ceremonies, prohibitions, and excommunications round it. A man who beats his fellow into insensibility and sends him to the hospital for a month may be less punished by the law than one who signs the wrong name to a check for five dollars. It is also true that a man who has killed his neighbor, but has escaped the punishment of the law through a technicality, or one who has ruined his friend's family, may be less punished by society than one who cheats at cards.

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In primitive life, a man can be a man, and have a man's opportunities, only by virtue of what he is; to-day he may have all the rights and privileges of any man by virtue of what he possesses. In any of our communities can be found strong and honest men who, through misfortune, are begging bread and wasting their lives for want of money to live decently. And, beside these, one sees other men of weak physique and feeble minds, who have lived as parasites on society all their lives, but who are handsomely dressed, well-fed, and possessed of power to do as they will, simply because they have access to wealth. It is no wonder that if one would seek freedom to-day in America he must look for her image on a gold coin.

It is not difficult to see why property has become such a powerful instrument in civilization. Anything which a person really owns, in a psychological sense, is a home for his soul. Really owning an object — a toy, a garment, a watch, or a home — means infusing one's personality into it. A man who possesses significant things has a new body through which his soul can work; this body trains his powers; and it should give him life more abundantly. A landless man must in time become a soulless man. Of course, we are not here speaking of legal ownership. Many people own things legally into which they have never infused themselves; sometimes they have more things than any individual could possibly infuse himself into.

These conditions may prevail to some extent even in primitive life, but to-day they have been vastly increased through the fact that, with advancing civilization, money was devised. This is a system of counters, generally coin or paper, not really very valuable in themselves, but always resting back for value on the earth, or on something derived from it. In the past it was supposed that there were some things which, because of their nature, were not marketable, while others were beyond price. To-day we set values on everything, even on men's bodies: eyes, ears, legs, and lives can now be priced. There are, in fact, insurance companies and factories that have regular schedules of value for various parts of the body. Our courts set prices on blighted affections, damaged reputations, social advancements, impaired digestions, damaged complexions, nervous shocks, and extreme humiliations. Even a woman's honor may have a price in dollars.

These property rights, like the rights of the person, have always been subject to violence. Powerful individuals and groups have always been able to overstep legal restrictions and public opinion and seize what they desired. The land-grabbing going on in North Africa and Persia to-day, and the activity of great industrial monopolies at home, show us that some property rights still need to be secured by force. In this struggle, it has come about naturally that men, being stronger, freer, and less scrupulous than women, have outstripped them and have so far had a pretty complete monopoly of wealth. In fact, women themselves have at times become property. At such times, a man who stole or bought a woman naturally took over with her possession all her rights in real estate and personal property, as well as her person and her services.

II

Only gradually did women gain power to hold property themselves. Mainly because fathers wished to preserve property in their families, the right of women to inherit became slowly established as civilization advanced. In Judea, Greece, and Rome, certain rights of a woman to hold property

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were clearly settled. In the reversion to force under feudalism, woman's rights to outside property suffered; but they have been gradually restored during the last few centuries. To-day, in civilized lands, a woman's rights to property inherited, or definitely given her, or purchased by her, are everywhere recognized, if she does not marry. In France, and in other Latin countries, she may still lose control of her property if she takes a husband; but in northern and western lands, even a married woman may retain her possessions.

Woman's body, too, is increasingly looked upon as her personal property. With the raising of the age of consent, with increasing severity in laws punishing rape, and with the abrogation of judicial orders for the restitution of marital rights, it is now pretty generally recognized that a woman should have the right to control her own person. Still, in many lands there is much to be done before this right is fully safeguarded.

Where a woman has not yet achieved economic freedom is in the disposal of her labor. One must remember, however, in this connection, that not only is there no fixed standard of values in human service as yet, but that many indispensable forms of service have not even been legally recognized as valuable. In early forms of civilization, fighting and praying were considered the most important work the community profited by, and so warriors and priests gained the big rewards. They received lands, gold, servants, and dignities; while industrial workers, even the directors, were despised. To-day we have reversed all this; and we may pay a general only five thousand dollars a year, and a priest eight hundred dollars, while a man who develops a big industry may receive a hundred thousand dollars annually. Again, a man who invents a new gun may be given a fortune, like that of Herr Krupp, while a man who invents a surgical instrument is prevented by the ethics of his profession from even patenting it. If Pasteur had been paid for his services to France and to humanity, he would have ranked in the financial world at least with Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Schwab. We pay a professor of ethics in a university three thousand dollars a year; but Miss Jane Addams, as instructor in ethics to the United States, receives no salary; and she must even beg the money to maintain her laboratory at Hull House.

The whole question of payment for services is in a chaotic condition. Those who serve mankind most faithfully are rewarded on the principle, 'From each according to his ability'; but nowhere is the remainder of the principle, 'To each according to his needs,' recognized. Hence our greatest servants must still beg support from our cleverest exploiters; and we must look to Mr. Carnegie or to Mr. Rockefeller to endow research.

Domestic service is indispensable to society, but it has so far remained in the field of semi-slavery and uncertain barter; in a word, it is still in the feudal stage. The woman gives what she is and has, and nominally she gets protection and support. Sometimes these fail and, on the other hand, she occasionally receives the unearned gifts supposed to befit a potentate or a shrine. As women become educated, they find this condition of uncertainty and instability unbearable. They are willing to work, but they must have a chance to think and to plan their lives according to their individual needs. Some degree of economic independence is necessary to intelligent thinking and orderly living. It is not that women are demanding more property; they are demanding some definite individual

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property as a home for their souls; and they are coming to realize that if this property rests on some one else's feelings and caprices it is no home for the soul: it is only a tavern.

This conception is well illustrated by the case of a woman in the western part of New York State who married about 1850 and went to live on a farm with her husband. They had little means, but she brought seven hundred dollars to the altar, which was more than he possessed in ready capital. Her part was, however, soon swallowed up in the general business, and while there was a tacit agreement, voiced at long intervals, that she had put something into the business, her part never increased, though the man with whom she worked grew well-to-do. Certain feudal rights in the butter the woman made, and in the chickens she raised, yielded her small sums, which often escaped her; but what she secured she put into a few silver spoons and dishes for her table, a square of Brussels carpet, three lace curtains, a marble-topped stand, and six horsehair-covered chairs for her parlor. These things were considered in a very special sense her own. The man might have sold them and used the money; but public opinion would have condemned him had he done so.

Meantime, the woman cooked for the family and the hired men, scrubbed and washed and mended. She strained and skimmed the milk from a dozen cows, and churned the butter; she fed the calves, cared for the hens, dug in the garden, gathered the vegetables, did the family sewing, and stole fragments of time for her flower-beds. Her hours were from five in the morning until nine at night, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, with no half-days or Sundays off.

Incidentally she read her Bible, maintained religious exercises in the village, kept the church clean, and provided it with a carpet by methods of indirection. She upheld a moral standard toward which men only weakly struggled; hunted down and drove away all other women who refused equal service to their lords; ministered to the neighboring sick; and doled out alms in winter-time. Her home was a social and industrial microcosm which she conducted as a feudal holding under the protection of her lord. It would be an interesting study to work out the rules of this feudal relation between husband and wife in any agricultural community, even to-day. They would be found as varied, as unjust and arbitrary, and as generous, as those of the old régime in France.

A woman in a home is supposed to furnish three kinds of service. She must be a housekeeper, a wife, and a mother. As housekeeper, her services can be estimated in current values running from three to twenty-five dollars a week, with board and lodging. The other two kinds of service have never been reduced to monetary values.

As a wife, a woman is supposed to give to her husband her love, her person, sympathy, inspiration, personal care, the latter including attention to his clothes, to his relatives and friends, and general management of his social position and reputation. If she fills this position well, she is mistress, valet, confidential adviser, and public entertainer. Possibly these services can be estimated, except the first; and even here the divorce courts scale alienated affections all the way from five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars, according to the appearance of the woman and the skill of contending lawyers.

As a mother, the woman is supposed to give children a good heritage, nurse them, care for them, doctor them, and train them. We have established values for these services as wet-nurse, nursemaid, governess, doctor, and teacher;

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but who can estimate a woman's value in giving a child a good heritage?

It is no wonder that such a difficult problem has remained thus far unsolved. Here and there a man gives his wife a household allowance, from the money they earn in common, and she struggles to save from it some fragments for her individual needs. Others put their wives on a salary; and some others divide the income on a fractional basis. But the slightest study of existing conditions must convince any one that women are everywhere deeply dissatisfied with their economic relations to the family.

III

Meantime, economic changes have transformed our homes, and nearly eight million women have gone outside to earn money. The gladness with which they have gone shows that they were not afraid to work; though at first the money did not belong to them but to their families. Almost everywhere in the United States the money they now earn is their own; only in Louisiana can the husband collect the wife's wages. Any one who reads the masterly studies of the evil effects accompanying woman's economic dependence, by Charlotte Perkins Gilman and by Olive Schreiner, must feel how far-reaching is not only the discontent, but also the evil influences, of our present system, through the emphasis of sex and the corruption of public thinking and feeling as to services and wages in general.

Yet no one can seriously approach this problem in his own person without feeling that the relations of husband and wife contain elements that not only make it impossible to resolve the woman's service into money-values, but that would make it useless to do so even if it could be done. The most marked quality of love is its desire to give. Love that seeks to get is not love. If, when a woman has given herself, she tries to secure individual property, it will be only that she may give it to the man she loves. Marriage is a partnership of soul and body, and this includes property. It still remains true, however, that each must have in order that he may give. Besides, there are always outside obligations and special needs within the group that require individual property for their realization.

In the past, the partnership of marriage has been incomplete on the property side; why not reorganize our law and our public opinion so that two people who establish a family, putting into it all they have, — and anything less than this is not a family, — shall pay out of the income the necessary family expenses and then divide all else between the partners, — that is between the husband and wife? No man should be contented with a wife who is not worth half of what he makes; and the same holds true of the woman. Property acquired before marriage, and all inherited property, might well be held by the individual, since it should never be a prize for prostitution, not even when euphemistically termed 'a good home.'

IV

The last two hundred years have revolutionized nearly all of our deepest conceptions concerning the relations of human beings to religion, government, property, and to one another. New knowledge has given us partial control over vast forces of nature, and has so increased mobility as almost to free us from limitations of space. We have had wonderful visions of the possibilities that lie in intelligent human cooperation, and have begun to realize them in a hundred new forms. In the midst of these compelling changes women could no more remain undis-

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turbed, within the confines of kitchen and nursery, than men could remain on their little New England farms, or cobble shoes and make tin-pans in the petty shops of a century ago. But meanwhile the special interests of women have been sadly confused because of the larger changes in which all human relations have been involved in this time of readjustment. Instead of talking of 'unquiet women' to-day, we should talk of an unquiet world.

In the midst of this confusion, most of those who have sought to secure greater freedom and a truer relation of women to the life round them have worked on the lines of minimizing sex differences. It has been felt that the educational, industrial, social, and political limitations under which women rested were due to the desire of men to exploit them. Men, being economically free, had developed for themselves an ideal world of thought and work; and, if women wished to be free and happy, they needed only to break down the barriers separating them from this man's world.

Most of these barriers are now down; but the women who study in universities, teach in the schools, maintain offices as doctors or lawyers, collect news for the press, tend spindles in a factory, or sell ribbons at a counter, have found that the man's world is far from ideal and that by entering it they have not escaped the special limitations of their sex. Everywhere the feeling is abroad that, instead of having arrived at a destination, women have embarked on a journey fraught with many uncertainties.

These articles have been written in the belief that men and women alike will achieve the greatest freedom and happiness, not by minimizing sex-differences, but by frankly recognizing them and using them. If we could reduce men and women to equality, we should destroy at least half the values of human life. They are not alike; but they are perfectly supplementary. The unit can never be a man or a woman; it must always be a man *and* a woman. This means that in all the activities essential to human development men and women must carefully study to find what each can best provide.

All the efforts to open the doors of opportunity, through which women can pass into the man's world, are but preparations for the beginning of a journey. The sooner all such doors are opened the better; then a great source of dangerous sex-antagonism will pass away; and the energy of reformers will be set free to solve the difficult problem of supplementary sex-adjustments.

And meanwhile sex remains the greatest mystery and the most powerful thing in human life. Its deeper values are lost sight of when men and women are warring over work, wages, and votes, just as the power of religion has been lost when priests and laity sought to advance their meanly selfish interests. But in the great crises of life it always comes back. When a great ship founders in mid-ocean, and but a third of the people can be saved, there is then no question of woman's rights. In the darkness of early morning, eager men's hands place the women in the life-boats and push them off. The poorest peasant woman takes precedence over any man. Almost every woman there would prefer to stay and die with her man; would glory in staying and dying if he might thus be saved; but in her keeping are the generations of the future, and she is weak, — therefore, the strong gladly stand back and go down to death. The solution of woman's place in the society of the future must be based on a recognition of the supplementary forces that send women to undesired safety while men die.

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A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

BY JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.

SEVERAL years ago, while spending the summer in the mountains of southwest Virginia, I was so fortunate as to see a remarkable entertainment given by the Negroes of a little village for the purpose of raising money for their church. The entertainment consisted of a dramatic representation of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, — a modern miracle-play, — and, like some of the early religious dramas of England and of the Continent, it was arranged by the pastor of the church (himself a Negro); the entire performance was given in the church under his direction, and the actors were members of his congregation.

The church in which the play was held was a dilapidated frame building, untouched by paint inside or out, and the stage arrangements were of the crudest character imaginable. The curtain, stretched upon a clothes-line, consisted of sheets, skirts, and bedspreads clumsily pinned together. Various large openings revealed to us, in the gallery, glimpses of busy preparations going on behind the scenes.

The curtain was slow in rising, and the motley crowd below grew impatient for the 'show' to begin. There were whistles and cat-calls from dark corners. At last a signal was given, a sudden hush of expectancy fell upon the audience, and two young Negro girls in blue lawn dresses began with nervous eagerness to draw back the curtain from the centre toward each side. The scene did not burst upon us suddenly, for the curtain met with many a hitch, and it took several helping hands to pull it over the knots in the clothes-line. As the curtain went back, the stage-manager who, from behind the scenes, acted as expositor, called out loudly, 'Opens wid song.' Immediately there appeared ten singers, standing awkwardly in a row before us: five women, four very black men, and a little girl, all elaborately costumed, who without any accompaniment sang, with some sweetness and occasional operatic flights, 'Come w'ere de lilies blow.' The curtain was then pulled together amid the applause of an appreciative and not too critical audience.

After a brief intermission and further impatience among the audience the curtain was once more pulled apart, and the stage-manager announced, 'King on 'is throne wid all 'is maidens'; and there at last sat before us King Solomon in all his glory.

He was a young mulatto of about eighteen or twenty, with a smooth-shaven face and black, kinky hair parted in the middle. His costume consisted of a black sack-suit, a white shirt, white collar and cuffs, a carefully tied black bow, and a brilliant stud in his shirt-bosom. The only thing indicative of his royal rank was a crown of tall gold points, made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and sewed upon a black skull-cap, with a large red bow on the left side and a little double white bow on the right.

His 'throne of mighty state' was constructed of a dry-goods box, covered with pink cambric, over which

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mosquito-netting was draped and looped up with pink bows. With his legs stretched stiffly out in front of him, he sat reading a well-bound, gilt-leaved Bible, as might have been expected of the wisest of men. His reading was interrupted by an attendant, who brought in a glass of water and held it to the King's lips, as it did not become one of his royal dignity to touch it with his hands. As he glanced toward the audience, he seemed to find difficulty in maintaining his composure, especially since he could not help over-hearing such stage-whispers as, —

'Law! Lookee, Gabriel! Don't he think he's somebody! Dat don't look like no king; he ain' got no train!'

Below him on each side sat his 'maidens,' four little Negro girls dressed in white, even to their stockings and slippers, and with hair carefully 'wropped,' and standing out from their heads like spikes.

Just as the silence began to grow painful, and the actors were about to lose their gravity, there came a loud knocking behind the scenes. King Solomon turned and, in a loud voice, called out, 'Isabella!'

In a moment out from behind the curtain came Isabella in response to the royal call. She was a good-looking young mulatto girl, dressed in a low-necked pink waist and a light-gray paper-cambric skirt, with long white mitts up to her elbows. She wore gilt bracelets, a necklace of brilliants, and a diadem of pasteboard with silver points. With a conscious air she came tripping forward and stood before the throne, uttering as she approached, the single monosyllable, 'Suh?'

'Isabella, somebody at de do',' said King Solomon gravely; 'go ter de do'.'

Without a word Isabella turned and disappeared behind the scene, but in a moment came forth to announce the important news: —

'Hit's de Queen of Sheba, suh, f'um de South.'

Apparently not in the least surprised at this intelligence so abruptly announced, King Solomon replied, 'Tell 'er ter come in,' and calmly continued his reading.

In a few moments Isabella reappeared from behind the curtain, followed by the Queen of Sheba herself with her maids. The Queen was in full evening costume, consisting of a white star-spangled dress, with a skirt covered with gauze pasted all over with silver stars, and with a body of blue cheese-cloth, fastened at the shoulders with bows. A broad gold pasteboard crown, a pavilion gauze veil, long white mitts up to her elbows, gilt bracelets, and a necklace of beads completed her costume. Her first maid-of-honor, provided with a gold crown somewhat smaller than the Queen's, was also dressed in white. Two other spangled maids were in attendance.

As the Queen advanced, King Solomon, gravely closing the Bible, but with finger still in the Book, descended from his throne to meet her.

Isabella introduced the Queen to his Majesty: —

'Mister Sollermun, de Queen of Sheba.'

Whereupon both exclaimed, 'Pleased ter meet you,' and shook hands cordially.

To make his visitor feel at home, the King invited her to be seated, saying in an informal, hospitable manner, —

'Take a cheer.'

The royal visitor and the King then seated themselves near each other, while the maids stood round in awkward positions and endeavored to look interested.

The Queen began the conversation.

'Mister Sollermun, I come f'om de South, an' year in my lan' dat you is a king wid great wisdom an' riches an'

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power, an' I come ter see ef dat am true.'

King (*complacently*): Hit am.

Queen: Who give yer all dish hyeah?

King (*hesitatingly, confused, and finally prompted from behind the scenes*): De Lawd.

Queen: W'at fur?

King: Fur to rule Iserl.

Queen: How long you been King?

King: One thousand an' forty year.

Queen: I see you got a lot uv servants ter wait on yer.

King: Yeh.

Queen: Den de ha'f have not been tol' me!

King: Stay ter supper; we got big supper. (*Turning to the servant*) Isabella.

Isabella: Suh?

King: Fix supper.

In front of the curtain a long table had been set, with brown oil-cloth cover, and upon it plates were laid for about a dozen persons. On the table were dishes of ham, eggs, bread, preserves, several large cakes, a dish of fruit, two plates of biscuits, and a large glass pitcher of water.

Up and down behind the table walked a maid in pink waist, vigorously ringing a large dinner-bell. After an awkward pause, a man-servant escorted the Queen to her place at one end of the table, and a maid-servant accompanied the King to his place at the opposite end. All stood respectfully while a courtier said grace: —

> Lawd make us able
> Ter eat all on dis table,
> An' ef any mo's hot,
> Ter eat all in de pot.

The King and Queen being seated, the servants, consisting of one man and three maids, all crowned with crowns of various colors and sizes, passed pieces of brown wrapping-paper to represent menu cards. The King, after considering long and carefully, ordered fried eggs and ham, leaned back in his chair, and ate rapidly and greedily with his knife. The Queen's appetite was more dainty, and she partook but sparingly of the viands before her. As the King and Queen left the table (and the feast was surprisingly short), the servants, not prompted by dramatic instinct, but overcome by human weakness and the desires of the flesh, struggled and fought over what was left. In less time than it takes to tell it, the table was cleared of the eatables, and in the struggle many dishes were smashed on the floor. Thus ended the play.

As the curtain was drawn together, the applause was so loud and long that the stage-manager finally came forth and announced that the performance would be repeated at once. So the curtain was carefully pinned up again, and when opened once more disclosed to us a new King Solomon. The former king, having been degraded, possibly for his occasional want of dignity, played the rôle of servant. The new Solomon appeared more at ease on the stage, and shook hands with the Queen with elaborate grace. The dialogue was essentially the same throughout. At table the King rocked nervously in his chair, while the Queen chatted easily and constantly with the maids. When the feast was over, there was the same quarrel of the servants, interrupted this time by the former King Solomon, who rushed in, shaking a stick threateningly over their heads, and crying out, 'W'at you niggers doin'?' while, as the curtain was pulled together, he was seen grabbing everything he could lay hands on. From behind the scenes called out the voice of the stage-manager, 'Closin' uv de feas',' and the curtain was finally closed amid tumultuous applause.

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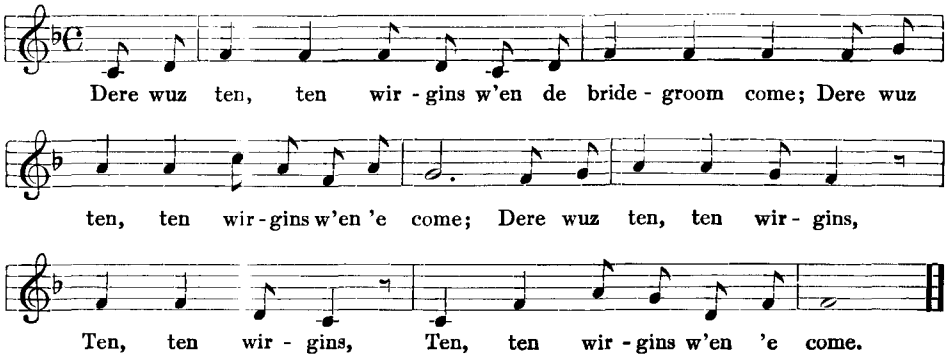
After a short delay, the royal personages and their attendants trooped out through the curtain down to the lower end of the church, where they danced round a May-pole left there from some previous entertainment. Dancing in and out, winding up the ribbons, they sang, 'Jesus de light uv de worl' '; and when unwinding, all joined in that old, familiar, never-ending song: —

II

O five uv dem was wise,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O five uv dem was wise,
W'en 'e come:
O five uv dem was wise,
Five uv dem was wise;
Five uv dem was wise, w'en 'e come.

III

O five uv dem was foolish,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O five uv dem was foolish,
W'en 'e come:
O five uv dem was foolish
Five uv dem was foolish;
Five uv dem was foolish, w'en 'e come.

IV

O foolish says ter Wise,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O Foolish says ter Wise,
W'en 'e come:
O Foolish says ter Wise,
Foolish says ter Wise;
Foolish says ter Wise, w'en 'e come.

V

O len' us uv yo' ile,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O len' us uv yo' ile,
W'en 'e come:
O len' us uv yo' ile,
Len' us uv yo' ile;
Len' us uv yo' ile, w'en 'e come.

VI

O go ter dem w'at sells,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O go ter dem w'at sells,
W'en 'e come:
O go ter dem w'at sells,
Go ter dem w'at sells;
Go ter dem w'at sells, w'en 'e come.

VII

O who'll be de driver,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O who'll be de driver,
W'en 'e come:
O who'll be de driver,
Who'll be de driver;
Who'll be de driver, w'en 'e come?

A collection was then taken up, to which all, white and black, contributed liberally, and the audience below trooped noisily out.

Though I dreamed that night of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, I despair of reproducing the scene exactly as I saw it, and I feel, as the Queen of Sheba said to the King, that 'de ha'f have not been tol'.'

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FILLING THE CHURCHES

[THE discussion regarding the desirability of Smith's going to church, inaugurated by Mr. Meredith Nicholson in the June *Atlantic*, has called forth a large volume of widely diversified comment. As most of our readers know, Mr. Nicholson's main contention was that, if the Church were run with greater efficiency, and could point to a larger distribution of Christian dividends in proportion to capital invested, it would be more apt than at present to enlist the respect and support of the golf-playing, business-like tribe of Smith, which sees no reason why the Church should be an exception to laws that govern the work-a-day world. That, in the interests of all concerned, it is desirable for the Church and Smith to come into closer relationship, Mr. Nicholson thought it unnecessary to argue. But this postulate is viewed from very different angles by the authors of the two following articles with which the *Atlantic* concludes its general discussion. These two papers, one by an ardent churchman, the other by an equally ardent dissenter, represent views sufficiently contrasted to give a formidable idea of the difficulties which must be overcome before the unchurched are gathered into the fold. — THE EDITORS.]

THE CHURCH AND SMITH

BY A CHURCHMAN

I HAVE recently read in the *Atlantic* an article dealing with the question, 'Should Smith go to Church?' Mr. Nicholson, the author, thinks he should, and then proceeds to show, very pertinently, some reasons why he does not, and suggests some modest changes that might be made in 'the Church,' whereby possibly Smith might be induced to be interested. Perhaps it is too much to expect the author to go further and give some idea why Smith should go to church even if such changes were made; yet the article leaves one wondering whether the chances of ultimately getting Smith would be worth some of the suggested changes; and whether, by some of those changes, the Church might not lose all hope of getting Jones, or Brown, or Robinson.

Now, I am the last to depreciate the importance of getting Smith into the Church. I hope it may be done. But I hope that the return of the prodigal will not be too quickly celebrated by getting him on the vestry, or sending him as a deputy to General Convention. I do not mean to be so impolitic as to imply that there are too many Smiths on vestries and in General Convention. But there are Smiths there undoubtedly, and it is just as certain that Jones, Brown, and Robinson are not there, and will not be there so long as the Church in some way, to a greater or to a less extent, revolves about the unmodified Smithiness of Smith.

Not that Smith should be unclothed, but that he should be clothed upon, if he is to 'take his true place' (that is the phrase we poor abjects sometimes actually use) in the Church. Not that Smith should be un-Smithed. Heaven forbid! Certainly, the Church

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must first go to him, as well as to Jones or Brown, if they are ever to come to her. But why should the Church, having utterly despaired of Jones, who is absorbed in his Socialist club, and Robinson, who is immersed in his science or art, clutch desperately at a vanishing Smith?

I will tell you why. Because of a prevalent habit, among church people, of regarding the support or control of the Smiths to be essential to the Church's existence — a habit which has never, for several hundred years, been seriously discouraged by the Smiths themselves. Who is Smith? The question is unnecessary. But, to be explicit, Mr. Nicholson will tell us.

'Smith now spends his Sunday mornings golfing, or puttering about his garden, or in his club or office, and after his mid-day meal he takes a nap, then loads his family into a motor for a flight countrywards.'

It need not be insisted upon, after this, how essential the Smiths are to the Church. The Church might have gotten along once merely with fishermen and tent-makers, but now — she cannot really afford to lose a Smith. She really must leave the ninety-and-nine Joneses and Robinsons, and seek the lost Smith!

How did the Church become so dependent upon the Smiths? Let us remember that the Smith family goes back to a stirring period. They were among the first to be dissatisfied with the Mediæval Church. They had a noble rage against priestly arrogance and the ignorant superstition of the masses. They were progressive; they chafed under the oppressive laws against usury, and the indiscriminate charity dispensed by the rich monasteries. There was too much public land devoted to raising grain for Englishmen to eat, which might be devoted to raising wool for the foreign markets. In short, the Smiths yearned for a more spiritual religion; and with royal help, they rose in their might and rescued the Church of England from besotted ignorance and from the unintelligent allegiance of the mob. They removed from her services as much as possible that might jar an educated mind, and from her moral teaching they erased almost everything that might suggest the bearing of religion upon material things. Incidentally they removed some other incumbrances.

It is true, they were still dissatisfied. Many of the Smiths went further, and sought to destroy and reconstruct the Church, so that religion might be yet more purified. Yet let us remember that some of the Smiths championed the Church, and so have earned her undying gratitude for permitting her to exist, side by side with other churches, which served the purpose of chastening her pride and, by competitive pressure, restraining her reactionary tendencies. Out of these conditions, guided by the policies of the Smith family, has developed the present state of organized Christianity in America.

And now the modern Smith, the heir of the Smith religious policy, finds religion too complicated to be interesting. He has inherited the family propensity to simplify and whittle down the Church, but the family ingenuity in spiritual matters has played out. He is content to wait till some master-mind has un-churched the Church sufficiently to suit his taste. Smith must always be the constant; the Church must always be the variant. And so we have the Smiths within the Church cosily making suggestions to bishops and priests how, by tact, statesmanship, and moral courage, they may possibly recover the Smiths who are outside the fold.

For my part, I fear very much that

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the Smith family will not very long be the centre round which the modern world revolves, and that the Church has a far wider problem than how to get Smith to go to church. The Smiths have grown to dislike creeds and dogmas, and they have reason to, for the family in the past has made a pretty mess of them. But the *genus homo*, speaking generally, has a remarkable capacity for believing. Jones and Robinson are ready to believe that all things are possible; but it is a pretty severe test for their faith in the Church, so long as they see the Smiths there, still ensconced in the church-warden's pew, with the air of conscious, though modest and restrained, power.

I am concerned about Jones and Robinson. Of course, I am also concerned about Smith, because I believe there are some surprises awaiting him in the next world. His remoter ancestors decided that Purgatory was a 'fond thing, vainly invented,' and his immediate forebears later proceeded, somewhat less wordily but just as effectively, to dispose of Heaven and Hell, so far as they personally were concerned. And now the cry goes up from the Smith family: 'There is a Smith overboard! Not that it matters to us much, for a Smith can take care of himself anywhere; but it puts the ship in such a sorry plight. Really, we must get rid of some more useless ballast in the shape of creeds and dogmas, and perhaps our brother will consent to be rescued.'

One is tempted to think of Jonah. Yet it would be neither decent nor 'expedient at this time,' to heave the rest of the Smiths overboard. After all, they are nearer at hand than Jones and Robinson, and the Church must begin with them, if Jones and Robinson are ever to be reached. And I believe that they can be converted; and that the only possible way to begin their conversion, is to let them see themselves just as they are, and to refuse so far as possible to take their money for church support except under conditions that make it perfectly clear to Jones and Robinson that the Church is emerging from Smith domination.

For Jones and Robinson simply cannot be reached unless it becomes absolutely clear to them that the Smith family, as such, has ceased in any degree to control church policy. And this cannot become clear until the doctrine of the Church loses the ear-mark of Smith simplification, and until the ethics of the Church become downright materialistic, as they were when usury was a mortal sin, and when the theory of absolute private ownership of land was a heresy.

SMITH AND THE CHURCH

BY AN OUTSIDER

SHOULD Smith go to Church? asks Mr. Meredith Nicholson in the June *Atlantic*. I think he should not. Now Smith, as described by Mr. Nicholson, 'is one of the best of fellows, — an average twentieth-century American, diligent in business, a kind husband and father, and in politics anxious to

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vote for the best interests of the Country.' Smith was brought up in a Christian household, was taught to repeat the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments and he learned his Catechism, so that he has the advantages of a Christian training. He has retained the kindness, the charity, and the goodwill that are taught in all religions, but without announcing it or even publicly admitting it, he has, in his heart, renounced Christian dogma. He feels a little mean, and just a bit ashamed of himself, to stand up and repeat the Apostles' Creed. He does not publish his thoughts about these things, but he knows his own mind.

Let us examine the processes of his mind a little more closely. If you take a child and repeat again and again, continually, certain statements, they are likely in time to assume the form of truth to him. The constant demand of the Roman Catholic Church that it be permitted to supervise the instruction of its children is witness of this. It knows very well that certain processes of thought may become fixed so that they abide in many well-ordered minds as final conclusions, and that it is then difficult to disturb them. It is, therefore, far easier and more profitable in results to make converts of children and hold them to this habit of thought than to persuade adults that any branch of organized Christianity is the True Faith. All ease of conversion falls away, however, if the adult has not been trained to consider certain dicta as true without the privilege of questioning, or if the automatic connection in his mind between ideas of dogma and truth have become loosened or atrophied. This automatic connection is the basis of faith, and when it is seriously disturbed, so that the whole subject is approached *de novo*, the question of the reasonableness of dogma is frequently considered for the first time, and the dogma then appears as true or false. With Smith it does not appear to be true.

And yet, he is tied to the Church by ties innumerable. His father and mother were diligent in attendance and firm in the faith. It has touched him at all the vital points of life: as a child it gave him his name, as a youth he was welcomed into its fellowship, it joined him in wedlock to his wife, it baptized his children, it performed the last rites over the bodies of those nearest and dearest to him; it has been close to him at every intimate and tender point in such a way that it seems almost impossible that he should ever turn from it. Nothing could touch him so closely: at birth, in childhood, in youth, at his marriage, in the naming of his children, and, at the end of life, for him and his own.

The Church has laid fast hold of these things. They are the emotional points which religion claims. They are the times when we need help, and this very help is the benefit of clergy, the office of the priest. We can get along without him, but under stress of emotion we can not think very well, and we want someone with us. Surely the judge, the umpire in a court of law, has not the training for this, yet he is the only substitute we can call, — and he will not officiate at funerals.

Now, Christianity is the only religion that Smith really knows. There are the Jews, but they do not want him, and he is no more bound to the Old Testament than to the New. Then there are the Unitarians, — a few of them — but they seem very like the others, and there is so much in Christianity that appeals to him that he does not protest against it; he simply lets it pass, he does not want to stand in the way of any good that it may do. On every hand he finds Christian men

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and women doing what he himself calls God's work. This consists in working in a thousand ways for human betterment, and in this Smith works with them, so long as it is not made propaganda for dogma. As soon as the Church is brought in, Smith drops out. Nevertheless, when he dies, his wife will call in the minister and he will have a Christan burial, in which his glorious resurrection will be assured because of the faith which he really did not have.

He does not believe in the virgin birth of Jesus, although it is better for him not to deny it; the consequences of offending the Church are sometimes serious. Moreover the order of things occasionally requires the offices of a priest or minister. He does not think that his soul is eternally damned, because he does not think that Christ, the Jesus of history, is one and the same with God, the Father Almighty, or that he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. His idea of the life everlasting is no idea at all; he does not profess to understand eternity, so he does not know whether he believes in it or not. He does not believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and as for the communion of saints, he hopes for it, if it means that he may meet his loved ones after death, but he is not animated by faith in it; he only hopes for it. And he does not believe in the resurrection of the body.

Well, once in a while, Smith goes to Church, and it is usually to his hurt. He hears a great deal of reasoning that seems strained to him, in which he is urged to believe many things to be true which in his heart he does not believe to be true. Now Smith tries to be honest. He does not confuse single facts with the whole truth. His ideas of the truth are in no wise pedantic, but he has a sense that the truth involves all the facts in their proper relation on the one hand, and a mind capable of grasping and coördinating them on the other. He does not live up to this ideal, and he knows that he could not reach it if he tried. With the large example of his friends and neighbors, he does not try always to get all the facts about a subject into their true relation if this should operate to the disadvantage of his affairs. But he has no sense of a Larger Truth that is not so.

He also hears in church that without Christ all is as nothing, — and this has set him to thinking seriously to find out what his attitude really is in the matter. He has re-read his Bible, more especially the Sermon on the Mount, and even there he finds that the rule does not work with him. He finds, for instance, that he must resist evil, that he must take thought of the morrow, that he must not give without discrimination. These are not offered as indicating that Smith is right, they merely indicate his point of view. You see the automatic assent that whatever is in the Bible is true, and that whatever Jesus said is of necessity right, has gone out of him. The emotional glow has faded away from dogma. He not only feels free to think alone and independently, but this appeals to him as his duty. He is doing his best, and he feels that he must be honest whether he is right or not.

The unpleasant thought comes to him that the clergy are in the same boat as a lawyer conducting a case at court: that they have taken their retainer and are not free to present other than the one side. All the ethics of their profession inhibit them from the expression of views contrary to the dogma that they represent. Nevertheless, he recognizes that their teaching has righteousness in view, and so far as he may be of aid to them in helping

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along the cause of righteousness, he is willing and glad to do so; but in matters of belief he wishes that they would let him alone. If others feel that they achieve merit by the faith that is in them, he has no objection; he neither argues against it, nor does he oppose them. In his heart he feels that it is better for him to work things out as best he may than to lie about what he does not believe. This is the substance of his resentment against the Church: that it urges him to affirm that which he does not believe to be true.

The pressure upon him, however is very strong, so he goes to church again, and hears the usual appeal, demanding how anyone can resist the marvelous example of the only life that ever was lived without stain or flaw. But he knows that the preacher, no matter how honest he be, can only give record of about three years of that life, and assumes the rest. Surely there is nothing new in this knowledge; he has always known what he knows now, and so has substantially the whole Christian world. The facts remain just what they were. The difference lies in the angle of Smith's vision, in the order in which it seems necessary to him to arrange the facts so as to get a vision of the truth; thus, although he does not enter into any dispute about it, what the preacher says does not go into him.

Again, he hears a tirade against divorce, with quotations from Scripture to support its prohibition, but he knows that divorce is occasionally a real human need, whether the clergy approve or not; and that marriage should sometimes be severed in spite of ecclesiastical condemnation. Ecclesiastical law does not appeal to him as based upon present needs.

Appeals for aid for foreign missions usually rouse his ire. He does not try to explain why; perhaps it is because the missionaries are not his neighbors, and he can vent against them his impatience at the whole Christian establishment without incurring the ill-will of those of his neighbors who do not think as he. Smith is very human! He hears horrible tales of the perversity of the heathen, but since there is so large a fraction of organized Christianity to which he cannot subscribe, he thinks that there may well be a considerable fraction of heathen ways that are not so bad. He may not think well of the theory and practice of the Christian religion as he knows it, but he is sure he would defend it if some foreigner were to come to his home town and tell all the people that they were living in vileness; and he sympathizes with the foreigner who resents the American missionary. As for medical and social helpers, he would think more of them and have all praise for them if, being inspired with the need of their work in foreign fields, they were to go out from sheer love of it, and make their own way among the people they desire to help.

Occasionally an effort is made to stem the tide of Sabbath-breaking. He does not protest. He is wholly willing to avoid interference with those who find it to their souls' good to devote the day to services and meditation. As for him, he knows that he is better off for an outing, and at the expense of his reputation among the pious, he goes fishing, plays golf or tennis, — in short, he lives his life as his experience shows him is best. He is not disturbed over the idea that he is exercising an influence for evil in doing so; he is very democratic, and is of opinion that people in humble circumstances may have as good minds as he, and may have the same way of looking at things; and he thinks that they should not be hindered from enjoying themselves, either. In short,

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strangely enough, his attitude toward the Church is distinctly the Christian one of non-resistance. His unbelief is condemned, and his way of life is held to be evil, the while it is the best that he can do; and to all this he makes no reply. The Church condemns while the unbelieving sinner forgives.

Smith is a man capable of prayer. He yearns, as do so many sincere men, for a way unto God. Of course he could say that he believes all that the Church requires of him. That would be a lie, even though it consisted only in acknowledging his belief that Jesus Christ is his salvation, and that the Bible is the inspired word of God, the father of us all. It would be the easiest way, because all the brethren and sisters would encourage him in the idea that he was doing that which is right. Still, he refuses to be other than severely honest in this matter, and so he holds his peace. Evil report is upon him if he makes known his unbelief in the dogmas that oppose his way unto God. So he goes his way without offending, wishing for a light unto his spirit, but neither asking nor receiving from those who condemn.

Lately I had a talk with a very earnest and efficient officer of the Young Womens' Christian Association. We discussed their objects and work, and I could not but admire their large and comprehensive helpfulness. Finally I asked her if she could see the time ahead when they would work together with Unitarians, Catholics, and Jews.

'I have a vision of it,' she said; 'although I shall probably not live to see it.'

'What do you need to bring it about?' I asked.

'Only some funerals,' she answered.

I believe the time is coming when the fence of dogma will be broken down, and no one will be asked to lie, and none will be condemned for his vision of the truth. It may not be, perhaps, until Paul and Peter and John have ceased to speak with authority, until the Torah and the Talmud are laid aside, and the bishops and prelates and dignitaries and presbyters have gone their way into a forgotten past, that the day will dawn when the Church shall cease to curse and shall live by love alone. Until then it is better to leave Smith in peace, so long as he is a good man. He is thinking, and none of us knows the way yet. Some day we may all be able to go to church together, being neither Catholic nor Protestant nor Jew, but all praising God.

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ENTOMOLOGICAL

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I CANNOT understand the dislike of most people for creeping and crawling things, and shall never consider a love of nature anything but a sham that does not embrace the lowliest worm. From childhood I have cherished a fondness — perverted, if you choose — for the little people underground.

One day, when I was a very little boy, I turned over a flat stone in the garden and uncovered three black beetles and a slug. I was in an earth-gazing and earth-smelling mood, when the grass and the ground allured. The smell of the warm soil thrilled me, I have no doubt, even then; a perfume of sweetness springing out of decay, touchingly familiar as the air of a room we have long lived in; a persuasive odor, enticing one to exploration. I feel yet my interest as the flat stone turned over and the nervous beetles and the phlegmatic slug were disclosed. They were creatures that I had never seen before. In my innocence I caught one of the beetles and, by some secret process of his own, he ejected upon my hand an overpowering perfume, — I speak euphemistically; for, truly, as the poet says of the saint who had a battle with the devil, 'Oh, my! how he did smell!' My first acquaintance with the under-world, you see, was unfortunate; yet, so strong was the fascination of the new and strange, I bore the black beetle no grudge, but merely decided not to keep him or take him home to mother. I turned my attention to the slug, and found him soft and cold and slimy, and probably of a low order of intellect; for, when I poked him with a straw, he merely shrank and exuded soapsuds.

I do not hope to carry very many of my readers with me when I say that the discovery of these humble friends was an event in my life. Yet somewhere beneath the sun, if I may credit my fluttering heart-strings, there is some one who will understand. As for the rest, it is useless for me to enter into the psychology of the occasion. During the following week, I passed my time between meals turning over the other stones in the garden, and the sticks and the logs and the dead leaves. Everywhere I made new friends, an imposing catalogue, — wood-lice, centipedes, earthworms and wire-worms, ants, a toad, a garter-snake, beetles, snails, slugs, and grubs. Among these, the Coleoptera were my first loves. I felt no fear, but handled them all, when I could catch them; and the pockets of my rompers, or whatever primitive apparel I wore, from that day were usually full of beetles of assorted sizes and makes, which I loved to produce in the presence of visiting ladies, scornful of their consternation. My family were aghast, for they did not share my passion; but they soon saw that I knew how to handle my treasures without getting bitten, and forebore to rebel. You remember that Lavengro won his other Romany name, Sapengro, from his skill while yet a child in handling vipers. He was for vipers, and I for beetles. There was something about a beetle that clutched at my heart.

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This strange predilection has been lasting. Even yet a June-bug gives me a thrill, and the grip of his horny legs on my finger will set my associative memory working as will few things else. For me he is a living question, a puzzle, a hard little lump of primeval nature, that stands for the flower in the crannied wall. Above all, he is a scarab. Around his foolish head lingers a glory visible only to the mind's eye, but made up of vestiges of Karnak and Thebes, of Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis, of the old moon-mountains African. Just as now this evening he booms athwart the thicket lone, and bumps his dunderhead against mine, so his cousin *scarabæus sacer*, wheeling his droning flight some millenniums ago over papyrus and lotus and sand, collided as impolitely with the cranium of a Shepherd King, or a Ptolemæus Soter, or a Hermes Trismegistus. The Egyptians embalmed *sacer* and cut effigies of him in costly stone, fabling him to be an emblem of fertility and eternity; and all because he was a tumble-bug, depositing his eggs in dung, and burying them in the ground for warmth and safekeeping. I cannot follow all the ramifications of their symbolism: I only wonder whether at the age of three I already felt in the presence of a scarab some vague fore-feeling of that love for the old and the strange that later I experienced so keenly in the presence of the relics of the Egyptians themselves.

There is, however, quite enough of engaging simplicity and pertinacity about the scarab family to make them attractive. Their peculiarities are more ancient and more permanent than pyramid or sphinx. The experience of millenniums has not taught them to 'stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal.' They continue to strive, but, unlike 'the crokke,' seem never to get hurt. Too insignificant even to fear extermination, while the mountains wear away and the forests are cleared, and the river is dammed and diked, and the lion and the bison go the way of the dodo, the little scarabee has crawled yearly out of the sod, tried his wings, and soared away in a bee-line for the nearest or brightest light, be it Pharos or Eddystone or only the modest beam of my desk-lamp. Year in, year out, while all else goes merrily sliding down the ringing grooves of change, he continues to bump his dusky carapace against window and wall, falling on his back, wildly waving his crooked legs, blundering into corners, under tables, down people's necks, up their sleeves, into their ink, their waste-baskets, their soup. Eternally ridiculous, he has in him, nevertheless, a spark of divine aspiration, sharing the desire of the moth for the star or the flame. In my symbolism, he stands for a class of people, familiar though not numerous, stupid but lovable, who blunder their way through life, seeking the light with utmost seriousness, but leaving a wake of laughter behind them.

These are the speculations of later years. I cannot pretend that it was the scarabeid suggestiveness of the June-bug and his cousins, the stag-horn beetle and the tumble-bug, that made me love them in my romper period. Who shall give a name to such subtle affinities? My passion was strengthened before long by a wonderful book that some wise person gave me. Blessings on the man who wrote that book, and triple blessings on him who fashioned the pictures, — great full-page pictures in gorgeous colors, smelling of oil like chromos! As nearly as I can remember, the author had planned his book with a pedagogic intention, hoping to make entomology attractive to babes. He succeeded. His idea was, I think, to make a fairy story in which the hero was, say, an inch high, place him in an entomological world, and let him live if

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he could. Stop and consider the situation. How would you like to be an inch tall and have to fight with a dragon-fly or a stag-horn beetle? The idea was full of meat. I gloated over those pictures for hours, days, glorying in the bulbous eyes of the dragon-fly, the scythe-like jaws of the spider; pictured, you understand, as they looked to the diminutive hero, — that is, much as an Irish elk or a sabre-toothed tiger may have looked to one of our ancestors. The drawings were accurate, I think, — merely magnified five diameters or so; yet no pictured shag-haired cyclops or Dragon of Wantley or Laidly Worm of Spindleston ever gave me the same delicious tremors.

As a jog to a childish imagination, then, the book was a success. For a long time man-made toys became stale beside the playthings of nature. Somehow I hit upon the device of lying on my stomach, looking sidewise through the green colonnades of the grass-stems, and imagining that I had mysteriously shrunken to the stature of a fingerling. If you have never tried this play, you had better try it now. You may never otherwise discover that to an ant or a grub the grass is a forest of tropical density, a spear of timothy a palm, a sunflower a giant redwood, a lump of turf a hill, a rockery a mountain.

I made the discovery early, yet can remember very well the day I made it. From that day I spent so much time thus reclining with my nose close to the ground that I imagine I impressed the Olympians as queer. Unconsciously, however, I was laying up stores of pleasant memories, of earth-smells and earth-sounds, of warm brown and fluid green and orient gold, of prickles and spines and harsh edges of grass leaves and soft down of dandelion, and the sour of sorrel and the spice of mint and pennyroyal, — a multitude of tiny sense-perceptions, seemingly as fugitive as thought, but each a lasting thread in the woof of life.

One day as I was lying thus on the lawn in the shade of the grape-vine, watching a dozen ants grappling with a green worm, suddenly the similarity of their employment to that of a dozen savages attacking an elephant occurred to me, and with it, as in a flash, an entire new conception of life. I saw for the first time that man's world is only one in a long series of worlds, one within another, like a nest of Chinese boxes. Here, in my beloved garden, was a world bounded by board fences, and within that a smaller world coinciding with the grass-plot. The most venturesome ant would hardly ever wander to the terræ incognitæ beyond the fences; the most strenuous grub would know nothing of the Cimmeria beyond the flagged walk. In each world there was birth and death, marriage and giving in marriage, carnage, heroism, hope, and despair. The ant might enter the world of the grub just as I had entered the world of the ant; yet, as a rule, we both were of our own world and of no other. I wondered, however, whether the ant ever played at being a grub. I am retailing ideas that it took me years to master, of course. For the present, it was enough that I arrived at the conception of the myriad of worlds.

One day, a long while afterwards, rummaging in an old desk, I found a magnifying-glass. Armed with this, I went like Alexander to spread my conquests further. It was September, and in a sunny weed-ridden corner of the garden I had discovered a big black-and-gold spider who had strung her web between two tall burdocks and was doing a thriving business in grasshoppers. Seated on the ground, I now surveyed her through the glass for an hour, as she hung in the middle of her engine of destruction. When I touched the net with my finger, she swung frantic-

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ally to and fro, prompted doubtless by some instinct of self-preservation, but otherwise was as motionless as if carved in jet. Big grasshoppers were not very plentiful as yet, but at last a fat green fellow flew into the toils, the spines on his legs, that had so often discoursed sweet music, becoming entangled. Instantly the crafty spinner was all alive. Darting upon her victim, she took her station above him, and, hanging by two legs, seized him in her other six, and rolled him round and round, enswathing him in a band of silver silk until he was as helpless as a mummy; and then she bit him in a dozen places with fangs oozing poison. At the spectacle of her evil eyes glittering with the lust of killing, magnified as they were by the glass, I turned sick and rolled over on my face among the weeds, and lay for a long time miserably inert.

I had seen enacted a tragedy; and no human play that I have ever seen since on the stage has given me a keener taste of pity and fear. As I lay there, I made another generalization about life. Around me on every side, I knew, there were other spiders, large and small. I had seen the little 'tiger spiders' on the sunny sill of my bed-room window leap upon a fly, and the big, brown, bloated spiders in the hay-fields, who carry their eggs on their backs, do battle with wasps, but these had excited merely my interest. It was only now that I looked with the eye of imagination, — aided, it is true, by the eye of glass, — that I attained the new ground of sympathy, that I entered upon a second stage of mental and moral growth, which so many enter by other doors, and so very many never enter at all.

Our fear of creeping and crawling things is a natural heritage, coming to us chiefly from the mother's side. Yet, as I have said, I had known no fear until I saw the spider pounce upon the grasshopper. Up to that time the little creatures with more than four legs were all my brothers in a universal democracy; I had supposed that on the whole they lived together in amity, fighting occasionally, killing sometimes, but generally peaceable. My impressions of the little world into which I had intruded had been sunny and amusing; but now, like millions of children of a larger growth, I had had a peep at the darker picture. My mind began to dwell upon the thought of the sadness of nature: the waste, rapine, war, terror, that are constant in the lives of the wild folk, making their daily existence more perilous than that of any human nation plagued with barbarian invasion or civil war. The idea possessed me to such an extent that a few years later I expressed it in an interminable philosophic poem, which I labored on for some weeks and then offered to the Muse as a burnt sacrifice. Some of the lines linger in my head. 'This sunlit field,' I wrote, —

> This sunlit field, could we but see it plain,
> Incloses in its fence a world of pain;
> The strong pursue the weak, the wise the dull,
> The swift the slow; there is no truce or lull
> In that stern conflict, that perpetual strife. . . .

and so on for pages in true butter-woman's jog. Having thus at last eased my mind of such perilous stuff, I became somewhat reconciled to what I perceived was the order of nature.

We can never tell just what experiences the young idea will seize upon and suck for nourishment. I have never met any one else who as a child went to school to the beetles and spiders. Yet it does seem strong food for thought that the youngsters, whom we pride ourselves we are educating very properly by means of the usual pedagogical appliances, are perhaps picking up their correctest notions about life instinctively in the lanes and hedges, the streets and alleys.

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Thackeray has somewhere spoken of the advantage of turning a boy, or girl, loose in a library and letting him read what he pleases, and has counseled us to trust that the immature mind will keep what is good for it and reject the bad. There is a great deal to be said for the theory. We, at least, might learn to leave our children alone more than we do. There is a perversity in the infant mind that makes it hostile to formal teaching, and it very early generates a function for ejecting what it learns but finds unpalatable. We sometimes forget, however, that this function coexists with a thirst for knowledge that will make any information palatable if it is properly presented.

I studied botany for a year in school under a teacher so naturally anhydrous herself that she rendered all her surroundings dry. The consequence was that I so thoroughly detested botany that at the end of the term I could not tell a petiole from a pistil. But one rainy day, ransacking an old trunk in the attic for mysteries, I came upon an antique botanical text-book that, I have no doubt, my mother had detested as a girl. The musty volume — I have always loved the smell of an old book — somehow aroused my interest, however, and I pored over its wood-cuts and descriptions for the rest of the afternoon. What attracted me most were the allusions to the part insects play in the economy of fertilization, — a subject, as I now know, that, at the time that the book was written, was just beginning to arouse a great deal of interest. By the time that the rain stopped I had learned what a stamen is and what a pistil, and how to name a plant by counting these organs. That evening before dark, I had identified a dozen flowers in the garden, and had found the process of nomenclature so pleasing that for a time I even neglected the bugs. For a year I continued my researches before I discovered that I had all this while been learning a botanical system long since dead and buried — the artificial classification of Linnæus: a good deal better system, by the way, for little boys and girls, than the natural classification that has superseded it. The interest in botany thus adventitiously originated lasted for years.

Oh, those long days in the attic after school, with the rain on the roof and its spray on the pane, while I pored over Hermann Müller's plates of bees and butterflies pollinating primroses, or Darwin's accounts of the agency of earthworms in burying Roman temples! A whiff of ether from the college laboratory will still call up in my mind my collection of moths. How I suffered as I killed them, as Isaac Walton killed his frog, gently, and as if I loved them! For I killed them only in 'the interest of science.' In the garden I had my vivarium with a pond in the middle, out of which the water persisted in perpetually escaping; and in the workshop at the end of the garden were my boxes full of live caterpillars and snails and mosquito larvæ and microscopic 'torments of innumerable tails.' They have all fallen prey to Tempus Edax Rerum, but their memory is green.

It is a good thing to accustom a child early to be alone. It is during the long glorious hours of solitary play that he does his hardest thinking. For him as for us the world may be too much with him. If we could but learn merely to supply him the incentive in the form of book or garden or personal suggestion, and then leave the leaven to work. If we elders could but have a little more faith in nature, a little more strength to efface ourselves and let our children alone. Here is an element of education that all the text-books seem to have overlooked. If we could but learn — well, some day we shall, perhaps.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMAN — ONE WORD MORE

WHATEVER else the Suffragettes have done, they have made many of us heartily weary of being women. Every one is talking about us; no one is content to leave us alone. Some solution of the 'woman question' is an ingredient in every panacea offered to the contemporary world. We are praised for qualities we are ashamed of having, and blamed for things we never did. It is really no wonder that we long for our 'rights'; we are so used to being put off with either injustice or mercy. Even the Presidential campaign, as it turns out, does not leave us quite out of the lime-light. It must be very easy, in comparison, to be a man. A man may have duties as a citizen, as a husband, as a father; but no one particularizes his duties as a mere male. Being a woman, on the contrary, has apparently a code of its own; and women of entirely different races, temperaments, and circumstances, must somehow agree upon it. Some of us who are busy living up to our personal fates would cravenly beg the Zeit-Geist to take care of it all. But that, we are told, is the unpardonable Laodicean sin.

So that when a writer in this *Atlantic* takes to quoting and upholding one Dr. Groddeck of Baden-Baden in his strictures on our sex, we turn uncomfortably to listen. It cannot be said that this writer makes the rough places plain. Her counsel of perfection would be uncommonly difficult to follow. All of us must agree that we are told here some very true things; but the true things are often made to lead to odd conclusions.

Honestly, and in all soberness, we must wish to know what we, as a sex, are to do with our destiny — since obviously it is in a bad way, and something must be done with it. But it is hard to reconcile some of these *ex cathedra* pronouncements. How, for example, does woman manage at once to lack the creative power and to be the repository of creative force? 'Woman cannot worship an Idea' — she can only, apparently, be it. Is she then an unconscious thing, an image erected in the world by a careful deity (like the ring-streaked wands of Jacob), that man, by contemplating her, may produce more perfectly? Not even that, precisely; for '*she* controls the quality of posterity,' by the wise initial choice of her mate, by her devotion to her offspring, by the excellent education that she is enabled (by virtue of a smattering of knowledge) to give her children. 'She is *par excellence* the lover, man the doer' — yet 'she must choose her husband as unamorously as possible'; bearing it in mind, probably, that inasmuch as 'it is only after marriage that a woman can love,' it would be too silly to be guided by love in the first place.

As for man: 'he loves his wife as the symbol of the All,' 'an impersonality that compels his allegiance.' (*Je n'y crois guère, madame!*) That is why it is not always, according to this author, a sign of moral greatness for a man to be faithful to his wife. When he is narrow-minded, it is all very well; but when he is high-minded and growing in personality, we are told, it becomes a great effort for him to remain faithful. A proper fidelity to the All

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does suggest, certainly, the 'imperfectly monogamous' hero of scientific fable. But one is not sure that is the turn the author meant to take.

Then comes the ageing protest against race-suicide — coupled bewilderingly with the injunction to mothers not to create children too lavishly, since not quantity but quality is what we need. Would it not have been more civil to credit the hesitating mother, in the first place, with preferring quality to quantity? Can any one affirm positively that this is not the purpose which underlies 'inverted murder'? Especially as we are explicitly told that it is only single and childless women who decry the general duties of motherhood!

Oh, for the lost art of logic! — as lost, one sometimes feels to-day, as if it had been the peculiar property of the Etruscans.

Out of this tangle, like a skein of worsted in the kitten's clutch, comes one loose thread that we can lay our hands on. Dr. Groddeck speaks out loud and clear. '"On this feeling of personality rests a man's sense of duty, his energy, his capability, for sacrifice, his worship of the Idea. Without this worship of the Idea, which has always created all the deeds of man, everything is lost that has been won. Every great beautiful thing in life is the work of the man; it is the work of personality in man, and that will remain so, for only a human being who possesses personality can do creative work, and woman has no personality."'

I do not know at first-hand the writings of Dr. Groddeck; but I incline to believe that he does not mean that statement to be entirely flattering to our sex. In the hands of his commentator, however, it becomes flattering — thus. 'Woman is not a personality; she is a symbol.' A symbol of what? Of the harmony of the universe, which man looks upon as his goal. And we are told, furthermore, that woman 'overhears godlikeness' (a curious process!), and that she is 'near the heart of divinity . . . verily a mother of God.' '*Ut puto, Deus fio*' — as a certain Roman emperor notoriously remarked.

Now, most of us will individually accept canonization — with thanks; but very few of us feel up to being deified. And certainly not many of us are going to take that Icarus flight without personality as it is here defined. If we do not need personality — which alone, we are told, enables man to create great and beautiful things, to do his duty, to exhibit energy, and to sacrifice himself (all sufficiently important acts) — then either we really are already as gods, or we are committed eternally to a lower moral plane than men. No quibbling will help us out. We know that we are not as gods; and very few of us believe — outside of Germany, at least — that we are eternally committed to a lower moral plane than men. The only way out is to say that women are not really human beings at all — and even biology, though here invoked afresh, does not say that. We cannot solve it by accepting Islam, for Islam is merciful, and in denying woman a soul relieves her of all the dreadful duties that having a soul involves. No: we are adjured to do our duty, to create beautifully, to sacrifice ourselves to the good of the race — all of them things that we have just been told only personality will enable human beings to do.

Personality, the wonder-worker! — and we have it not. It is a belief that monks and pagans have shared. To this day, there is an echo of it in any cynical Frenchman's comments on *le sexe*. Soberly speaking, it does not much matter, if you deny woman's personality, whether you consider her the mouthpiece of God or of the Devil: the

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infallible Pythia, or one of the lustrous shapes that beset Saint Anthony. If it were true, it would be a melancholy business. Luckily Science, the dark discourager, has not discouraged us in this. For who will say that the accident of chromosomes, which controls sex at the instant of conception, puts into the odd number that predestines the female so fundamental a significance? It is over-mystical to pretend that it does. Ahriman has his mysticism as well as Ahura Mazda — but if there must be magic, let it be white, not black.

And yet it may well be that the wrong-headedness is only wrong-wordedness, after all. Miss Anderson's paper does summon confusedly for us a vision of woman, half prophetess, half bond-slave, sitting, reverend and meek, at the hearth of bewildered man. Perhaps our writer means that woman should be a nice balance between Godiva and Artemis. Perhaps she only means that we should re-read the *Germania* and, on top of that, the *Divine Comedy*.

The vision is, I fancy, too mystical for our present purposes; the verbs, essentially, too little in the indicative mood. The address we are to go to might have been given by Mrs. Nickleby. But in these days of sentimental materialism it is good for woman to be told both that she has divine significance, and that her powers are in some ways less than man's. We are in danger of forgetting both. And for logic: be sure that in the end we shall be taught the complicated truth by life, which is logic in the raw.

STARS AND STOCKINGS

THE Palmist-Lady spread my hand open like a horse-chestnut leaf, pinched it and pulled it, palm and fingers.

'You have a composite hand, my dear,' she said, with the air of one who imparts a deep mystery. 'Your hand is half-idealistic and half-practical. You live a great deal in the regions of your mind; you have a strong imagination; you like study and reading' (this again with an important smile); — 'in fact, the length of your fingers and the shape and texture of your whole hand' — she squeezed it together like an accordeon of little bones — 'indicate clearly the artistic temperament. You are fond of poetry; you would make a success at lecturing,' — I shuddered, — 'you are musical, too. But, —' she paused dramatically, — 'while I see these strong artistic indications, you are not one of the unpractical up-in-the-air sort. Your fingers are spatulate, blunt at the tips, you see; so that, though the length and tapering of them is artistic, they are really a combination. You like to use your hands; you can sew and cook and tinker things together. If you had been a man you might have made a good carpenter or house-decorator. Really,' she said, laying down my hand and beaming upon me from under her peroxide pompadour, 'you have a most *fortunate* hand; you have capacities for doing almost anything that you want to; and such a balance of the idealistic and the practical will always keep you from going to extremes.'

Then she resumed the study of my mounts and lines, and I heard with more or less edification about my future husband and possible financial affairs.

But before I departed, the Palmist-Lady patted my fingers with the patronage of a stout and kindly sibyl, and repeated, —

'You ought to be a very thankful young woman, to have such a balance of qualities. Why, it's a most *fortunate* hand: you'll never get into trouble with such a hand as that.'

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I thanked her and said farewell. Save for the future husband and windfall of money, I could find little fault with the truth of what she had 'seen' in my hand. But as I went away, I could not altogether agree with her flattering conclusions as to the blessedness of my dual temperament.

It seems to me that the chief stress of my life has arisen from the civil war of precisely those two tendencies, the artistic and the practical.

My artistic self and I lie under the pine tree in the backyard, staring blankly and gloriously into the blue; we purr and bask and begin to see a vision; — when up bounces my practical self, fetches us a slap on the ears, and cries, 'Up! Up! the stockings are to darn, the pickles are to brew, and there's company coming to supper!'

Or again, my practical self and I are being happy over trimming a hat or refreshing a sorrowful chair with a glad garment of black paint. We pin and tie, or mix and slap with a swinging brush-stroke, when my artistic half peers in at us, and smiles cynically. 'Folly!' he says, in the scornful music of his heaven-haunted voice. 'What earthly treasure you prepare for moth and rust! The hat is a cheap vanity; the chair will moulder in the garret; and here am I with a song to sing, and a vision of strong angels to body forth. Come away! Come away!'

My state becomes like that of a man with two friends, very dear to him but very hateful to each other. They cannot leave him alone, for it seems to each that the society of the other will corrupt him eternally. So they are forever interrupting, quarreling, inventing pretexts; making the poor man's life a veritable Bedlam of thwarted desires to please them both. From one to the other he is tossed like a shuttlecock, till often he wishes he could cast himself on the bosom of one, and stay there in single peace. But this he cannot do, for are they not both his friends? Has he not deathless joy in both? Could he support life if the comradeship of either were denied him for long?

So is it with me and my dual self. Often enough have I longed to sweep and sew and plan and patch; to serve my family in all humility; to ask nothing of my friends save gossiping laughter, and nothing of my life save day-to-day worship, labor, delight, and weariness. It seems as if that would be a very normal, heaven-blessed life for a woman.

But I cannot reach such a rest. All the stars of heaven lean down and touch me with keen, white, urgent fingers, and then I think, "Oh, to fly sunwards and starwards! Why should I sweep a room that to-morrow will be even as dusty? Why should I dress myself delicately and go out to chatter with folk who forget me in an hour? I have a song to sing: let me sing it, World! for I would fling something of myself to Eternity, not to the grinding juggernaut of Time!'

Truly, kind Palmist-Lady, this is no good state for a woman who is neither great enough to follow stars, nor small enough to be blind to them!

THE ROUND WORLD

I HAVE a neighbor, a man now over eighty years of age, who has a philosophy of his own about most things, and who does not believe that the earth is round nor that it turns round; and he can prove it to you, to his own satisfaction, with his level on the floor. I confess I sympathize with him, and half hoped he could prove it to me, as I am turned topsy-turvy every time I try to see myself on a round globe; but I am also bound to confess that he did not quite convince me.

I fancy that all persons who think

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much about the matter have trouble to adjust their notion of a round world to their actual experience. After we have sailed round the world and seen its round shape eclipsing the moon, and seen the ships drop below the horizon at sea, we still fail to see ourselves (at least I do) as living on the surface of a sphere; by no force of imagination can I do so. The eye reports only a boundless plain, diversified by hills and mountains; and travel we never so far, we cannot find the under side of the sphere — we can never see ourselves as we see the house-fly crawling over the side of the globe in our room, and we wonder why we do not drop off or see the sky beneath us. Yet when we reach the South Pole, the sky is still overhead, the same as at the North. This is the contradiction that staggers our senses.

The truth is that as dwellers upon the earth, we are completely under the law of the sphere, so completely that we cannot get away from it even in imagination, without seeing ourselves involved in a world of hopeless contradictions. The law of the sphere is that there is no up and no down, no over and no under, no rising and no falling, apart from itself. Away from the earth, in empty sidereal space, we should be absolutely lost, and should not know whether we were right-side-up or not, standing on our heads or our heels, because we must experience a negation of all direction as we know it here. We might know our right hand from our left hand, but can we picture to ourselves whether we should be falling up or falling down, whether the stars should be over us or under us?

Or go to the other extreme, and fancy yourself at the centre of the earth; which way would your feet point, up or down? Which way would things fall? Try to think of the dilemma you would be in, if you could tunnel through the earth, when you came out on the other side! And what is curious about all this is that our experience with balls and spheres here does not prepare us for these contradictions. Every globe we see, even the sun and moon, has an upper and an under side. If we fancy ourselves on the moon we see the heavens above us at the North Pole, and below us at the South. Is not the fly crawling over the under side of the globe in our room in a reversed position? Yet we know from actual experience that, go where we will on the earth's surface, we are right-side-up with care. We find no under side. The heavens are everywhere above us, and the ground is beneath us, and falling off the sphere seems and is impossible. We nowhere find ourselves in the position the Man in the Moon would appear to be in if we could see him searching for the South Pole. South Pole and North Pole are both the same so far as our relation to them is concerned.

The size of the globe, be it little or big, cannot alter the law of the globe. If we were to make a globe ten miles or a hundred or a thousand miles in diameter, it would still have a top and a bottom side, and if we placed the figure of a man at the South Pole his head would point down and we should have to tie him on.

When we get a flying-machine that will take us to the moon, I shall want to alight well up on the top side for fear I shall fall off. In fact, landing on the under side would seem a physical impossibility. I try to fancy how it would seem if we could alight there. Of course, the sky would still be overhead and we should look up to that bigger moon, the earth, from which we had just come on an upward flight. We go up to the moon or to Mars, and we turn round and look up to the point of our departure! It is the apparent contradiction

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that I cannot adjust my mind to; that up and down, over and under, can be abolished, that they are only forms of our experience, and that out in sidereal space they would have no meaning; that is something hard for us to realize. We apprehend it without comprehending it. Are all our notions thus relative? The globe is bigger than our minds. We cannot turn the cosmic laws round in our thoughts. We are adjusted to the sphere, not it to us.

If the moon were to break from its orbit and fall to the earth, its course would be downward, like that of the shooting stars. How would it seem to people on the moon, if there were people there?

This sense of contradiction that we feel in trying to adjust our minds to the idea of a round world, may be analogous to the difficulty we have in trying to reach an intellectual concept of the universe as a whole. Our minds are so constituted and disciplined by our experience that we look for the causes of every event or thing. We make a chain of causes, the end of which we never reach. A causeless event, or thing, we cannot think of any more than we can think of a stick with only one end. God is unthinkable, because He is causeless.

We cannot penetrate the final mystery of things, because behind every mystery is another mystery. What causes life? What started evolution? Why are you and I here? Who or what ordered the world as we see it? We cannot help asking these questions, though we see when we try to take the first step that they are unanswerable. When we find the end of the under side of the sphere, we may hope to answer them. There is no ending, and no beginning, there is no limit to space or to time, though we make our heads ache trying to think how such can be the case. There is no final Cause in any sense that comes within the range of our experience in this world. We are prisoners of the sphere on which we live, and its bewildering contradictions are reflected in our mental lives as well.

WISCONSIN'S DIMINISHING VOTE

A DIRECT PRIMARY LESSON

MILWAUKEE, *June* 28, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

Sir, —

In connection with the excellent article in the July number of the *Atlantic*, by Mr. Woollen of Indianapolis, a few facts as to Wisconsin's experience with the new primary system may be of interest. The figures are taken from official sources.

Under the direct primary system, Wisconsin is casting a steadily-diminishing percentage of her total vote. The census of 1910 gives Wisconsin's male population of 21 years of age and over, at 683,743. That year, in our state election, we polled 319,462 votes, for all parties. By the census of 1880 the state had a population of voting age of 340,482. The total vote for

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governor that year was 319,978. For governor, Rusk polled more votes in 1884 than McGovern polled in 1910. LaFollette has never polled as large a vote in the state as that polled by his immediate predecessor, Governor Scofield. In 1905, 22 per cent of the total vote of the state stayed away from the polls. In 1910, 53¼ per cent were absent.

Facts like these — absolutely indisputable — might be multiplied, but these are enough to show that the primary is not bringing control back to the people. The human animal is gregarious. He does not take his politics in solitude, nor form his opinions, nor express them, in secret. The primary detaches the vote from the political forum. The result is purely personal politics. We are likely, this year, fully to realize the meaning of this term, with Taft, Roosevelt, LaFollette, Cummins, Bryan, Wilson, Clark, Debs, and the rest, each with his own special and personal appeal to the suffrages of the people. Platforms and principles never before had so little significance in a presidential campaign.

It may be that the apathy of the average voter is due to the turmoil of personal politics which has been continuous since William Jennings Bryan destroyed the Democratic Party in 1896. Having inhabited a boiler-works for so long a period, the voter cannot now be aroused from his lethargy by a cannonade.

Yours respectfully,

ELLIS B. USHER.

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